

The Silver Jubilee Edition

“The book that started thousands of bikes roaring
to the leather bars....” —John Preston

THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

LARRY TOWNSEND

Introductions by Jack Fritscher, Ph.D., Victor Terry and John Preston

THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

ALSO BY LARRY TOWNSEND:

Leather Ad: M

Leather Ad: S

Beware the God Who Smiles

2069 Trilogy

Mind Master

The Long Leather Cord

The Scorpius Equation

Man Sword

The Faustus Contract

Chains

Kiss of Leather

Run, Little Leather Boy

Run No More

The Sexual Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

The Gay Adventures of Captain Goose



A R I C H A R D K A S A K B O O K

The Silver Jubilee Edition
Commemorating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of

THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

by Larry Townsend

With Special Introductions by

JACK FRITSCHER, Ph.D.

VICTOR TERRY

JOHN PRESTON

The Leatherman's Handbook

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THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

Author's Foreword	I
I AM CURIOUS (LEATHER) by Jack Fritscher, Ph.D	7
REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION by Victor Terry	25
THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK by John Preston	31
Chapter 1: WHY LEATHERSEX?	35
Chapter 2: THE M OR THE S?	57
Chapter 3: BONDAGE WITHOUT SM	79
Chapter 4: SM WITHOUT BONDAGE	97
Chapter 5: EQUIPMENT	111
Chapter 6: FINDING A PARTNER	135
Chapter 7: ASSUMING A ROLE	157
Chapter 8: THE BIKE AND ITS OWNER	175
Chapter 9: BOOZE AND DRUGS	189
Chapter 10: OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVERS	205
Chapter 11: THE TRUE M	217
Chapter 12: THE GANGBANG	235
Chapter 13: ESOTERICA EXOTICA	251
Chapter 14: THE SUBLIME TO THE ULTIMATE	271
Chapter 15: LITERATURE	287
Chapter 16: DANGERS	313
Chapter 17: THE SOCIAL WORLD OF LEATHER	323
Chapter 18: WHERE DO YOU STAND?	333

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

We Are Indebted To three very generous, talented gentlemen for the formal introductions to this *Silver Jubilee Edition of The Leatherman's Handbook*. (John Preston, who passed away a couple of years ago, actually wrote his piece for the "in-house" edition of the original *Handbook*, which we have kept in print for all these years, more or less as a historical document.) We've now gone through the book's text line by line and either rewritten various sections, or else added comments in italics to update the earlier comments. Surprisingly, much of the original was still valid today. What wasn't, we've changed. We hope that the current generation of leathersmen and would-be leathersmen will be able to profit by our comments. Just for the record, my original introduction follows, with only a few tweaks and changes:

Many books have been printed over the last few years dealing with various aspects of homosexual behavior and lifestyle. In all of these the leatherman is constantly neglected—neglected or ridiculed by the fluff or the "straight" reporter who wrote the

book. In reading these previous efforts, I have experienced many varied feelings, and at times I have been more than a little annoyed. So have many of my fellow leatherpeople. But there is no point in starting my own narrative with a bitch-fight. I'll leave that to the fluffy sweater crowd and skip any specific references to who said what. Instead, I will try to respond more positively and to profit by the contrasts between the good and the bad among my predecessors' efforts.

The nonfiction guides and handbooks which I have found most readable have been those written with the very personal touch—as opposed to the very academic surveys that left one wondering if the writer had ever experienced what he was writing about...if he were even gay. Thus, right from the start, let me set the balance sheet in order. I am homosexual, and I am involved in leather to a degree where I have experienced or witnessed nearly every aspect of it. I like to believe that this involvement is not so exclusive as to preclude retrospective glances along the trail that brought me to my present stage of sexual and/or emotional development. If you bear with me through the succeeding pages, you may be the better judge of that than I.

Knowing the scene as I do, I feel it is very important not to deflate someone else's bag simply because it isn't mine. For this reason, you will find a good many comments I begin by saying, "It is my opinion that...." I do not feel there is any mutually enjoyable, mutually agreeable activity, regardless of the number of people involved, that is intrinsically "bad" or "wrong" or "evil." I don't happen to like vanilla ice cream, but it is not for me to tell someone else he won't enjoy it. It is a matter of taste, and the way a thing tastes is sometimes difficult to describe. In an attempt to overcome this hurdle, I have included a number of vignettes to depict the particular action I am discussing. If some of these grab you, even just a little, I will have enabled you to sample the flavor.

My experience has been largely on the West Coast—fortunate,

I suppose, as the majority of my colleagues have been Easterners and have concentrated their accounts on places and events in New York or other points along the Atlantic seaboard. My experiences, along with those of my many friends and associates in the international leatherworld, form the basis for describing a very satisfying way of life. Because our sex style is different in so many respects, it is necessary to interpret it for the benefit of those in various stages of understanding. If the narrative seems overly fundamental in the beginning, I would ask the more advanced practitioner to bear with me. Many things must be explained for the novice; eventually, I'll catch up with you.

As to the credentials which qualify me for this undertaking, I can only refer the reader to my several published novels on the subject of leathersex. These have enjoyed a fairly wide and sometimes enthusiastic acceptance among many leatherpeople, and in various reviews by the major gay periodicals they have been called "definitive" and "primers of SM." I have taken the liberty of listing them in my chapter on "literature." If you already know me from these efforts, so much the better. If not, we'll soon get acquainted.

Although I am already in touch with a great many "leather fans" across the United States, Canada, and Europe, I am always eager to hear from more. Especially if you feel I have erred along the way, tell me about it, and your ideas may be reflected in some future work. I can be contacted at my long-standing address: P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA, 90213.

As to other vital statistics, while I'm on this egocentric bent: I am, by education, a psychologist—or almost a psychologist. I dropped out of graduate school at the M.A. level, mostly because I did not agree with the (then) prevailing theories that transposed the results of lab tests on animals into rules for the prediction of human behavior. I counseled individuals for several years, and also worked as an industrial psychologist. As a result of these experiences, I am firmly convinced that many—if not most—pronouncements from

the learned shrink authorities are pure unmitigated bullshit! There is, however, a modicum of validity in this pseudo-science; where appropriate, I have tried to apply it in the succeeding pages.

How long have I been around, doing these nasty things? Was that your next question? Well, age is sometimes as sensitive a subject among leathermen as it is for the fluff! For those who have been familiar with the Los Angeles scene for any length of time, let me remark that I began my leather career at the old Cinema on Santa Monica Boulevard. I hasten to add that I was just old enough to get in. Because I look upon that locale with the fondness of an elder gazing back through the years at his school days, I must also remark—with apologies to the proprietors of the many establishments who have kindly consented to have their names appear in my anecdotes—there has never been another bar like The Cinema. The State of California should erect a historical landmark plaque on the spot, and all leathermen should bow their heads in passing. (The site is now some kind of tire-repair shop.)

Thus, for those of you who do not know exactly what a leather bar should be, let me describe The Cinema for you. The interior was about twenty-four by thirty feet. The walls were black and blotchy, decorated with many posters, pictures, road signs—almost any object which took the fancy of the management, employees, or customers. The crowd wore a wonderful mixture of leather, Levi's jackets, and scroungy button-fly jeans. Nor was I the only chicken in the place—an interesting case in point, as most leather bars tend to draw most heavily from the over-thirty-fives. On any crowded weekend evening, there was apt to be some marvelous action going on...a circle of guys with their rods hanging out (or standing up), and an M on his knees taking them one after the other. The john was outside, in the adjoining gas station. Adding to my excitement were the occasional black-and-whites that hovered along the curb, shining their spotlights on people going back and forth. We used to laugh about it because the crowd appeared so

butch and so rough that we knew the uniformed cops were afraid to set foot inside. There were ever-circulating rumors about officers being knifed or beaten on the premises, and while I know it never happened, I enjoyed spreading the stories like everyone else.

Yes, The Cinema was the greatest. But it's gone, and so is the fresh naïveté with which I first entered it. Now, looking back over the years, I hold the most pleasant memories of my experiences, both inside the bar and with the people whom I met there. At the time, I really enjoyed what I was doing and felt in my own mind that I was skimming the ultimate heights of sexual involvement. Today I know better. How much more fulfilling might those years have been had someone told me the things I shall now attempt to tell you....

Thus ends the original introduction I wrote twenty-five years ago. Having been fortunate enough to survive the intervening quarter century, I now read my own words and marvel at how little the human beings involved in our scene have changed—while so much has changed regarding social attitudes, politics, and technology. The catastrophe, of course, was the advent of AIDS, which changed almost every aspect of our lives—certainly our sexual lives. Those who refused to change are dead; the rest of us are forced to behave much differently than we did twenty-five years ago. All this brings me to the most important point of contention in doing this Silver Jubilee edition. After some considerable soul searching and discussions with my editors and publisher, we decided to drop in an occasional reminder that “things have changed,” and to add an explanation of these changes where needed. But we decided to leave the text of the original vignettes alone. During its innumerable printings over the two-and-a-half decades since the original Olympia Press edition appeared, these little stories have titillated and aroused, and have acquired too many devotees for me to change them. Just remember that they were written before the advent of AIDS and safe sex.

Aside from the little safety warnings we will be adding, plus the kind remarks from several of my fellow writers, the other most significant change from the original will be the elimination of the old appendixes. These listed the bars and businesses which were going in 1972, and I attempted to update these in subsequent printings. In this instance, we decided it best not to try the impossible. There are several new publications on the market today that do a better job of this than I can do, and which are constantly being updated: *Damron's Guide*, *The Gayellow Pages*, *The Spartacus Guide*. Or simply peruse the ads in *Honcho*, *Drummer*, *Advocate*, *Advocate Men*, *Bear Magazine*, *Rubber Master*, or any of a dozen other periodicals.

Over the years, I have received a great many letters from men who read and apparently profited from my remarks. I am hopeful that this new edition will prove instructive—or at least entertaining—for the new generation of leathermen now on the scene. As for myself, I suppose I should look forward to the Golden Jubilee, by which time I hope the health crisis will be long gone and we will have been able to revert to some of the behavior I described so blithely twenty-five years ago.

—L.T.

I AM CURIOUS (LEATHER):

**Leather Dolce Vita, Pop Culture,
and the Prime of Mr. Larry Townsend**

JACK FRITSCHER, PH.D.

When principles collide with issues, principles win. The Declaration of Independence survives because it is a document of principle, not a document of issues current in 1776. Principle clarifies issues. Civil rights is a principle. Gay rights is an issue. Pursuit of issues per se causes political myopia. Abortion, suicide, and same-sex marriage are hot-button issues solved by the cool-button principle of free choice. Give a person an issue, and he will eat fire for a day; give a man a principle, and he may think clearly for a lifetime. It takes common sense to raise a village. Common sense is precisely what professionally trained psychologist Larry Townsend offered the emerging world of leathermen in his original *Leatherman's Handbook*, 1972.

Concept, Conquerors, and Captives

New Leather, as ancient as Eden when Lucifer pulled on a snake skin, presented the young Larry Townsend the same self-defining task

Adam had in the Garden: naming nameless things. *Leather* is twice the love that dare not speak its name, and an out-of-the-closet vocabulary had to be invented. *Leather* itself is a code word for domination and submission in the human condition. The Greeks and Romans often made names *pars pro toto*, where part of something identified the whole—as in calling a man a “dick.” So the word *leather* has come to symbolize more than its literal meaning which is skin, *toughened skin*. *Leather*, as a concept, rises from the mists of prehistory, archetypes of conquerors and captives, masters and slaves, in literal and existential tableaux of sublime power and of human bondage. With the fall of barbarism and feudalism, and with the rise of enlightenment and democracy, humans evolved toward self-consciousness. Ask Freud. Ask Jung. Yet the psyche of many, even in this millennial new age of equality where no one is unworthy, remembers and requires the ancient rituals of the human past.

What scenes there be in ancient Greek theater—ask Euripides—or in modern leather bars and postmodern leather playrooms, date back—whether or not the players acknowledge it—to the moment Eden fell and the knowledge of Top and bottom entered the world: reciprocal concepts of power and no-power. That’s why Original Recipe Leather, post-WWII biker gangs, had power-structure names like “Hell’s Angels” or “Satan’s Slaves.” The universal human condition is masochism. Ask Aquinas, Boccaccio, Dante, and Milton. Ask Annie Lennox. Everybody’s a misbehaving bottom looking for a Top: sexual, political, theological, whatever. To paraphrase Monty Python’s virtually Shakespearean take on what exactly is the distinguishing power of Topness in *The Holy Grail*: “You can tell the kings from the common people because the kings are the ones not covered in shit.” Even in the world of recreational sex, bottoms search for Tops with their vernacular shit together so the Top can, in all the coded roles of Master/Coach/Cop/Dad/DI/Trainer, work/beat the shit out of the bottom: get the bottom’s

shit/act together; and basically save/transfigure the bottom (who loves his addiction to bottomness because he gets to be bad) from the graceless impotence of his unworthy self.

Leather as a playground perches on the cusp of human psychology. Ask Sade. Ask Masoch. Ask Larry. By the time of the rip-roaring counterculture of the 1960s, the specific word *leather*, transcending literal meaning as clothing, surfaced from the underground subculture redefined to mean a specific psychodrama sex style. *Leather*, along with 1960s peace, love, sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll, arrived generically to name a way of being and becoming, of ritualizing and actualizing, of creation and recreation, of politicizing and marketing. Participant gonzo journalist, Larry Townsend, as both a psychologist and a leatherman, reported the debut as *Leather* stampeded out of the closet.

Warhol, Foucault, Flesh, and Fetish

Leather exploded into pop culture with the dark glamour of Hollywood, the Hell's Angels, and Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable featuring The Velvet Underground, with Lou Reed singing, "Shiny Boots of Leather." At the same time, June 26, 1964, *Life* magazine, always breathlessly Roman Catholic about sadomasochism, featured a two-page worldwide alert on The Tool Box—not the first, but the first famous leather bar. Compared to the Bimbeau Limbo of vanilla gay bars, the Leather bar promised masculinity—the kind of masculine identification that has always lured homosexual men: straight, or straight-acting. Note that this Leather Declaration of Independence was a full five years, almost to the day, before Stonewall: June 26, 1964, to June 29, 1969. (Who's on first?) Ask Abbott. Ask Costello. Larry Townsend noted this advance guard.

Leather—barbaric, medieval, industrial—is the flesh become word. Leather is the conjure amulet, the low-tech talisman, the fetish to which a certain erotic drive attaches itself and through

which a certain erotic desire commands its visible incarnation. The word becomes flesh, and leather moves to a photographer's studio in New York, a doctor's office in San Francisco, or a body-builder's gym in Venice Beach. By the time leather moved to the typewriter of Larry Townsend, literal leather skin had become a psychologist's dream of a symbol for an outlaw lifestyle few wanted to acknowledge. Ask John Rechy.

In the mid-1960s, Larry Townsend was politically active in Los Angeles, the pop-culture capital of the world where he was well aware of the leather culture popping up across the nation. By 1969, he was circulating his famous mimeographed sadomasochistic questionnaire through the circuit of leathermen. I dubbed it "The Leather List." Townsend's was the job of the good reporter scouting the latest news of the newest liberation front during an astounding period in American culture. Remember, with the civil-rights movement marrying the peace movement, the five years from the Summer of Love in 1967 to 1972 (the year of the Tet Offensive, when *The Leatherman's Handbook* was published), were the most rebellious civic episodes in the twentieth-century United States. In November 1970, the world's premiere leather/uniform writer, Yukio Mishima, author of the must-read disciplinary *Sun and Steel*, accomplished the ultimate homomasculine SM execution/suicide that rocked the literary world and freaked the gay leather culture. Larry became absolutely necessary to arbitrate how leather was to behave this side of death. Twenty years later, in the 1980s, it fell to that freaky visitor to Folsom Street, the irrepressible French philosopher Foucault "The SM Poster Boy," to probe the human psyche far deeper. Foucault twisted SM leather recreational sex into existential endgame. But it was Larry Townsend who, "beating Foucault," introduced *Leather Vocabulary 101*. As a journalist, he used his novelist's ear to hear the voice of emerging leather and suggest certain standards of courtesy and behavior. He searched at the grass-roots level and introduced the

leather underground to itself. Like everything else in life, leather takes time to come to conclusions about itself.

The Leatherman's Handbook was one of the first analytical mirrors held up to the masculine homosexual face. Leather liberated masculine love from the depressive drag stereotype. Townsend helped define masculine-identified homosexuality in terms of the pop psychology that is the guywire of our media consciousness of self. Leather is a sock-to-the-jaw statement that, contrary to the straight stereotype, gay men are not faux females driven to dresses. Just as female drag had once been the town queer's way of signaling blowjobs to sailors, suddenly drag divided and alternated; leather became the new semaphore advertising a new, open man-to-man sex encounter. Leather was a welcome way out of the closet for masculine men who, in larger numbers than anyone ever suspected, thanked the gods that the New Leather Culture allowed them to do their Father's Act rather than their Mother's Act, and in doing their Father's Act to excel beyond the father. The sign on the ceiling of The Tool Box said, "No Tennis Shoes," which nixed limp wrists, fluffy sweaters, and the passé code slang of the Friends of Dorothy.

Same Wave-length, Same Turf, Six Degrees of Leather

Nothing happens in a vacuum. So parallel is the leather universe, that, in 1971, the year before the publication of *The Leatherman's Handbook*, I had no idea that "The Leather List" was anything but a folk document circulated as jerk-off material, but informational enough that I quoted the anonymous questionnaire as a grass-roots source in my own nonfiction book, *Popular Witchcraft: Straight from the Witch's Mouth*. This *Popular Witchcraft* was the first modern uncloseting, analysis, and mix of homosexuality, leather, and satanism. In my own gonzo journalism, East Village leather Black Masses, San Francisco's FeBe's Leather Bar, and L.A.'s SM coven (The Order of the Sixth Martyr), were explicated as seminal to

the Leather Experience along with the details of the groundbreaking novel of leather mores and manners, *The Real Thing*. Leather was a happening mutuality, and Larry was there as a fellow working journalist in the midst of an extraordinary Leather tribe featuring a convergence of major minds and talents who were the mediums through which homomascularity articulated its modern self. Such spontaneous outbreaks were of major significance as scholarship models for the newly founded American Popular Culture Association (1968, Bowling Green University).

It Takes a Village to Raise the Village People

Twenty-first-century leathermen might start highlighting their ancestral roots here. For instance, contemporary with Larry's research, underground filmmaker Kenneth Anger had been opening up cinema with his Cocteauvian leather classic *Scorpio Rising*, and its sequel *Lucifer Rising*, whose print disappeared in the 1970s and, while reported to have been kept by Bobby Beausoleil and the SM Manson Family, was actually hidden for a time at the Berkeley home of Sam Steward (friend of Gertrude and Alice), who wrote 1960s leather novels and stories under the pseudonym Phil Andros. Auteur William Carney's daring 1968 epistolary novel, *The Real Thing*, brought the leather novel into serious hardcover and out of the leathery sweatshops of Evergreen Press (to which I would not sell my 1972 Chicago/Inferno leather novel, *Leather Blues* for \$100). At the same time, Larry sold his novel *Run, Little Leather Boy* to the much pricier Olympia Press.

In the nonverbal context of the Emergent Leather times, Chuck Arnett was painting Rorschach images of leathermen on the Lascaux walls of The Tool Box in San Francisco as Dom/Etienne had painted leather murals on the wall of The Gold Coast Leather Bar. In Chicago, Chuck Renzlow, proprietor of The Gold Coast, had since the early 1950s run the manly and leathery Kris Photo Studio which featured seductively ominous photographs of muscu-

lar Polish-Catholic workingmen culled from the streets and the Triumph Gym Renzlow managed. In this way, Renzlow's ACLU-defended photography conditioned emerging gay men with a laser-straight masculinity that became archetypal totem and fetish for leathermen. At the rear of The Gold Coast, leather pioneers Bob Maddox and his lover Target model Frank X created the first leather shop, Male Hide Leathers (1965). Few neo-leather historians remember that Illinois, where I grew up, was the first state to legalize homosexuality in 1961. That same year, The Gold Coast Leather Bar opened its doors. Thus freed up, Chicago leather society, inspired by the Kris standard of masculinity, led the charge of the Leather Liberation Brigade. Renzlow's crew was as pivotal to the creation of the American leather archetype as was the early cartooning of the fine artist Tom of Finland, who was introduced to the United States by Bob Mizer via his L.A.-based *Physique Pictorial* magazine in 1957. Mizer's American Model Guild (AMG Studios 1945–1989) presented a rough-trade hustler version of straight tough young men that predated Renslow, matched the police-harassed Bruce of L.A. (without whom there would be no Bruce Weber/Calvin Klein images), and inspired in 1970, out of The Guild Press, the genius photographer David "Old Reliable" Hurles with his SM-tweaked delinquents. Associated with Chicago leather, centered at that time at Renzlow's "Black Castle" house, was the macho ballet star Dom Orejudos who was the leather SM artist aka Etienne/Stephan, as well as the cop-lover, writer Sam Steward aka Phil Andros aka Phil Sparrow who had taught Chicago's ink-maven Cliff Raven how to tattoo leathermen. The "Leather List" questionnaire, circulating through the players in Chicago leather, was filled out and mailed to Los Angeles.

In New York, photographer Jim French, founder of Colt Studio's Leather-Lite Look in the late 1960s, split for California from his partner Lou Thomas, (cf: leather artist Luger) who stayed with the New York Leather-Serious Look in developing his classic Target

Studios and the Anvil Leather Bar with leathermen Frank Olson and Super-Top, the legendary Don Morrison who tutored and tortured only the *creme de leather*. Early on, I had the good fortune to model for Target and spent five years associating with Lou Thomas and his “take” on leather, before becoming bicoastal lover of Robert Mapplethorpe who in the early 1970s was collaging photographs of leathermen into high-concept art that bloomed up and out of the gay ghetto and brought leather into the art world’s mainstream. Manhattan “straight” magazine artist-illustrator Steve Masters, imagining muscular leathermen in painterly drawings, killed himself when his wife found out about his second career. Masculine image input came from everywhere, and Larry’s “Leather List” was read, retyped, and mailed from Manhattan to Los Angeles.

In San Francisco, Harvey Milk opened a vanilla photo shop to compete with photographer Walt Jebe’s leather-identified camera store on 19th Street in the Castro. In 1970, my lover of ten years, David Sparrow, and I posed together for *Whipcrack*, Jebe’s leather photo magazine, which predated *Drummer* by five years and provided early gay images for the emerging leather analysts like Townsend and artists like Domino and Bill Ward. So it was that the leather cadre in Chicago and Manhattan gene-spliced the commercial leather genesis that was simultaneously combusting like wildfire in San Francisco and Los Angeles, where Larry Townsend was busy working the leather pop-culture scene on the leather bar and bike-run circuit at venues like The Black Pipe, Griff’s, and Larry’s (no relation to Townsend), with leather superstars like the respected British movie actor Peter Bromilow (*Camelot*, *The Railway Children*). Even in San Francisco and L.A., curious leather men filled out Larry’s leather questionnaire and mailed it to Los Angeles.

Lust in the Leatherama

Did the Roman Empire have gladiator bars? Ask Aaron Travis. Ask Steven Saylor. The original gay leather bar was an Italian-

American invention inspired by the leatherworld's nicely capitalistic drive to make money. Gay liberation, originally and in fact, was driven successfully and openly by gay capitalism much to the later chagrin of a successive generation of lesbigay Marxists with a taste for tuna casserole "fund-raisers" because they quit their day jobs. Sex—a recession-proof industry—always drives money. And vice versa. The Leather Bar had to be invented or all us *etwas neues* leathermen would have been like Marlon Brando in the Ur-Leather movie, *The Wild One*, a biker sans biker bar. Sexmeister Tony Tavarossi (d. July 1981) designed the basic leather bar as the 1950s became the 1960s. The original decor has never needed improvement: black paint + red bulb = leather bar. In Manhattan, leather begot Keller's and The Anvil.

Following faster than a speed trip was The Mineshaft, the very leather-identified club managed tongue-in-cheek by stand-up impresario Wally Wallace who in the 1990s runs The Lure, another leather SM venue connected to the premiere leather artist, Rex, who is Tom of Finland's Evil Twin. Larry Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook* was combination etiquette book and *Boy Scout Handbook* for The Mineshaft's epic nights of beautiful people where early motorcycle-inspired leather recombined its functional concept as riding gear to include the farthest reaches of drug-driven SM. To time-trip back to the sexual decor at the time of publication of *The Leatherman's Handbook*, throw onto a video monitor a copy of the William Friedkin film *Cruising*, which features actual leathermen of the period playing "atmosphere people." *Cruising* has always been controversial, because it's like the *X-Files* of being gay.

Leather, Sex, and Gender: Don't Let This Happen to You

Everything rising out of the closets converged. Larry Townsend, a networked part of all he met, was well focused. He examined exactly how leather was kicking out from all the heretofore-closeted places (military, prison, industry) where men enjoyed covert masculine

contact that was very physical, very rough, and often very erotic, but not always sexual, and not ever female. One can most assuredly agree with my pal Camille Paglia, who says that even homosexual men must observe women; but one can also agree with Katharine Hepburn, who advised no more than "Men and women should live next door and visit each other once in a while." In 1964, Kenneth Marlowe wrote *Mr. Madam*, a shocking nonfiction best-seller. Marlowe's virtual *Queen's Handbook* rather demanded the balance Mr. Townsend introduced in *The Leatherman's Handbook*.

Reference to gender of all kinds is suggested only to inform those seeking offense where no slight is meant, that at the start, in his initial field research, and laser-true even on its twenty-fifth anniversary, Townsend targeted a man's leather *Handbook* to a demographic of masculine-identified men before leatherwomen and female bodybuilders were invented in American pop culture. While diverse others have read, enjoyed, and learned the basic leather tropes from the *Handbook*, the author's specific subject is homo-masculinity, and his operative audience is gay males. Over the years, many women as well as many other-than-gay men have quoted Townsend's man's *Handbook* as a leather primer, a clarificatory introduction into their own legitimate versions of leatherculture. Hopefully, the diversity of all others who are not gay males—and who believe in women and female-identified homosexuals writing about and for women and female-identified homosexuals—will not ever hold a grudge in print or in their hearts against one of the earliest historic, agenda-free documents written by a man about men and for men.

The Cautioner's Tale

The Leatherman's Handbook, chock-full of sexual entertainment and literary license to illustrate the wide psychology of leather, merits, by entertainment value, at least, status with Chaucer's travelers' handbook, *The Canterbury Tales*. Like New Journalist Hunter

Thompson, author of *Hell's Angels*, journalist-player Larry Townsend, the right reporter in the right place at the right time, did not invent leather culture, but he definitely caught the wave of a movement cocreated by quite a few players, writers, photographers, and entrepreneurs who themselves were and are active and deeply established SM leathermasters and slaves whose influential names may not be known to a fresh new leatherboy who just fell off the turnip truck crossing the rough rails of the millennium. Masculine-identified leather artists of the visual, articulated by all the masculine-identified leather voices writing—including Townsend in 1972—helped motivate, and received validation in prompting, the American Psychiatric Association's removing homosexuality from its official list of mental disorders in 1974. This victory is a red-letter day in the black-and-blue History of Homosexuality. The groundbreaking 1972 publication of Larry Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook* is as remarkable a construct as Stonewall itself, because it was a declaration of independence for "anatomically correct" homomascularity. Ask Martin Duberman. By June 1976, Larry, with Robert Opel, reported the first leatherman's wedding between Tom Bertman and Fred Schultz at Griff's leather bar in L.A. Townsend has always been a liberal voice advising common sense and caution.

Creating the Leather Genre

Larry, while writing his *Handbook*, which is more etiquette and encyclopedia than manifesto, was a celebrated political activist in Los Angeles with the Homophile Effort for Legal Protection, Inc., or H.E.L.P. This organization, inspired by Henry David Thoreau, originated the newsprint 'zine, *H.E.L.P./Drummer*, in 1972. Larry Townsend was president of H.E.L.P.; his name appeared on the masthead of his "pre"-*Drummer* tabloid. This early, a major news article in *HELP/Drummer*, "We Weren't Born Yesterday," featured a 1971 symposium on the importance of

“preserving our considerable gay history.” Book reviews showcased Larry Townsend’s *Run, Little Leather Boy*, its sequel, *Run No More*, and *The Leatherman’s Handbook*. Townsend was a gay pop-culture phenomenon who was involved in the 1975 birth of the glossy magazine, *Drummer*, which I dubbed in 1977 “Leather’s Publication of Record” and “The American Journal of Gay Popular Culture.” *Cherchez la femme!* A woman helped deliver *Drummer*. According to Leather Patriarch Harold Cox, publisher of *Checkmate/Dungeonmaster*, Jeanne Barney was one of the two best editors *Drummer* ever had. Trouble, police-driven by then L.A. police chief Ed Davis, complicated the infighting, and *Drummer*’s founding partners split. Entrepreneur John Embry got custody of the infant *Drummer*, named himself publisher, and after the April 10, 1976, bust of his “Slave Auction,” fled Los Angeles for San Francisco leaving behind such leather stars as filmmaker Fred Halsted, photographer and performance artist Robert Opel, and photographer/hustler JimEd (Master Tau) Thompson who in 1974 created *Gay Bondage* magazine and *Action Male* bondage magazine, the tutorials for Mikal Bales’s Zeus bondage studio. Once arrived in Mecca, *Drummer* quickly became leather’s official voice to the world during the Golden Age of Liberation. While featuring Townsend as a *Drummer* writer, the ever-embryonic Embry who at the time was trying to clone *The Advocate* in his *Alternate*, commissioned a clone of Larry’s *Leatherman’s Handbook* written by Bruce Werner and called *The New Leatherman’s Guide* (*Drummer* 18, 1977), which he followed with *The Care and Training of the Male Slave* written by Embry himself aka Robert Payne. This kind of instant commercial imitation signaled the enthusiastic beginning of a pop-culture genre: how-to and self-improvement books for leatherplayers. Larry Townsend, by talent really a novelist, achieved legendary status in founding this new leather genre. “Larry Townsend” became an instant Brand Name in leather popular culture. Embry himself could not resist publishing even more writ-

ing by Townsend: Succeeding issues of *Drummer* featured Townsend's never-ending column "The Leather Notebook" for twelve years. "The Leather Notebook," on this Silver Anniversary of the *Handbook*, is currently a regular feature in the international leather magazine *Honcho*, edited by Doug McClemont. Larry's writing also appears in *Bound and Gagged* magazine and in the lists of Badboy, as well as in Alyson Publications. *Ask Larry: The Collected Leather Notebook*, the hard-core backbeat to *The Leatherman's Handbook*, was published as a Richard Kasak Book in 1995.

Townsend: Publisher to the Leather Auteurs

Larry Townsend, the person, and Larry Townsend, the Brand Name are a very viable pair. Twenty-five years on, Larry remains an active and very verbal public voice, driving leather evolution in manners, mores, and playing. He laughs about resisting the lesbian-gay trend of political correctness that has nothing to do with masculine leathermen who prefer men masculine. Ask Stephen H. Miller. Larry is pro-men without being anti-women. So, he remains a favorite with both male and female leather audiences. Larry speaks often at seminars and reads with sense and sensibility at literary gatherings, accompanied by his ninety-pound Doberman pinscher, who manages crowd control. He has written more than twenty-six books of fiction and three nonfiction books. *Czar*, his 1997 novel, is a historical epic of literary SM and is a crowning achievement of his much-published life. Townsend is a contemporary writer, photographer, leatherplayer, media personality, and businessman. L.T. Publications, his one-person company, has produced more than sixty books and has published more than fifty-five gay writers of SM leather literature.

Old Guard, New Guard! The Only True Guard Is Avant Garde!

However, no good deed goes unpunished. That's a basic tenet of SM. So, naturally, on the progressive occasion of the twenty-fifth

anniversary of *The Leatherman's Handbook*, it is necessary to weed out a certain hatefulness of rhetoric hurtful to the progress of leather and of homosexual activism itself. In a direct attack on Townsend, some "leatherish novice" recently coined the label "The Old Guard" to discard the wisdom of deeply established writers, mentors, and teachers, and classic books such as *The Leatherman's Handbook*. Shades of the Cultural Revolution in China, where intellectuals and artists were murdered or exiled to remote work camps. That self-centered novice devised such exclusionist coinage as a separatist way of show-boating himself/herself as "The New Guard." Shame on such "politically incorrect" ageists who should be slapped across the face the way hysterical twits in movies are always slapped to get a grip! Actually, *The Leatherman's Hand-book*, which has sold more than 12345XXillion copies, thrives on this new brushfire of controversy!

Youth needs the wisdom of the established, and the established need the energy of the young. The present usually takes a dim view of the past. This attitude is attractive to the naïve who often think that the whole wide world began the day they first noticed it. Sometimes, too, people with some mileage wrongly dismiss the younger because the young weren't present at the past.

If people—for instance, artists, writers, leatherplayers—are alive, working, and creating at the same time on the same clock and the same calendar, no matter what their individual ages, they are all contemporary because they work in the Culture of Here and Now. Larry Townsend is as pertinent as the boy he beats, and the boy he beats is as pertinent as Larry Townsend. If this principle attacks some dogmatist dragmatist's Inner Bette Davis, I make no apology for myself or for Larry, or the very leathery Golden Age of the Titanic 1970s, whose celebratory sex style has taken an unfair beating, as if "those ignorant leathermen at that decade's party" and not a virus caused the plague. Once the plague is conquered, or at least controlled, the gay press will be driven to invent new material, and gay men will want their publishing jobs

back. Before AIDS, the gay press featured news of tricycle races and show biz. Once the plague is controlled, will Tony Kushner be permitted to write the third act of *Angels in America*, or will he be dismissed as Old Guard, the way ACT UP apparently discarded Larry Kramer, and OutWrite actually booed Edward Albee?

Leather Desiderata: Pissing on Territory

So, in the parallax view of 20/20 hindsight, what appears in *The Leatherman's Handbook* to be familiar, well, uh, "old guard" may in fact be very "new guard." What appears to be new may, in fact, in this folk document, be familiar. So question what you know. Be your own best critic. Do penance and self-flagellation if you wish, but let no one unworthy teach you or Top you. Be skeptical of historical revisionists of any gender—especially the co-optations by post-AIDS nonmales who, with unmitigated gall, fancy themselves saviorettes who will write the history of gay male culture and gay male leather culture as if Larry Townsend and fifty other living authors—and about a hundred recently dead ones—haven't been writing this material, which is actually our group autobiography, for the last fifty years in fiction and nonfiction. Ask Patricia Morrisroe. Be wary of wannabe artistes and stenographic historiennes who invoke our dead whose history they claim to be "saving" from oblivion sacrilegiously and pompously. They actually think they're arriving in our life as if our life were abandoned and as if major talents have not kept full record of our life. *Sacré bleu!* I mean, it's nice that graduate students want to formulate leather on the head of a Prufrockian pin. True scholarship is, of course, welcome, even needed; but true scholars never make the actual "source people" and "source material" disappear so the scholar can appear to be the source.

That's plagiarism. Ask Alex Haley.

This is not ad hoc or ad hominem. It's not even an issue. It's a principle.

It's peculiar that every group has roots except white male faggot

leathermen. Ask Maya Angelou. Why shouldn't this particular leather pop-culture history be told best by the actual authorities, the men who created it for males, lived it as males, and recorded it, not as separatists but as humanists. The Sexual Liberation Front included everybody; gay men were just more immediately intense about succeeding. All the male witness-authors, witness-photographers, and witness-artists who have been vastly creative and widely published for this last half-century have long done quite well mapping our leatherman's history. And, frankly, these deeply established writers don't appreciate the lesbigay bandito scholarship that literally steals facts, dates, names, vocabulary, and concepts from intellectual property that certain wannabe scholars then fail to acknowledge by so much as a footnote. Ask those semiplagiarists who know who they are. You can always spot the usual suspects. They arrived post-1980 on the leather scene; they became first noticeably active at exactly the same time as AIDS; they write the trendspeak of political correctness; and they use clichéd adjectives such as *radical* and *cutting edge* endlessly.

Despite such *faux* prophets, do seek your spirituality, mystical experiences, and transcendence, but not in gay magazines and leather literature—much of it written under the fundamentalist thumb of cultish egos and media money—published by straight males and edited by women for gay men. (Read the mastheads on magazines.) Be somewhat sophisticated when seeking advice, because while homosexuality has been declared not a mental disorder, homosexuals themselves can still be mentally ill. Don't let the horizon of your life be the skyline of Castro, SoMa, WeHo, SoHo, or Chelsea. For instance, when some certain—but certainly not all—leather “facilitators” get together to jerk each other off in public so they can spout SM advice on anything, run away, little leatherboy, as fast as you can—until you actually check out what might be their measurable credentials and actual biases. Do you really want to sit at the feet of the Leather Bourgeoisie? Ask Brando: “The horror!” Check

out the “facilitators” as carefully as you would a strange bondage Top.

If the talkers prove to be objectively credible, still remain your own best critic about anybody telling you anything. SM leather is art. Unlike those bedfellows, fundamentalist religious morality and fundamentalist lesbigay politics, has no right or wrong way. Art transcends morality. You can “Ask Larry,” as readers have for years, but...can you trust him? Uh! Trust, and the doubt about trust, razor-sharpen the double edge that makes leather fetish gear and SM ritual play delicious.

Remember: there actually exist real live men who will tie you up and torture you until they cum!

I first applied the words *sensuality* and *mutuality* to SM in print in 1972, but...can you trust the context of this Introduction? What if homosexuality exists for entertainment purposes only? Hey, that’s the definition of recreational sex, which is a synonym for plain old *lust*. Ask Larry. The playful sense of *The Leatherman’s Handbook* keeps its principle of sexual titillation ahead of any humanoid issue. You have to love a *Handbook* that is a guide to gay cannibalism. The author is the camp counselor telling scary, wonderful tales, mixed with just enough cautionary advice to encourage credibility, suspend disbelief, and give the audience goose bumps while imparting common sense for playing dangerous games.

Leather: Taboo as Strong as Totem

As in the classic film *Casablanca*, sooner or later everyone comes to Rick’s. Sooner or later, everyone reads some classic Larry Townsend. The r/evolutionary discussion Larry opened up a quarter of a century ago about SM continues because Leather’s taboo is as strong as its totem. This kind of erotic narcotic gets readers’ attention and keeps the players’ interest. (The oldest living SM leatherman still playing at the time of this writing is ninety-two years old—and, no, it’s not Larry.)

Twenty-five years from now, *The Leatherman's Handbook* will be celebrated on its Fiftieth Anniversary in a collection published from the oeuvre of Larry Townsend. The future politics buzzing around Larry's *Handbook* will be even newer, shinier versions of jealousy, envy, calumny, and slander. The ongoing never-ending tales of leather will have new chapters and new thrills and new cautions. But the crack of a whip will sound the same as it has since whip first touched flesh. In outer space, you cannot hear a scream. In the inner space of leather, the voices of innocence and the voices of experience will continue to whisper from the page....

Jack Fritscher
San Francisco
October 1996

REMARKS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION OF LARRY TOWNSEND'S THE LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

VICTOR TERRY

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, Larry Townsend changed my life, but he didn't know it.

Twenty-five and more years ago in the late 1960s and 1970s, in usually sleazy "adult bookstores," you could find erotic novels and short stories and magazines, and specialty sex newspapers like *Screw* and *Pleasure* and *Fetish Times*. But not erotic videos. Erotic films, perhaps, but never videos. There were no videos back then. Now, in the 1990s, we have "adult video stores" and adult sex videos flood the market. When tape did away with film, the video explosion of the 1980s did away with adult *book* stores, and consequently it became increasingly hard to find erotic writings (some would call them porn) in American shops. Nowadays, most people who use erotic stimulants watch and get off on sexy videos instead of from reading erotica, and GM/BD/SM print junkies like myself—people who'd rather exercise our minds and imaginations by reading than by staring at a small screen—lament the loss of the

good old days of the easily available printed erotic word.

In the 1970s, it was another world: The sexual revolution of the 1960s had opened doors. Many bathhouses offered virtually nonstop vanilla sex. The black-room Mineshaft bar and its relatives offered GM/BD/SM experiences for participants and watchers, and sex—explicit sex, erotically charged sex—filled the pages of erotic books. Star and Surrey were publishing at least four new gay novels or books of short stories every month, Greenleaf two or more a month, and we print junkies expected this torrent of fiction would go on forever. In adult bookstores, the fiction shelves were sectioned into straight sex (huge selection), gay male sex (much smaller selection), and lesbian sex (still much smaller selection. These lesbian titles were purchased mainly by men since women rarely ventured into the sleazy bookstores). The gay-male sex fictions were dominated by publishers Greenleaf and Star and Surrey, and most of their titles were simple gay vanilla. But scattered among the straight, gay, and lesbian vanilla there was a sprinkling of SM and DS writings (I surveyed GM/BD/SM erotic fiction in *DungeonMaster* 14, 15, and 28). Well, Surrey and The Mineshaft and colleagues are gone now, and so are the sleazy bookstores.

In the smallish Midwest city where I came from originally, sex was joked about, and as a dirty joke, at that. Gay sex was beyond the pale, furtive, dirty, nasty, unmentionable—except to sneer and condemn and point fingers at; and leathersex—gay or straight—was unspeakable. Doors to sexual closets were shut firmly and padlocked, though I daresay behind some of those doors some people got tied up and whipped. In time I left that smallish city and eventually came to New York. Around 1969, in one of those sleazy bookstores, I browsed in a novel titled *Kiss of Leather*. What I read on the pages as I stood there in that aisle made my eyes pop and my dick surge. And when I got the book home, more than my eyes popped.

Kiss of Leather was my introduction to SM leatherfiction, and my life both in and away from books took a turn for the better. In *Kiss of Leather*, I found Larry Townsend imagining and writing and publishing things I had imagined first in dreams and then in masturbatory sessions, things that made vanilla suck/fuck sex pretty tame in the flesh and in print, things that I had not found in real life. (No doubt I was not looking in the right places.)

Who was this man writing about bondage and whips and leather, dominance and submission, boot licking—things I had only dreamed of? LT made me realize I was not alone in my leather fantasies.

Other titles by LT appeared soon: *The Long Leather Cord* and the duology *Leather Ad: M* and its continuation *Leather Ad: S* all which made me pop, and pop repeatedly. Then, in 1972, Olympia Press's Other Traveller series published LT's *The Leatherman's Handbook*, which solidified the changes in my life made by LT's earlier novels. The *Handbook* undoubtedly changed the lives of many other men and women, too, straight and lesbian but gay men mostly, people who discovered that their hidden singular desires of wanting to receive or to give bondage and spankings and titclamps and whippings, to give orders or to obey orders, were not so singular after all. I was not alone. Other people wanted to do those things, too. I read and reread *The Leatherman's Handbook* and took aid and comfort and knowledge from it.

I still have my original copies of that 1972 *Handbook* edition and of those four LT novels. But in 1972, as I read with wide eyes and stiff meat, I certainly never expected that I'd be writing a preface to this celebratory twenty-fifth-anniversary edition.

The Leatherman's Handbook was, I believe, the first scholarly (but not footnoted) organized articulation of the principles of leather/SM sex which LT had exemplified in his novels. Written by a gay SM practitioner who had done graduate work in clinical psychology, it explained in reasonable rational terms what leather-

sex was about. It made sense. It made me feel welcome in the leather/SM world. Welcome but not wholly at home: no book could do something which requires physical contact with other people to fulfill desires completely. Reading about, say, bondage is not the same thing as binding or as being bound. But the *Handbook* showed the way; or, rather, showed several ways of coming home.

What LT offers in the *Handbook* are principles learned through years of experience in the SM playing field, and he invites you to agree or disagree with his ideas and conclusions. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion. Whether or not you agree with some, all, or none of what LT has to say, it cannot be denied that *The Leatherman's Handbook* is a pioneering work in gay SM. The cover of that 1972 edition called it: "the only definitive exploration of the gay SM leather scene ever written by a qualified writer who has observed it all from the inside. A nostalgic trip for the advanced practitioner, a 'must' for the novice...." The *Handbook* explores the leather personality in the playroom and in the social leatherworld. Its chapter headings give some indication of the book's breadth. Here are a few: "Why Leathersex?," "Bondage Without SM," "SM Without Bondage," "The True M," "Equipment." Its organization is simple. In each chapter, LT discusses ideas and principles and then writes a fictional vignette based on the principles of that chapter. It is both theoretical and practical. And often it is hot!

The Leatherman's Handbook is not the last word on gay SM leathersex and was never intended to be the last word. Some things have changed in the intervening years since the *Handbook* was published, and I am happy to see that many of them have been noted, annotated, and explained in the revisions and additions to the text in this Silver Jubilee Edition. Despite these other changes, many fundamental things have remained the same: gay SM leathersex is still fundamentally as the *Handbook* describes it. It is a good guidebook for the beginner in leathersex and offers advice that the experienced practitioner could use.

As I said, Larry Townsend changed my life, and I am grateful. I am certain he has changed the lives of many other people, too. This new edition of *The Leatherman's Handbook* will undoubtedly change even more lives, open more windows, unlock more closets. It is good to have my old friend, *The Leatherman's Handbook*, back in print.

INTRODUCTION

JOHN PRESTON

Larry Townsend's *Leatherman's Handbook* was an immediate cult classic when it first came out in 1972. Its publication was the first step in bringing leathersex into the open in the gay world. Its instant popularity proved just how interested men were in the previously taboo subject.

The leatherworld looked a lot different more than two decades ago when the book first appeared. For one thing, it was much more hidden. It seems strange for someone like myself to see leather being treated as something chic these days, the material that an MTV star like Madonna can use as a prop. In the 1960s and 1970s leather was a dark world of masculinity that attracted many men, but seemed too dangerous to approach.

The motorcycle was the ultimate icon of the time. I remember when a man who wore a leather jacket into the infamous Gold Coast in Chicago or to one of the leather bars on the waterfront in New York City without owning a motorcycle was considered a

fake. There were hard rules for entering into the world of leather, and that made it all the more appealing.

What *did* go on behind those shadows thrown by the black leather skin? That was a question that kept many men from exploring the veiled world even as it attracted us. One of the enticements of leather for many men was its connection with an ultimate heterosexual symbol of masculinity—the straight man on a bike was one of the earliest and strongest images of straight trade. But it was a mistake to think that the new iconography was only that: the adoration and romanticization of straight men as the plight of the oppressed homosexual. The image of the leather jacket was also one of the most muscular portraits of the outlaw in American society. Movie stills of James Dean and Marlon Brando with scowling faces and tight T-shirts under their leather were plastered on the walls of gay men's fantasies everywhere.

It wasn't just that those men represented the fantasized outlaw; they were also an unquestionably sexual male image. Part of the attraction of the motorcycle was the power and vibration of the big engine between a man's legs. Brando and Dean promised plenty of horsepower for our fantasies.

Being sexual was a big deal back then. One of the problems with homosexuality in the 1960s was that no one was overtly sexual in those days; the sexual revolution was just beginning. It was hard to envision any man as being sexual in that time so long before Calvin Klein underwear ads were plastered on bus stops across the country. It's one of the reasons so many of us were willing to enter into weak delusions of re-creating heterosexual marriage—one a wife, the other a husband. There were few ways to make love to a man as a man.

Leather, with its express statement of male sexuality, offered a way out of the dilemma and into the realm of masculine fantasy. It needed two men who were comfortable with their gender and who were willing to strut it about. It wasn't a fey reflection of straight

sex. The combination of two leather jackets and smelly male flesh was something that was especially unique to gay men.

Leathersex held all kinds of promise for us. It allowed us a rite of passage, a proof of our masculinity that was earned by enduring a more rigorous form of sexual expression. It was a way for two men to share an intimacy that was all the more intense because it came from the experience of sweat and struggle. It was something that held all the passion that had been withheld from our lives.

Plenty of men wanted to discover more of this new world. They found a guide with Larry Townsend. One of the most important values of his work was to prove to us that we were not alone in having these fantasies of being, or loving, desperadoes who rode metal steeds. It would always grant a sense of power to be on the edge of righteousness, to be on the razor that cut respectability off from the fringe. But we wanted to know that someone was out there with us.

And we wanted to know how to meet them. Townsend had already written a pair of wonderful books on the adventures of two men who explored their sexuality by going through the classified ads—*Leather Ad: M* and *Leather Ad: S*. He moved his style a little bit more toward the nonfiction with *The Leatherman's Handbook*, but kept the same essential formula. The *Handbook* not only delivered information on what to wear, where to go, how to act, it was still spiced with stories that created a narrative which a man could use to understand and envision his fantasies. (Or, if he wanted to, he could simply enjoy the erotic storytelling and leave it at that. He did not need to enter the realm of leather physically if he didn't want to.)

The *Handbook* was part of the vanguard of erotic literature for gay men. Townsend, who had already published many titles through Greenleaf Classics and Olympia Press—the latter was one of the great institutions of underground publishing—went on to create his own small press. His company, still actively publishing, not

only brought many of his own works to the public, it also presented a number of other writers and artists.

There were many ways in which Townsend was the perfect person to write *The Leatherman's Handbook* and his other erotic books and stories. He had worked in Air Force Intelligence and had been a probation officer, and he had the physical stature and the deep voice to carry off the image that people wanted to have come with the territory. He had a degree in psychology and so understood that he was dealing with the depths of men's fantasies, not just the mechanics of some sex acts.

There was still more: Townsend was always serious about the advice he gave as he guided men through the new-to-them world of leather, but he always had a sense of humor about himself and what was going on around him and in his stories. He has the perfect dogs for his image—Dobermans—but insists on calling them Doberpersons in homage to the radically PC among us. He is still a devoted opera fan who reports on his musical love in his newsletter that advertises the latest SM implements. The love of opera is compelling. Townsend and his lover of over thirty years are charter subscribers to the new Los Angeles Opera; they have center seats on Row D. The love of opera not only shows his artistic side, it proves his penchant for high drama. (Someone needs to write a book about opera and SM; the two seem so often connected.)

Townsend went on to write *Leatherman's Handbook II*. People often mistake it for a rewrite of the first *Handbook*. It's not; it's a sequel to this, the real thing, the book that started thousands of bikes roaring to the leather bars and sent thousands of young men off with a road map for adventure in this new world. It still reads with all the conviction and care, concern, and interest as it did in 1972. It's a pleasure to have it back in print, as a reminder of those earlier times, but also as a still-valid manual for today's explorations of the outer limits of sex.

CHAPTER I
Why Leathersex?

As with homosexuality itself, it is difficult to say whether leather-sex has gained a significantly greater vogue during the last few years, or whether it's always been widely practiced—simply kept locked away in its own specialized closet. But SM sex has roots reaching far back into history. While our present-day practitioners turn on most strongly to black leather, motorcycles, and the attendant products of modern technology, many ancients practiced an earlier form of the art with whatever materials were available during their lives.

Binding a captive on the battlefield and claiming him as one's property—sexual or otherwise—was common enough in most early civilizations. The Spartans had their helots, and the Persians kept slave harems of boys as well as girls. It is hard to imagine that all of these prisoners fulfilled every command of their masters without some form of coercion. Nor can we discount the possibility that a number of these masters simply enjoyed the use of their

slaves in some form of bondage. Here and there we find a broken pot or dilapidated wall painting which depicts a captive warrior in sexual subservience. Slave markets flourished all over the Mediterranean world at one time or another, and it gives one cause to think...to envy, perhaps, the wealthy Roman or Carthaginian who had only to summon his muscular litter-bearers and be carried to the town plaza to buy whatever tempting youth suited his fancy.

Imagine being able to drive into Times Square or into Hollywood-and-Vine—or to someplace along Market Street—and buy that rugged number, bring him home in chains, and own him forever. His naked body would have been displayed for you, and his physical attributes would have been enumerated by the sharp-eyed dealer. How you used him would be completely a matter of your own discretion, limited only by whatever laws your particular state might impose regarding the care and treatment of slaves.

Well, those days are past...gone forever, and properly so, though the fantasy may provoke a nostalgic sigh. Of course, there is always flesh to be bought, as we shall discuss later, but only on a transitory basis. There is still a certain lesson to be gleaned from this sketchy bit of history. If you stop a moment to reflect on it, you may recognize a greater significance than appears at first glance.

There was a time when the laws of almost every existing society acknowledged not only slavery, but the necessity of granting to at least a select portion of the population the leeway to act out its full range of sexual desires. Rome recognized homosexual marriage, while Greece lauded the male-to-male relationship in song and epic fable. The sexual use (or abuse) of slaves was seldom questioned in these and other "classic" societies. Later in history, we find instances where only wealth and status could give a man this right, and others where it was proscribed for all. Unfortunately, history has recorded only the exploits of the monsters and the profligates whose crimes most stagger the imagination.

Gilles de Rais was a notorious example of the black-sex ogre. A marshal of France during the era of Joan of Arc, Gilles is reported to have murdered several hundred souls, boys and girls alike, in the course of his sexual debaucheries. As these were carried on within the strong walls of his castle, we have no terribly clear picture of exactly what he did. We do know that his motives were sexual and that his victims died. It is men of this sort who have dribbled blood upon the scales of time, and who have given all SM sex an unsavory reputation as far as the uninitiated are concerned.

But the impulse to engage in sadomasochistic practices is more innate than most nonparticipants would like to admit. Take, for example, any police state or imprisonment situation where the leaders and their minions are omnipotent. From the interrogation chambers of ancient China (the forerunners of our present-day brainwashers), through the activities of the Spanish Inquisition, to the concentration camps of Nazi Germany, we find men brutalizing other men when they are given the opportunity to do so. While much of this was not overtly sexual, other aspects were; and we can see most of it as sublimation of the aggressors' libidinous drives.

Again, these are the gross and evil examples recorded on the pages of history or locked away in the archives of the Vatican or the Huntington libraries. What of the average person who did not seek to violate another's wishes, but who nonetheless had the desire to take or give a measure of symbolic punishment? They have also existed throughout history, but their exploits were recorded only when their actions were in public or came under the observation of some monastic scholar. A good example is the prevalence of flagellation during the Dark and Middle Ages. Great masses of people whipped each other in the city square, or formed lines to beat their way through the countryside, lashing the back of the man in front while receiving blows from whoever walked behind. Penitents came to the churches and monasteries, stretched their naked bodies across stone blocks and prayed to have their sins

forgiven while priests or monks attempted to aid this atonement by whipping the penitent's back and buttocks. Remember the penance of King Henry II in the movie *Becket*?

As society grew more structured and its code of conduct more rigid, there was no longer such an outlet for the needs a man felt to punish or be punished. Groups became secret, hiding their "vices" so that only the vaguest rumors of these activities ever reached the outside world. In England, during the eighteenth century, such a group of wealthy noblemen formed the Hellfire Club. In Europe, certain religious orders used their clerical immunity to provide a secret place that swelled the coffers of the monastery. For centuries, especially in Russia and the other Slavic countries, it was considered a mark of holy purification for a man to abase his flesh as a condition of begging Almighty forgiveness. Men wore hair shirts beneath their finery to remind themselves, by constant discomfort, that they were sinners.

All these forms had definite sexual implications. It is too bad that the Judeo-Christian ethic decided so early in its ascendancy that non-procreative sex was dirty and unspeakable. This left the historian, generally a cleric of some kind, unable to report the manifest sexuality—including the SM behavior. What we know about are the asexual manifestations. We can only guess at the covert motivations and the secret rites.

It was left to a later era for anyone to extol the positive side of SM in the written (or printed) word. The most notable of these writers was Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade, (1740–1814)—known most commonly as *Le Grand Marquis*. Unfortunately for this noble gentleman, he lived at a time when rank had its disadvantages as well as its privileges. As a result, the Marquis de Sade wrote most of his stories from a series of prison cells, extolling the acts he was seldom free to practice. A relative of King Louis XVI, Sade's "infamy" reflected badly upon an already-shaky throne. The government feared to have him on the loose. He

was a prisoner in the Bastille when that symbol of repressive evil was torn down by the angry mobs. *Le Grand Marquis* ended his days in the asylum of Charenton because, alas, the social climate had already changed. It was the dawn of the nineteenth century, and the beginning of codified moralism. But he had given his name to the mystique; he is now and forever the S—the sadist—in the genre of SM.

The *M*, for masochist, is derived from the name of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (1835–1895), an Austrian novelist whose writings extolled the pleasures of pain. (I have more to say about each of these gentlemen in the chapter on literature.) Thus, you see, even our most basic terms stem from deep roots.

These great phallic tentacles stretch far into the loam of antiquity, supporting the structure of our contemporary tree. I rather like this symbolism, because the world of leathersex has so many facets—branches, if you will—and an infinite range of expression. It can be the most personal or the most transitory of sexual exchanges, and it can permit an expression of the most extreme variety. In his popular book *All the Sexes*, Dr. George Henry reports on his exhaustive studies of masculinity and femininity in a number of clinical subjects. His conclusion is that no two people are identical in their sexual personalities. Each is unique, holding his own set of likes and dislikes, desires and aversions. In form and substance our lusty drives or hang-ups are exclusively our own.

Having experienced the best and the worst of the leatherscene, my own feeling is that a man can find within its many varieties the most seeking, exhilarating release it is possible to attain. However, because each phase must be uniquely individualized it requires a far greater malleability on the part of each participant. One must temper his own needs to align them with those of his partner (or partners). Erotic sensation is never limited to the strictly genital areas; it involves the entire body, utilizing those parts which may have no sexual significance under other circum-

stances. It's more than just "fuckin' and suckin'"; and it goes far beyond merely tying a guy down and whipping the shit out of him. It is an exchange in which each partner expresses his most deeply guarded urges, and where those portions of his personality he is otherwise unable to express become the determinant motivations. In effect, he expresses that part of his inner self that society forces him to conceal at all other times.

In reviewing my books, *Leather Ad: S and M for Gay Magazine*, Angelo D'Arcangelo made reference to Juliette Lemercier's *Turkish Bath*, a famous novel about the inner workings of a French whorehouse. As most of these establishments supplied an SM type of action for those customers who wished it, she remarked: "Ours was not a Torture Palace. This is a misleading term. Torture, you see is something you do to people that they don't like." It is unfortunate that this understanding and perception of human emotion must be denied the clinical practitioner when it is frequently so obvious to a madam or a whore. Because our "Silent Majority" has been educated to be so afraid of anything sexual, let alone any mode of expression that deviates from the rigid codes established by self-proclaimed spokesmen of the Almighty, a great many men who would like to enjoy some form of leathersex are paralyzed by fear and guilt.

In one sense, though, these cultural repressions may actually contribute to a greater satisfaction. When a man finds himself in a situation where his heaviest inhibitions can be cast aside, he revels in a fantastic sense of total liberation. Like a classic, unmu-tilated cock, the participant's (figurative) glans is all the more sensitive for having been shrouded in its foreskin of social propriety. All of which brings us to another interesting consideration, and properly marks our most appropriate starting point.

When a gay guy begins to think about leather, to realize that his most basic urges are driving him in that direction, he inevitably

experiences a tremendous conflict. He knows he wants it, probably has elaborate fantasies about bondage and discipline. He has already gone through an earlier emotional turmoil, struggling to accept his homosexuality. Now he finds he must rise above a second hurdle, one where even his gay friends may not understand his needs. Because many leather circles, especially in smaller communities, tend to be restricted and secret, the beginner may have the feeling that he is alone. Again, it is a similar problem encountered by most of us when we first "come out." But the people are there, and so is the action. It is mostly a matter of knowing where to look and how to recognize those guys who share your interests.

Without knowing what the various roles entail, the beginner may fantasize himself into any of several SM situations. He may lie on his bed at night, slowly stroking his rigid manhood, visualizing his body in a diverse variety of positions. He is unsure and confused, because he is fettered by the constraints of ignorant middle-class moralism. "It's wrong," he tells himself. "It's evil...sick...black-sex, forbidden." But it still fascinates him and he still wants it, with the end result that the whole scene becomes clouded by guilt. If he is inclined to consult the literature of sexology or—God forbid!—psychiatry, he will find ample support for these self-deprecating conclusions. If he mentions his interests to his fluffy friends, he will also find reactions to bolster his negative conceptions. *(I might note that in the twenty-five years since I wrote these lines, psychiatry, in general, has come around to a much more realistic approach to both homosexuality and certain aspects of SM behavior. Today, these remarks would be better directed to the right-wing, radical "Christians."*—L.T.)

A good example to prove my point is that most popular recent sex book: the silly journal by David Reuben, one of San Diego's junior shrinks, in which our relatively inexperienced physician sees fit to simplify his wisdom and rephrase it to stimulate the masses. Although much of the text is obviously written to be a

“turn-on,” and the professionalism is consistently marred by the use of vernacular “dirty” words, Dr. Reuben’s own repressions make it impossible for him to view homosexuality as anything but “sick.” And he’s so afraid of SM, he hardly bothers to mention it—certainly fails to give any insightful explanations. But we should not condemn Dr. Reuben too severely, I suppose. Even the *Goldstein-Haeberle Sex Book*, liberal and realistic as it is in most areas of human sexual behavior, categorizes SM as a perversion.

But perversion, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. If any sincere researcher ever took the time to study it, he would find the positive as well as the negative aspects. If the overall evaluation was still a put-down, I might not agree with him, but I would at least be able to respect his opinion as being one based on empirical study and factual knowledge. For those of you who feel the urging of your loins, but are afraid to try the scene, I can only submit my own personal philosophy: If you are going to enjoy it, and your partner’s going to enjoy it, and no one else is going to see it or be hurt by it, what difference should anyone else’s hang-up make to you? Forget about other people’s opinions—learned or otherwise. Yesterday’s prohibitions are today’s commonplaces. It would be a shame to look back on your life from an age when you’re too old to do anything about it, and realize that many people are acting out openly the very things you were afraid to do when you had the youth and vigor to attempt it. If you permit your most basic needs to be suppressed on the basis of learned stupidity, you will have restricted your life experience and lost some of the most precious moments of your existence.

Try to be introspective. Ask yourself what you really want, and when you seem to have the answer—try it! If it doesn’t work for you, it isn’t the end of the world. If you find you really dig it, the discovery can greatly expand the satisfactions to be gained from life. And while you’re at it, ask yourself another question: How many bouts of sex have been less enjoyable than they should have been,

due to one partner's being afraid to let the other know what he wanted? This happens in all kinds of sexual relationships; in leathersex it can be ruinous! For this reason, I would strongly suggest that when you decide to give the scene a try you really let it all hang out. The guy who has accompanied you, or led you to the scene of action, is looking for the same thing you are. There is no need to be afraid of his rejection. He is unlikely to be horrified or turned off, regardless how far-out you think your desires may be. By your very acceptance of the leatherscene, you have proclaimed your complete sexual liberation. The most inappropriate place to hang the veil of inhibition is between yourself and your partner.

Before going into a specific instance to illustrate some of my contentions, I would like to comment on another condition that may be troublesome to the neophyte. This has to do with the available written and graphic (pictorial) materials dealing with leather. Most of this is pure, unadulterated crap! The picture books are done mostly by fast-buck artists who want to grab the money and run. What little they might want to give you is eliminated by the postal regulations, which prohibit the producer from sending his stuff through the mails if it gets too "raw." Of the written word, I can say only that most of it is whipped out by hacks who get a few pennies for their efforts, while the fly-by-night porno houses make the money. Neither the writer nor the publisher is the least bit interested in how far from the truth their material may be, and most of it is sheer imagination. I know of several books written by old ladies. I don't mean elderly queens, but real, gray-haired, sweet-looking wrinkled grandmother types whose closest experience with SM was when they took a razor strop to Junior. (*This is another situation that has greatly improved in the interim since I expressed my disgust with the status of the times. Remember, that when this Handbook originally hit the stands, sodomy laws were still on the books in every state in the union.—L.T.*)

There are also a few fluffs who take an occasional stab at the leatherworld, but their stuff is even worse. I can only advise you most strongly not to believe most of what you read. All through this *Handbook*, I will be at great pains to point out that much of what I say is opinion—either that or a quasi-objective analysis of what happened to the particular person involved in a particular situation. Your reaction may be entirely different, and your desires may exceed or fall far short of the action I describe. This is exactly how it should be. No one—Larry Townsend or anyone else—can ever begin to set the standards for your sexual needs and/or behavior.

In his widely acclaimed novel, *The Real Thing*, William Carney has given us a detailed view of the highly structured, purist approach to leathersex. His is a philosophy combining the eloquence of Grecian idealism with the lusty expositions of de Sade. It makes for a fascinating story, and within the framework of Carney's plot, it works. In the early stages of training I have also seen it used successfully. In most practical situations, it simply does not apply—largely because there are too few partners who are willing to follow the rules. A guy's eager, lust-filled testicles will inevitably prevent his abiding by the purist's standards.

Yet Carney's theory is beautiful. Due to my own background in clinical psychology, I tend to associate his purism with that marvelous, completely impractical counseling technique enunciated by Rollo May and his clique; Existentialism as applied to the couch. I loved it when I read the book, but I could never make it work with a client. To the beginning leatherman, I would reiterate: Enjoy what literature you will, but your training will come entirely through experience. Never confuse the two. What you read is somebody else's fantasy—at best, his idea of how the scene should work. What you do is your reality.

But I do not wish to become clinical or overly redundant. In leathersex we deal with an earthy here and now, with the most fundamental and masculine attributes of ourselves and our partners.

At the start, you cannot anticipate your own potential, regardless of the range of your daydreaming. As a beginner, you must literally “start at the bottom”; find an experienced leatherman and learn the ropes from him. Each can have a fulfilling experience “first time out” if the combination is fortuitous. If a guy’s first partner—first S—is skillful and patient, he can open a tremendous vista for his disciple. And it is here that the purist approach can be the most effective—when the topman works with a fresh, unstructured youth. I recall a poignant situation where Dave, a good friend of mine, was standing in the patio of The Black Pipe, a popular Los Angeles leather bar. As usual, Dave was dressed in black leather—pants, jacket, boots and cap. He was a guy in his early thirties, prematurely gray, so his beard and sideburns were “salt and pepper.” He sometimes wore glasses, and he was a trifle heavier than he should have been...not the ultimate picture of leather personified, but all-in-all attractive and aggressive enough to get what he wanted. It was a chilly evening, with gas heaters blazing down from the adjacent roof and radiating their warmth all along the sides of the enclosure. Most of the other customers were inside, with perhaps a dozen sturdy souls remaining out to face the elements.

Dave was talking to several of his contemporaries, all of them completely ignoring a handsome, shivering, dark-haired boy who stood a few feet outside the circle of leathermen. The youngster was dressed only in Levi’s, white T-shirt, wide black belt, and heavy, scarred workman’s boots.

I had arrived with Joe, another friend, and we joined Dave’s group. After several minutes’ conversation I glanced at the young man and asked Dave who he was. “Oh, that’s Mac,” he answered casually. “Just got out of the Marines. He’s staying with me.”

Dave had turned slightly as he said this, and I acknowledged his introduction with a nod toward the boy. To me, the relationship was perfectly clear. Dave was training Mac, and the novice was accepting his status. Soon Joe and I went inside to get a couple of beers.

When we returned, the original group had broken up. Dave was standing in conversation with another fellow across the way. Mac had remained where he was, alone now, next to the patio wall.

"You look cold," Joe remarked.

"I am," the boy replied.

"You ought to wear a leather jacket."

"I haven't earned my leather yet, sir," Mac told him.

Several evenings later, I again ran into Dave at the Pipe. He was in an expansive mood; in fact, he was verging on jovial drunkenness when I arrived. It was no warmer than it had been on my previous visit, and on this Tuesday night, we had the patio practically to ourselves.

"Mac inside?" I asked.

Dave shook his head, a silly, knowing grin on his lips.

"Loaned him out," he told me. "Figured it was time he got a little wider experience."

"You going to tell me about him?" I asked.

"You gonna write it up?" My friend laughed suspiciously.

"Probably. Leastwise, if it's salty enough," I replied.

"Oh, it's salty, all right," Dave assured me. And in substance, he rendered the following account:

I'd been talking with George, a buddy of mine. He's an older guy, but he always seems to have a pad full of choice meat every weekend. This particular Friday night, I stopped by and he had these two kids there. Let me tell you! One of 'em was about six feet, slender, built like a fuckin' stud! I saw him just coming out of the shower, and he wasn't bashful about showing what he had.

"Marines," George tells me.

"I don't know how you do it," I said.

"Easy. Just hit the Greyhound station about three-thirty, four on a Friday afternoon. Offer 'em a lift to Hollywood, and there they are!"

About this point, the other guy comes in from the bedroom... light brown hair, smaller than the first, but solid...short legs and long

torso, just the way I like 'em. I'll have to admit I was impressed, even if this bus-station-cruising bit scares me a little. Anyway, I knew old George plays around with leather...showed me pictures of some. He's an artist, you know, so he talks these kids into letting him take Polaroids of 'em to use later when he does his drawings. Then he leads 'em on...tells 'em the cock shows up better if it's moist, and he swings on 'em until they're so hot, he gets 'em to do what he wants. I suppose he pays for it, but he sure gets value received!

Just when I'm about to leave, George calls the smaller boy back from the other room where he's gone to watch TV. "This is Al," he tells me. "He's got a few days' leave, and he's looking for part-time work. Do you know any place where they might be able to use him?"

I thought that was kind of a nice way to put it, so I said, "Sure, I guess I can give him a few hours' work," and I took the kid home with me. It turns out George was hot for the other one, and knew he'd do better with Al out of the house.

When I got Al home, I tried to make the leatherscene with him, but it wasn't really his bag. He was halfway trade, anyway, but he played a little once I got enough booze down him...stayed two days, and loosened up all the way before he left. Never did go leather, though.

When I took him to the Greyhound station, I thought that was the last I was going to see or hear from him, even though he'd taken my address and phone number. Much to my surprise, I got this call about three weeks later, and it was Mac. "Al told me I should look you up," he said. "I'm getting discharged next month, and I'll need a place to crash. My folks live in the city, but—you know how it is. I was hoping that if we could get together now, we might be able to set something up for later."

Well, I didn't know if I should be happy about it or not. I don't like people giving out my phone number, and I didn't have any idea what this guy looked like or what his scene might be. It was on the tip of my tongue to slough him off; but something in the back of my head kept telling me not to. So after I hemmed and hawed around for a few minutes, I told him to come on by. He was going to be in L.A. that weekend, you see, and I didn't have any special plans. Figured I could get rid of him if he turned out to be a bummer.

Well! When that kid rang the doorbell, standing there in his Marine uniform—the olive one with red sergeant's stripes on his sleeve—UM! Those dark eyes of his were jumpin' all across my face, dropped down to check the basket a couple of times—long, black lashes and kinda swarthy skin. Hell, you've seen him. You know what I mean. He's that Italian type I really dig. The "Mac" comes from his last name—a long, multisyllable thing nobody outside the old country could ever pronounce.

It might have been an awkward moment, the two of us being strangers and all, not knowing what to expect of each other. But Mac must have gotten the full rundown on me from Al, because after I invited him in and we were sitting down with a can of beer, he kinda laughed and said he was glad he'd heard about me. "Al says I can learn a lot from you," he said.

"Oh? In what way?" I asked.

Mac sort of grinned, shrugged his shoulders. "Well, not that I've ever admitted it to Al or anyone else, but I've kinda thought about the leatherscene idea for a long time—never done much, but the thought of it really turns me on."

Now, my first thought was that this guy was a sergeant, used to bossing people around—probably wanted to play Top. He straightened me out on that, though, before I had a chance to say anything. "I've been a real prick," he tells me, "makin' the guys do a lotta shitty details...break their butts in training. Been assistant DI, you know—." His voice kinda trailed off, and he looked at me real seriously. Didn't say any more, but I was picking up on his wavelength.

"Maybe what you need is a little discipline yourself."

"Maybe," Mac says softly, and he hunches forward on the chair and looks down at his can of beer. "Be willing to give it a try, anyway," he mumbles.

I still wasn't too sure of him, mostly because he was so young and maybe didn't know what he wanted—or what I meant, or what I'd taken his reply to mean. We drank a couple more beers, and Mac says, "You know, it's getting a little warm in here. Mind if I take my jacket off?"

"Take it all off, if you want to," I told him.

"Should I?" he asked seriously.

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah, sure...if you want."

So, without another word he stands up and starts strippin' off his uniform. Lays it all out neatly on a chair and doesn't pause until he's down to his skivvies. He looks over at me then, and I nod and he drops his shorts. And is he ever beautiful! Tanned to the waist, but still kinda olive-swarthy on his ass and legs. He's standin' there with his back to me at first, and that nice round butt! When he turns around, his pecker's already half-hard, and it's swingin' out of that mat of hair like an overripe banana! Beautiful! Big, real Dago cock!

"What do you want me to do next...sir?" he asks.

Well, there's no doubt left. I took him into the back room and I went to work on him. I had him stand at attention and then parade rest. I put him through a series of commands—all I could remember from my own days in the Army. I made him do push-ups, too, and that really made the muscles stand out on his arms and upper back—big fat cock touching the floor, bending until his balls hit and rested there a second before he pressed back up.

After a while, I took a belt and started correcting him when he didn't hold stiff enough or when he moved too slow. I told him to get on his knees, and I put a boot in each hand and started whuppin' his ass every time one arm didn't stay exactly straight. All the time, now, he's got a rod-on a dog couldn't chew, and he's completely deadpan serious about the whole thing.

Finally, I made him stand with his back against the post, and I tied his hands around the other side of it. It's just a four-by-four, you know, so he had plenty of room to kneel or stand—whatever I told him to do. I made him hold flat against it at first, and I slapped his belly with the belt any time he edged away. After this, I made him kneel down. I was still dressed: Levi's and T-shirt, boots; so I opened the top button and made him get it out the rest of the way with his teeth and tongue—cracked him if he bit me. By then, I was all the way hard myself, and he had a hell of a time getting my cock up the pants leg. He finally made it, but he tried to take it before I told him he could. I whupped him a few more times for that and made him apologize. "Sir, I'm sorry, sir!" and "It won't happen again, sir," and "Please, sir; could I suck your cock, sir?"

I knew he'd been telling the truth when he said he hadn't had much experience, but I had him taking it all the way after the first

few minutes...suckin' it down and gagging on it. "You puke and I'll make you lick it up!" I told him. He just starts suckin' all the harder, and all that hot mouth and slime on my cock! I'm bustin', so I let him have it. "Take it all!" I tell him." Swallow it! Don't let any spill out!"

And he takes it. All of it! His whole body's trembling, and his cock's a raging hard-on, and he's chokin' and strangling on it; but he takes every drop, lets me shove it into him until I get his nose flat against my hair and my balls are floppin' on his chin every time I pull back and ram it home again. Really wild! The sweat's running off me and off him, and I'm calling him "cocksucker" and "fuckin' queer" and he's gulping and swallowing and mumbling "Yes, sir" any time I pull out enough to give him air.

Afterward, I leave him there, tell him to stay on his knees and not look up at me. He just kinda sags down, head hanging between his shoulders, his skin all wet with sweat, and shiny—big areas of red on his belly and chest where I've been lettin' him have it with the belt. And his body's so hard and slim, there isn't a place where he's got an extra fold of flesh. Tied the way he is, his muscles are standing out, so he looks like some Greek athlete.

I had another beer and I asked him if he wanted one. He whispers, "Yes, sir," and I give him the belt, again telling him "Louder!"

"Sir, yes, sir!" he yells. "I want a beer, SIR!"

"You want it warm or cold?" I ask him. Figured I might as well do all the traffic would bear. He doesn't dig at first, so I stand over him, milking my cock that's gotten almost soft, standing with my legs spread and aiming right at the back of his neck where he's still bending forward. He looks up just once, real quick, and begins to get the idea. He kinda groans and looks down at the floor again...never lost his rod, though, so I let him have it—pissed all over him—in his hair, down his back. I stepped away and played it all over his chest and down to his groin. He just keeps moanin' and groanin'—never looks up, of course. Too much to expect the first time.

Later, I told him to stand up and I made him hit "attention" again—close as he could with his hands strapped behind the wood. I started playin' with his cock: nice, uncircumcised job—dark red, thick and solid with a heavy outer skin. Man, I had him so fuckin'

hot, he started gasping and hissing through his teeth almost the minute I touched him. "I'm gonna cum, sir!" he mumbles. "I'm gonna cum!"

I let him shoot his load, and I left him against the post for another fifteen-twenty minutes. He never did get really soft, and he never bitched about being tied up after he'd blown his wad.

So he spent that weekend with me, and I put him through his paces several times. He had to be back to base on Monday, but I took him all the way to Pendleton, and I picked him up two weeks ago, when he got his discharge. He's been with me ever since.

"Whew!" I'd been listening to all this with a raging hard-on of my own, and I envied Dave his good fortune. A find like Mac is rare, and his immediate willingness is a much-sought-after commodity. After this, I got to know the kid fairly well—too well, unfortunately, as I have always avoided going the route with a guy I've gotten acquainted with and like socially. (One of my own peculiar hang-ups?) To me, there is something lacking—the thrill of the hunt, perhaps, or the expectation of the unknown. Whatever it may be, I never made it with Mac. I have spoken to several others who did, though, and in each case, it seems that Dave's teaching ability was to be complimented. With such a pupil, how could he miss?

Despite its containing several elements more properly explained in one of my "advanced" categories, I present this account here because I think it exemplifies the easy, satisfying exchange to be had between a leatherman and a novice who happen to hit it off with nearly perfect reciprocal desires. For Mac, no less than for Dave, the scene had been tremendously successful. There was no extreme pain, nor was the humiliation as gross as it may become in a session involving two experienced guys. Thus, we might paraphrase Madame Lemercier to state our basic theorem: *There is no evil in pain, if that pain is sustained willingly and it gives the recipient more than a compensatory degree of pleasure.*

Undoubtedly, the psychiatrically oriented person is going to draw all sorts of complicated conclusions from this. The submission to the will of another is an expression of deep-seated neurotic needs. The desire for punishment is a manifestation of guilt, etc., and long into the night. I will not try to dispute the shrink. It's like trying to argue with a lawyer, only worse. If you commit a certain act, the learned doctor will tell you, it's because your old man whipped your ass too often when you were being housebroken. If you decline to commit the same act, your couch-jockey will call it a "reaction-formation" and relate the syndrome to the same string of nonsensical logic. It's a losing battle, and even if you did win, the victory would hardly be worth the effort.

If the opinion of these "professional" mind-snoops is all that's holding you back, let me enlarge upon some of my previous reasonings. I would remind you that nearly all of our everyday wishes and desires—strong and important, or secondary to insignificant—are based in the same morass of subconscious, sometimes neurotic requirements. They don't seem to disturb anyone when they are asexual in nature. We don't stop to wonder if our desire to possess a particular piece of art is based on neurotic needs that stem from faulty toilet-training. We don't call a stamp collector "sick" because he spends far more than we can understand upon his collection. Neither do we cry "Perverse!" when a man climbs a mountain or embarks on some other form of dangerous physical adventure. What makes a sexual adventure so different?

The person who wastes the time to point an accusing finger at another man's mode of sexual expression is so uptight himself that he would do better to trace his own neurotic, repressive patterns back to *their* childhood source—prenatal traumas—or what have you. He who pokes his nose into your scene is most likely driven by voyeuristic impulses: guilt, envy, and most of the very ailments he'd like to hang on you. Like the censor who sits clucking in disgust at some porno flick while his pecker presses through the leg

of his pants, there are a great many detractors of the SM scene whose inner compulsions drive them toward it. They don't understand it, and they're personally afraid of it. Forget about them! Lead your own life; let your own mind and body give you the optimum pleasure they can.

CHAPTER 2
The M or the S?

Whether to assume the role of S or the role of M is not really the question—at least, not in the beginning. To attempt such a decision before you know what you're doing is the height of presumption. When you do learn the ropes, you will discover that the difference you originally perceived is not as sharp and clear as you thought it was. In my opinion, backed by an overwhelming majority of the leathermen whom I queried on the subject, every really good topman has also made the scene as an M. To a lesser extent, the converse is generally true. While I do not feel the M's experience need be as extensive on the other side of the coin, if he hasn't tried it at all, he is missing a great personal awakening. But the loss is largely his own; he is not necessarily depriving his partner to the same degree as is the man who presumes to call himself "S," assuming the role without the essential prior training.

The key to the game—"The Work" if you are a disciple of

Carney—is empathy. Each partner will perform better if he knows what the other is feeling. Whereas the M should know, the S *must* know. Because the topman is the determiner of the action, his degree of insight into the M's responses will make or break the scene. The S should know how it feels when he lands that doubled belt across the other's ass; he must be able to gauge the bottomman's endurance—sometimes by the most subtle clues—and not press beyond them. If he fails in this, the responses will gradually lessen. In the end, his insensitivity will surely kill the exchange for both.

In addition to empathy, imagination is important on either side—imagination and intelligence. Assuming that the participants are properly matched, each should approach his own limits as closely as possible, his actions tempered only by the other's requirements—his needs dovetailed with those of his partner. In the ideal situation (a condition that is not always to be found!), each partner fully understands what the other is doing and feeling.

In my own case, for instance, a large part of my leather-writing has been in the first person, told through the eyes of an M. For this reason, I have had many topmen approach me, assuming that this is my scene. It really isn't. I have been M and enjoyed it; I can empathize with the role; but I am not really comfortable in it...certainly not in any extensive heavy action. But in fictionalizing these stories it is simply much easier to describe a wide range of experiences from the standpoint of the bottomman. It is the S who usually takes the M to his pad, and each S will be individual in his equipment and techniques. If my main character were S, it would be much more difficult to work him into such a full range of activities. Still—and here is a most interesting point: Writing as an M, I have acquired a wide following within the leather “in-group.” Why?

Why should a large number of guys who appear to function mostly as topmen be able to identify with the masochist? I have already given a part of the answer—or answers, because there are several reasons. The M component is there in all of us, whether

displayed manifestly or not—whether acted out or not. Even the leatherman whose present behavior is almost totally S retains an empathy with the M.

As to statistical estimates at the number of practicing S types versus manifest Ms, the most educated guess places it in a one-to-three ratio, in favor of the M. This is not to say that there is even one good topman for every three bottoms, merely that there is one guy who prefers that role out of each four who make the scene. This estimate has not been an arbitrary guess, nor is it intended to neglect the very large number of people who “swing either way.” I speak here of preference.

Let's say you were able to poll a barful of people on a busy night, utilizing the services of a person who knew the majority of the in-group people present (as I have done). You would obtain the following typical breakdown: From a total of two hundred seventy-some customers, you'd find fewer than one hundred who were real leathermen. The rest would be hangers-on, hippies, tourists, fluffs, and beginners who have yet to take their first plunge. But if you found one hundred active leathermen, only twenty-five or so would be “near exclusive” S. The rest would be basically M.

This situation is not going to be obvious to casual observation by an outsider. In fact, the reverse will seem to be true. He will see many more keys hanging on the left, for instance, which supposedly is the badge of a topman. (Left is S; M is on the right. I'll have more to say about this later.) This key-count should not bias your judgment. Most of the fringe people—those who are only casually involved in the scene—will pretend to the S status. It is, I suppose, a further reflection of our cultural mode. To the outsider, the S seems the most prestigious. He's the boss, the topman, the one to be admired for his strength and dominance. But the beginner cannot understand, until actually experiencing it, that the bottomman acquires his own status, and that his M condition may be transitory.

Perhaps I can illustrate this more clearly by recounting an experience with one of the guys who cooperated with me in formulating the basic philosophies and recommendations in this *Handbook*. I was working on the first draft of this chapter, and I wanted to discuss some of my feelings before I committed them to paper. I went into Don's Male Box (at the time a popular Los Angeles leather bar) because I knew my friend Ronnie was a regular customer. When I first spotted Ronnie that evening, he was in the back of the bar, playing pool with Don, the owner...and he was wearing his keys on the left. In other words, he was telling any casual observer that he was S. I knew better, of course, as I had already made the scene with him several times. He always played the bottom role, and he did this without question or hesitation. I doubt he ever had much desire to go the other route, though I knew there had been a few times when he had. Yet there he was, in a busy leather bar, claiming to be something he was not. Or so it would seem.

In truth, Ronnie was using a very common bit of defensive camouflage. He was in a place where he was well-known, at least by the experienced "in" crowd. He was not interested in picking up a beginner. By displaying the colors of an S he claimed for himself a status where the choice of partners was rightfully his. Because of his looks, he would otherwise have been surrounded by hopeful, inexperienced "masters." He would not have had the freedom to circulate with the same degree of ease—unless, of course, he wished to be discourteous to some of the persistent cruisers. And that, in itself, would have been inconsistent with his basically M nature.

For Ronnie, it was easier to protect himself by this display. The men in whom he was interested knew what he wanted; the others didn't matter. There is a certain snobbishness within the local cliques, I must admit; but—most significantly—the M is as entitled to enter this elite circle as is the S.

In addition to my wanting to talk with Ronnie, I had been horny to start with when I first entered the bar. When I saw him, it rekin-

dled the old fires; I decided to seek a little more than conversation. The fact of his being in Don's implied (but did not assure) his readiness—also an important consideration. I have found that for anything beyond a light, quick session, the M must be emotionally set for it. Although this is also true for the S, the condition is of less importance. An S can usually make himself emotionally available on much shorter notice than the M. This has given rise to one of the unwritten rules of cruising: The S should let the M know he wants him, but he shouldn't push. In repeat performances, for example, it is generally better—that is, it generally works out better—if the M calls the S: "Man, my balls are aching for that room of yours." There are contrary opinions, mostly to the effect that the S should command the action and the M should obey. There is a certain logic to this, as well; but if the M isn't ready for you, he will not be nearly so responsive.

Because I am not much of a pool player, I did not attempt to enter the series of challenge-the-winner games. Instead, I took my bottle of Bud and perched atop a stack of beer cases along the wall beside the table. This way, Ronnie brushed past me frequently as he circled to make his shots. When he leaned over directly in front of me, I waited for him to shoot. He missed. Purposely? I thought so, but that could have been simple vanity. At any rate, when he stood up he stepped back within my reach, and I placed my hand on his belly, eased him into the enclosure of my thighs. He moved against me without resistance, glancing back and smiling over his shoulder. A handsome boy, his body was firm and trim. His hair was dusky brown, and his eyes were a light, penetrating gray. I would estimate his height at five-eight. For me, he was physically ideal. While young—probably twenty-seven or -eight—he was experienced and very knowledgeable. "I've gotta talk to you," I said softly.

My hand had stolen a trifle lower on his tight little midsection, and the light from the pool table clearly displayed my roving digits.

Ever conscious of the vice squad's potential interference, I went no further. Ronnie's small solid ass now grazed my rising cock through two layers of well-worn jeans. "I can feel your interest," he muttered. A moment later, it was his turn to shoot again. (*Political activism by the entire gay community, leather and otherwise, has certainly brought about significant changes in the behavior of the police since I first wrote these lines—at least in our major population centers!—L.T.*)

Because we knew each other, there was no need for further expression on either side. Ronnie knew I wanted him; I knew he was available. Otherwise, he would have told me he was with someone, or given me a different clue. Prick-teasing is not a game one finds commonly practiced among the in-group. A short while later, he was eliminated from the game—again by his own design, I thought, though the guy who played against him was good and it could have been a legitimate defeat. Ronnie sat down beside me, and eventually we discussed his theory of S and M ratios. (By doing this in the bar, over the blare of the stereo speakers, we avoided its effect on the role playing which would come later.) Ronnie was—or is—a very dedicated student, and at the time was doing part-time graduate work in anthropology. His field of concentration was genetics, so he knew what he was talking about.

"John's survey supports the one-in-four theory," he said at length, referring to the material I had already compiled (and which I have included in Chapter 18).

"I've worked out the results," I told him, "and I've checked them with several people who agree they seem about right. What interests me is the reason."

He grinned, sitting beside me on the beer cases, his boot heels tapping against the cardboard in time to the music. "It's a genetic ratio," he suggested diffidently. "Remember the Mendelian rules? Recessives come up in the same proportion."

"No cultural influences?"

He shook his head thoughtfully. "No, not completely. But I

think the tendencies are inbred. Given a full range of experience, I think the relationship would hold—enough to make it a feasible explanation, anyway.”

“Remembering, of course, that correlation does not prove causality,” I reminded him. It was the basic maxim of the statistician.

He grinned again—such a compelling display of even white teeth and flashing eyes! “Have you stopped to consider the further implications of the ratio?” he went on. “How about applying it to the group as a whole?”

“Twenty-five percent leather?”

He shrugged. “Let’s say, 25 percent leather *interest*. But what I meant was twenty-five percent within the general population.”

It was my turn to smile. “You’d have some heavy opposition on that!” I told him.

“A man’s entitled to his opinion...especially when there is a suggestion of empirical evidence.”

We discussed it further in the bar, but cut off the conversation when we left to drive to my place. Though doubtful, I still found the concept intriguing. Mendelian laws do predict a consistent 25 percent of recessive phenotypes, assuming certain parameters which seemed to apply to our population. If we were to assume that homosexuality is determined genetically—a big “if”—or that S to M is based on similar factors, my little friend could have placed his finger on the key. I’m sure his theory is not without many flaws, but it’s an interesting idea.

Ronnie rode with me in my car, despite my living some distance from Don’s and the presence of his own vehicle in a nearby lot. While it is common enough for one’s trick to follow in a separate car, I find the leatherscene works better if the two ride together. I also feel the S should be behind the wheel—“in the driver’s seat”—although some people would disagree. The opposing concept places the M in the chauffeur’s, or servant’s position, following the directions of his boss.

With Ronnie, the relationship had been established previously; hence, the question of who would drive was not discussed that evening. However, with a new subject it could have been; and when you are in a similar situation, you might consider the pros and cons. I don't know that it really matters, but it is a subject on which I happen to be particularly sensitive. I am usually uncomfortable with someone else at the wheel under any circumstances. Only if I happen to be inebriated to a greater extent than my companion will I suggest otherwise. And to climb onto the back of a motorcycle with a driver who is high on beer or booze or anything else.... Sheer stupidity!

I might add another word of caution while I'm on this topic, and this applies to the conversation inside the car when you're driving home with a newly acquired partner. The S should be wary not to betray too much of his personal life, especially if this is at odds with the role he is assuming currently. The less said the better, and if you can start to create the dominance-submission relationship while on the way, you will better assure its remaining in effect later. This is the procedure I followed with Ronnie, utilizing the half-hour spent in the darkened confines of the car to overcome any residual effects of our prolonged discussion in the bar.

Long before we reached my house, I had encouraged Ronnie tacitly to open my fly and take my cock out. This is something I might not have allowed with a new trick, but the present circumstances were all in favor of it; our previous association, the long drive, the darkened streets, the desire on my part to let any further conversion wait until another time. Besides, I happen to take particular pleasure in having a sexy little stud swing on me while I'm driving. Remember Oscar Wilde? *It was like feasting with panthers; the danger was half the excitement.* Whatever the subconscious motivations, it turned both of us on and it kept Ronnie occupied during what otherwise might have been a break in his building, reciprocal level of desire.

I pulled into my garage and led Ronnie down the darkened back-pathway to my “playroom.” As my long-term friend is not interested in leather, I have made the lower den into a convertible arena. In the summer, the area outside the door is also usable—under an overhang of upper terrace, and shielded from prying eyes by its own setback. The room itself has hooks and clamps set into a frame beside the stairs, covered by plaques when not in use, readily available when the occasion arises. I took Ronnie inside and gave him a can of beer. Again, with a stranger, I probably would have instructed him before allowing him to enter...establish that he is now my property and that he will henceforth obey without question, possibly order him to leave his clothes outside and enter naked—while I remained clothed. With Ronnie, this wasn’t necessary. He addressed me as “sir” from the moment he set foot inside the room; and with this acceptance of his status, the respective roles were reestablished. I let him drink a portion of his beer and relax within the subdued atmosphere of the room. I had not buttoned my Levi’s after leaving the car, and I could see his eyes straying to the black curls which poked through the gap of fly. “Let’s get some of those clothes off you,” I said at length. I kept my voice low and modulated, just loud enough to be heard above the muted rock music I had tuned onto the FM radio.

Ronnie stood, glanced questioningly at the table lamp which provided the only illumination in the room; then he looked back at me. “Light the candle on the mantel,” I told him.

He went obediently to the black lava-rock fireplace and lit one taper in the holder. I nodded when he approached the lamp, and after receiving this sign of permission, he turned it off. Ronnie removed his clothes carefully, starting with his shirt. He placed everything neatly on the sofa as I had instructed him the first time he’d been in the playroom. (I have found that a good excuse to punish your M can be his sloppy discarding of clothes.) Ronnie removed his boots and socks, paused again before stripping off

his jeans. "Everything, sir?" he asked. I nodded again, and he shoved the faded Levi's down his legs.

He stood across the room from me...quietly, in naked, lithesome splendor. One side of his compact, symmetrical body reflected the unsteady yellow-red of candlelight. His sun-burnished skin seemed to glow with uneven darks and half-tones, casting back the umbra as a single flame fluttered against the stones. He waited silently, respectfully, with his head bowed forward. He would not look into my face unless I gave him permission. Neither would he move until I instructed him to do so.

Because the room had not been readied for us—i.e., the bed was still against the corner by the stairs, and the wall fixtures were concealed—I ordered Ronnie to roll the obstructing surface away. He was then to strip the bedspread and place it on the floor, along with the throw pillows. Then he took down the plaques. All the while I remained seated on a bar stool, watching him and ready to correct any sign of slovenliness. But Ronnie knew the routine I expected of him; he had already assumed his appropriate mode.

What we were doing—or about to do—was not the ultimate of role playing...not by a long shot. I had not told him he was a slave, for instance, nor emphasized my status as his Master. Neither had we gone into any greater fantasy than the simple dominance-submission of our relative positions. It is possible to have a much more elaborate structure, and some leathermen prefer it that way. Captor and prisoner is a common choice, and there are many others I intend to discuss later. For myself, I think I'm in line with the majority of leatherguys by rejecting the extremely fanciful scene. (See Chapter 7.)

Ronnie completed his tasks and turned to face me, still averting his eyes. This is one of the basic demands I make of any M. Mostly because I have sometimes found it disconcerting to have my every move observed with apprehensive expectancy, I insist that any subject look only where I tell him to look, and I will punish his

disobedience quickly. The bowed head is also a mark of respect, and it helps the M to maintain a constant awareness of his status.

I allowed Ronnie to remain as he was for several moments, simply enjoying the sight of his naked beauty. In this relaxed posture, his arms and upper chest were smooth, with only a suggestion of muscular strength pressing against the skin. A small patch of darkish hair huddled between his pecs; the paler blond on his forearm closest to the light sparkled with a soft spun-gold sheen. His lower belly and groin were in shadow, but even in the half-light, I could see his cock was not erect. It hung downward with a heavy fullness, tumescent (enlarged) but soft, unmutilated crown slightly below the loose suspension of his balls.

From past experience, both with Ronnie and with other sensitive, responsive bottommen, I knew his cock would remain in its present condition through most of what would follow. Ideally, I suppose, the ability of the M to maintain an erection during the course of action could be the barometer of his acceptance. With some it is. If your M's prick stands firm and rigid above his groin, you can be reasonably certain he is turned on by the proceedings—certainly a bit of simplistic logic! But there are many possible factors involved if it does not remain hard. In a heavy scene, or in an exchange with a leatherman of Ronnie's experience, a hard-on is not terribly important. There is going to be a total physical involvement, and his responses are not necessarily going to be centered in the genital area. He may even cum—several times—with small, emotionally produced discharges. Yet even in the course of these, he may remain soft—tumescent, but not completely hard at any time.

With a beginner, an apparent impotence may result from apprehension or some guilt-ridden inner cause. With Ronnie, such was certainly not the case. To him, as to many competent Ms, the turn-on assumed a different proportion. He will do as he is directed, and if the S chooses to have him not ejaculate, he will accept that as a

part of his discipline. Of course, Ronnie was fully aware of this—as was I.

There is an interesting psychological theory about the M who is completely turned on, but who never gets hard. I don't know if I can really buy it, but I have seen a number of situations where it could very well be valid: There is a subconscious relationship between the M's subservient genital posture and the expectation of impending humiliation. In effect, his cock is bowing before its Master along with the rest of his body. Carrying this to its next logical step, we can regard an M's tumescent softness as a mark of respect and submission, not as an insult or a condition to be derided.

As I noted above, I'm not sure I can accept this, and in fact have used the soft tumescence as a subject for scorn and punishment in several scenes. The more of an issue you make of another guy's impotence, the more difficult it becomes for him to do anything about it. In this respect, it can contribute to the exchange. Notice, though, that I say "tumescent but soft." If your M's cock is shriveled, you may have a problem. This is most likely to occur with a novice, and nine times out of ten, it's because he's afraid. If it happens with a qualified M, you haven't turned him on. You may try patience and reassurance, but most likely the scene isn't going to work. It is usually better to cancel out at that point than proceed with the abortive exchange which is sure to follow.

I went through a fairly extensive routine with Ronnie...stood him spread-eagled in the frame, secured to the wall bolts. I bound his cock with rawhide lacing, then wrapped it around his balls until I had stretched them deeply. I tied a boot to the trailing end of rawhide, and I required him to keep it in motion, correcting him with a belt when he failed to trace the desired pattern. We had both been drinking—not heavily, but enough to make us less energetic than we might have been. This evening it was play, given and received lightly. We were sufficiently attuned and in close enough rapport that we each responded to the other's desires.

After half an hour or so in his stretched posture, I could tell that Ronnie was getting tired. I took him down and bound his hands behind him with rawhide. I had him work on my boots for a while, then the inside of my thighs, taunting him by refusing him permission to take my cock. I had removed everything except my boots and a leather medallion on a long chain around my neck. Then I dropped onto my back across the bed, using my belt as a leash to pull Ronnie into a kneeling position between my knees. I used this to guide his lips across my midsection, onto my chest, telling him to lick every drop of moisture from my skin, to kiss my tits...suck 'em and lave my body from knees to throat.

Finally, I ordered him to suck my balls, and, knowing his skill at rimming, I passed the leash between my legs and pulled from the back until his face pressed deep inside my crotch. As the leather pulled taut against the crevice of my ass I felt a moist heat from his lips and tongue as they began to work inside the darkened recess. From here our scene progressed, and it was quite a while before either of us came. But for purposes of illustration, I think I've covered all that need be described. (*This was, of course, long before the advent of AIDS. Today the rules would be slightly different.—L.T.*)

To further emphasize one of my opening remarks, I would hasten to note that what I required of Ronnie that night had been required of me by other guys on other occasions. Had I not experienced these things, I would have had no way to estimate Ronnie's degree of response. It would have been a one-sided affair, in which my partner would probably have achieved a lesser satisfaction and, consequently, my own enjoyment would have been decreased by his failure to respond as fully as he did. On this basis, I would carry my original statement a degree further: The only *competent* S has also been an M.

If you still have doubts on this score (and I know there are some who will), consider for a moment the many parallels. An analyst must go through didactic therapy before he is allowed to practice

on others. In business, we find a great current vogue of "sensitivity training"—role playing where the boss takes the part of his flunky. In the arts, your best—certainly your most perceptive—critics and reviewers are people who have written or acted or sung professionally. They are capable of recognizing the fine points of accomplishment in another's work; they are also able to see the trickery or shortcuts or hidden sloppiness which the writer or performer may use to cover his weaknesses.

Just to bring these comparisons closer to home, let's consider the fine art of sucking cock. If you can visualize it (or if you've experienced it), contrast the sensation of having your prick serviced by a man, with the feeling of a woman's lips about its straining bulk. Who does the better job? Can a woman possibly imagine the man's exquisite bliss as his rod penetrates the heated abyss? Can she know how it feels to have hot, living moisture encircle the cockhead while the fluid warmth of lips and tongue firmly grip the outer looseness, draw it back and forth along the inner mast of expanded flesh? I would doubt that very many women possess this degree of empathy.

But I do not mean to put down the female. She certainly has her own areas of superiority. Any lesbian will tell you that it takes another woman to do a proper job of cunnilingus. While I must take her word for it, the statement seems reasonable and completely in keeping with the point I am trying to make. There are always exceptions to prove the rule, I suppose, but in general there are few to dispute me—self-satisfied pussy-eating husbands to the contrary.

"OK," you may be thinking. "What of the young beginner? If my strongest urge is to bind another guy and put him through his paces...what then?"

I suggest that you find an experienced partner—an M, if one is willing to take a chance on you. If he's skilled, he can direct you through the opening phases without betraying the illusion of your own dominance. But if you ever expect to achieve the under-

standing and skill that makes you really “good,” somewhere along the line, my friend, you must play the other side. If you don’t, you’re never going to be in demand. I would even go so far as to say that if your inhibitions are still blocking the way to your trying the M position after your first few tastes of the scene, you aren’t really turned on to it.

When I mention the finding of an experienced partner, M or S, I know I am leaving the door open to another set of questions—some of these regarding age. “How about all those attractive numbers on the streets and in the bars—the ones I know are willing to go with me? Should I pass these by in favor of some wrinkled ancient, simply because he’s likely to be more experienced?”

Again, I can only defer to your individual taste. I cannot render a definitive answer for you; it’s hard enough to make the decisions for myself. Because humans are so variable and unique unto themselves, you cannot accurately categorize by any given set of rules—not by age, any more than by race or religion. There are young guys with experience. There are old guys who never had it and never will. As for the senior members of the leather community, I can only remark that on the basis of my own experience, I have found far fewer disappointments—performance-wise—with these older men than I have with the relatively inexperienced youngsters. And, at heart, I’m a chickenhawk. The older guy may not turn you on in the same way when you’re cruising; but if it’s the action in bed (or wherever you decide to have the action) that counts.... I will have some more to say on this in the chapter on “Finding a Partner.”

Just an additional comment on this age issue: In our gay society, it is most unfortunate that we have no provisions for looking after the needs of our elderly. Many baths and other clubs refuse to let them in. Some limit the age to forty-five or fifty; others make it as low as thirty-five. Yet, God willing, all of us are going to reach this status someday, and we will carry with us a wealth of

skill and knowledge unavailable to the very young. It's too bad—really unfortunate. For the older S, though, a man with proven skill and fine technique, this needn't be a problem. I know of several in their upper fifties and one man who must be well over sixty-five—all of them with a steady stream of disciples. The phones ring constantly in the homes of these experienced topmen, and the subjects they obtain are enough to etch a streak of envy across the furrowed brows of their nonleather contemporaries. A good man is hard to find, they say; a good S is even harder.

As much as I cringe at the necessity, I think it would behoove us to pause another moment before the jaundiced eye of the psychiatrically oriented skeptic. In fact, let's pluck that eye from its stony setting and try to catch a glimpse of ourselves through its myopic lens. I will freely admit that I am writing about a fetish. Your dictionary will define the word: (1) a material, commonly an inanimate object, regarded with awe as being the embodiment or habitation of a potent spirit, or as having magic potency because of the materials and methods used in compounding it; (2) any object of blind reverence.

Good old Noah Webster! He was a rather impartial old cuss, nonjudgmental and blandly indifferent to the moralistic stupidity that blinds so many who are supposed to be blessed with the gift (or acquired skill) of understanding. I much prefer his definition to the guilt-laden nonsense of Freud's renegade detractors. In the dictionary, we are not subjected to the shrink's own lack of understanding or to some badly informed writer's venomous attempt to sublimate his own disturbed repressions. Remember Noah's classic retort to the lady who found certain of his definitions offensive?—"If you had not looked them up, Madam, you would not have seen them," said Mr. Webster.

And what a marvelous definition he has given us to translate into our applicable leather terminology! "An inanimate object,

regarded with awe." Well, I don't think a good stiff cock is exactly inanimate; but the leather, the chains, the button-fly Levi's...all these certainly fit. As to the "potent spirit," yes indeed! What more delightful potency might one seek? And the magic is there as well...the inexplicable craving to feel body-warm leather pass across one's naked skin, the caress of a doubled belt impacting on the taut, firm muscles of ass or back or belly!

There is decidedly a reverence and an awe. Whether you think of yourself as top or bottom or a mixture of them both, if the thrill of this spirit is in you—dormant, perhaps, awaiting the hand of a skilled practitioner to set it free—regardless how latent it may be, you are involved in the fetish of leather. If you've tried it, you know what I'm talking about. If your inhibitions have held you back, don't delude yourself into thinking this has somehow preserved your "normalcy." Just harboring the urge is enough to class you with the rest of us—at least in the logic of the would-be thought-control mechanic.

The fetish, of course, is going to vary with the individual—just as the innate or transitory desire to assume some particular role is going to determine your changing manner of expression. If you're really with it, acting out these desires will not present a problem. You will find a suitable partner and do your thing with him. If you're on the fringe, you may be disturbed by your strong attraction to some particular phase or object. To some, it's leather; to others, it's the faded, button-fly jeans...the very concept of bondage. In its early stages, the realization can be disturbing.

With most of us, these inhibiting perceptions will also vary and will assume different proportions according to the time and the stimulation of the moment. This is the main difficulty in attempting to assign a label and to classify a man as belonging exclusively in one role or the other. Even in the most firmly respected established S, there remains a certain thrill at the thought or feel of a leather band being closed about his wrist, or the

rippling clicks of handcuffs being set in place. He may have long since ceased to act it out, may have been topman in all his escapades for many years. Yet within his most secret awareness, this other side remains...all to the good, because it leaves his empathy intact.

I have already mentioned the tendency and the reasons for an M to masquerade as an S—at least insofar as the experienced leatherman is concerned. I think it is wrong to be overly critical of the newcomer who does the same thing, though his motivations are going to be far different. After all, he is the product of a society with such ambivalent standards and such an underlying sense of guilty morality, he has done well to come as far as he has. The hypocrisy of long-conditioned mores is hard to cast aside. But by being where he is, and by donning the leather that makes him so attractive, he has vaulted the first and most difficult barrier. If he chooses to cling to this final modicum of pretense or resistance through the early stages of his learning experience, I think we can afford to overlook it.

More consistently important than the proclamation of S or M is the guy's masculinity. Whether cruising for top or bottom, the one essential is an image of maleness. It is here that the fluffs find a major chink in our armor, mostly because the false images of so many clumsy imitations are heaped upon us. How our nelly sisters delight in scoffing at the "butch leatherqueen with her legs in the air" or at the "nelly number in motorcycle drag who gets to the bar on a bus!" OK, there are some who do this. I know a few of them; anyone who's been around the scene for any length of time knows exactly what the bulky knits are giggling and chattering about. I don't really think it matters—not any more than the thunderous admonitions of the ignorant shrink or the frustrated celibate in clerical skirts. Many recipients of the fluffs' derision are no better received by the leathermen. Those who are acceptable, either because of physical gifts or acquired skill, you will find completely masculine where it counts—in the cruising area and in the place of sexual encounter.

What they are elsewhere really doesn't matter. Not many of us are looking for a lifelong companion. What tonight's trick does tomorrow, or what he's done the day before, may be of little consequence. It's how the guy appears right now that I care about, and how he performs while he's with me. If the facade of masculine butchness holds through all of this, that's all I really need to satisfy my needs and his. If he later turns out to be a hairdresser, I may feel a twinge of disappointment, but I can shrug it off with the memory of the few pleasant hours we have spent together. Were he to have told me this beforehand, especially if I contemplated playing M to his dominating S, however, he might very well have ruined the entire scene—a further argument in favor of reticence in the car, on the way to your sexual arena.

When I originally proposed to write this *Handbook*, one of the first questions raised by the editors was: "Why limit yourself to the gay leather set? How about the hetero scene?"

To this I made prompt and emphatic reply: "The gay leatherman is looking for a male partner. Nothing is going to turn him off faster than spike heels, black garter belt, and a cat-masked female with a lash."

In my opinion, the two modes are totally incompatible, despite my having found a couple of rather unexpected reactions from some very experienced Ms. I'm loath to dwell overlong upon the subject, but I think another few words are in order. While I cannot speak from personal experience, I have discussed this heterosexual bondage scene with several people who are deeply involved in it. I found that in most cases it was the man who desired to submit. *Le Grand Marquis* to the contrary, I saw the antithesis of the gay leatherman involved in this.

Then I found some of the most qualified Ms saying it really wouldn't matter: "If I'm strapped down, maybe with a blindfold over my eyes, how can I tell if it's a man or a woman who shoves that dildo up my ass?"

Thus, I may have been wrong...at least as far as the very deeply involved bottomman is concerned. As to the rest of us—the S, the less-experienced guy, or the casual leather tripper—I must adhere to my original premise. In the hetero scene we have a woman, whom our society usually casts in a submissive role—and who has been placed in this role emphatically by nature's sexual physiognomy—assuming the Master's stance. The man, who may be a leader in the business world or an otherwise strongly dominant figure, assumes the posture of a crawling slave. Thus, the elements of bondage and humiliation are much the same as ours. But the fetish—the object of adoration—is completely different. For most of us, if we're going to play M, we want to know there's a cock attached to the S. And we want to know it's real!

Still, there may be a parallel between the two scenes in another respect, and this pertains to the basic human need to submit. In psychoanalytic jargon, it becomes the seeking of shelter, returning to the womb, if you will. I have found a good number of extremely aggressive men—butch, boss types, who are always in command insofar as family life and work are concerned—taking the greatest pleasure in licking the boots of a Master who might qualify as no more than a clerk or other flunky in their offices. Once having overcome the inhibiting restraints of society, such a man will enjoy the physical restraints and humiliation heaped upon him by his leathermaster.

Conversely, the S may be a man who finds no other outlet for his aggressive need to dominate. He may have been unsuccessful financially or professionally. He turns to the leatherworld as his best available means to express these needs. His status results from his competency in the sexual role he has assumed. And, if these needs are answered adequately, resulting in our being provided with another skilled, qualified S, perhaps it's all to the good.

CHAPTER 3
Bondage Without SM

In this and in the next chapter (SM Without Bondage) I am describing a mode that is common on several levels. Either can be a starting point—the training ground, if you will—for a heavier scene and the attendant deeper emotional involvement. For others it may become the end in itself, a degree of acting out that satisfies the individual's needs. Many of the more experienced leathersmen are going to wrinkle their noses in disgust, calling it “a game” and looking down on those who find it fulfilling. Yet many still play it when they haven't the energy for the more-demanding “work,” or when aching testicles at bar-closing-time cause this mode to assume more attractive proportions.

My own feelings tend to be mixed. I know there is a far greater experience, one that is much more gratifying both physically (and/or sexually) and psychologically. However, I have enjoyed both of these more-limited situations, and return to them occasionally, despite having sampled the “higher plateau.” I see nothing

wrong with this; if the action satisfies you, I would not allow the purists' (and neopurists') ideal to lessen your own pleasure. Regardless where you stand in this leatherscene, there are going to be those who say, "you haven't really done it until...", while others will stand with the fluffs and tell you it's all a lot of nonsense. Listen to what they say, and if the guy is intelligent enough to deserve your reflecting on his words, do that, too. But remember to relate each statement to yourself and to your own needs. Don't limit or accelerate your experience on the basis of someone else's standards. Make up your own mind and sample that which interests you...savor it. If you dig it, try it again—and then: Go, Man!

In trying to assess "bondage without SM" (which, you must understand, is somewhat of a contradiction in terms, used here because of the limitations of language), I would be inclined to feel that the reasons for seeking such a limited form will stem from any of several causes. In my own case, the affinity for a lithesome young body will frequently overcome whatever standards I may feel to be more suitable. It's a case of "have him this way or not at all." Sometimes a full day at the typewriter, plus half a dozen beers in the local pub, will take its toll. While desire is pressing hard along the inside left thigh, the upper end is yawning. At these times, the lighter scene becomes more desirable. Then, for many leathermen, the feeling of restraint is more important than any other aspect of the action. In saying this, of course, I speak almost entirely for the M. In most cases, bondage by itself is really the bottomman's scene, and his greatest problem is finding an S who will be satisfied to go along with him. In effect, you are "playing at it," and while there are a few real masters in the art, these are few and far between. When you do find one, however, you have come across a rare and highly qualified partner. Instead of demanding a relatively unrestricted use of your body, this man limits his mastery voluntarily and, in so doing, imposes a more stringent set of requirements upon himself. His ability must be developed proportionately.

Although his subject is just as physically helpless, bound as securely as if he had given himself completely, the agreed-upon limits leaves less room for the S to act out his desires.

The action, then, can be determined by either the S or the M. If the choice is the topman's, there should be little problem. If it's the M who wants it limited this way, I would recommend against seeking the scene with a complete stranger—and would most strongly advise against submitting one's self to a pickup hustler. Many men do this, and while most survive the experience, there are some who don't. One source of introduction can be the classifieds in the underground papers. In the several columns which list a wide range of interests, you will occasionally find an ad for a "J.O. buddy." This will sometimes (not always) be a person who either seeks this type of action or who will be amenable to it. You will also find a number of gay butch types who don't really know the leatherscene, but who are willing to try it on this level. I would not recommend your seeking this action from a real leatherman in a bar, unless you discuss it with him fully beforehand. If you leave with him and later try to impose your limits, you may get tossed out on your ass—thus wasting the evening for both of you. *(Since the advent of the current health crisis you will find a great many more of these "J.O. buddy" ads than in the past. A secondary reason not to entrust your welfare to a hustler is the high rate of HIV infection among them.—L.T.)*

Since I have mentioned the scene being "light" and also that it can be initiated by either S or M, I will try to illustrate each case by a brief example. Let's start with the beginners:

Jim is twenty-two, dark brown hair, green eyes, second-string tackle on his college team. He stands just over six feet; he's husky and solid, physically very strong. In any athletic contest, his brute force could easily overcome a guy like Alex, who is not involved in any organized sports. Our second subject is considerably shorter than Jim, with a much lighter build. Because he's only twenty, his lack of

regimented exercise has not affected his bodily symmetry. A natural, youthful muscle tone causes stark definition to etch itself easily against his sun-darkened skin. His blue-gray eyes sparkle within their frames of light blond lashes, and his long hair is almost platinum as a result of many hours spent on the beach with his schoolbooks. He has been attracted to Jim for a long time, but only now has the opportunity for a sexual encounter arisen.

Alex was in a couple of Jim's classes the previous semester, so the two had known each other casually over a period of several months. When they happened to meet on the path beside the tennis courts that evening, they stood together talking for a half hour or so, before Jim asked Alex up to his pad. The big lineman had his own apartment, a converted garage at the rear of a large nearby estate. He paid no rent, but did some work around the grounds in exchange for his quarters. He led Alex past the darkened windows of the main house, explaining that the owners had gone out of town for a couple of weeks. They had the entire place to themselves.

Once inside, Jim did not bother to close the door. A warm, gentle breeze drifted across the back yard, riffling the hedges and the leafy branches of several trees which obscured their view of the main building. The boys drank a couple of beers, sitting in the dark and listening to the night sounds, neither willing to make the first commitment.

Finally, Jim stood up. "Kinda warm in here, isn't it?" he muttered. Almost before Alex could respond, he stripped off his shirt. He stood with his powerful rugged torso bared, outlined by the exterior lights that cast their muted glow through the open doorway. He stretched, making the sinews of his upper body crackle. Alex watched him with a tingling awareness, though he seemed to sense a peculiar degree of uncertainty in his companion's manner...some hesitancy that ran deeper than any fear of admitting a sexual attraction.

Alex put the thought from his mind, deciding he'd better get things started before half the night was wasted. The smaller youth stood up and also stripped to the waist.

"That's better," he said softly. He placed himself directly in front of Jim and took hold of the lineman's massive shoulders. He tried to fix his gaze on the larger man's, but the room was too dark. He could not discern Jim's features. Instead, he drew their bodies

together and reached his lips upward, seeking. Their mouths touched, and Alex pressed a kiss upon his big companion. But when Alex tried to work the other's lips apart, to drive his tongue between them, he encountered an unexpected, unresponsive rigidity. Nor had Jim's arms moved from his sides.

"What's the matter?" Alex whispered.

"Have you...done this very often—with other guys, I mean?" Jim asked softly.

"Well...yeah, enough, I guess," Alex replied. He was surprised and a little confused by the question. Where their groins touched he could feel a springy hardness that answered his own. Except for Jim's failure to reciprocate fully to the kiss, he did not seem ill-disposed. In fact, it had been Jim's suggestion they come here. "Maybe I don't understand," Alex suggested hesitantly.

"What do you...I mean, do you dig anything...special?" Jim asked. There was a suppressed eagerness in his tone, now, and Alex could feel a tremor of excitement course through his companion's powerful frame.

"No, nothing special," Alex told him. "Anything's OK with me, I guess—anything within reason."

Jim crushed the smaller man against him, wrapping his arms about the slender, tapered warmth of Alex's smoothly muscled body. Two sets of lips were parted and two tongues probed the darkness. For several minutes, the big lineman held him this way before relaxing his grip and easing their bodies apart. Still uncertain, Alex watched Jim move to a chest beside the doorway. He knelt down and opened the bottom drawer, turning to look at Alex over his shoulder. "See if there's anything in here that interests you," Jim said. He remained on his knees as Alex approached slowly.

In the shadowy glow from outside, the smaller man could see a collection of carefully wound ropes, several chains—like collars used on large dogs. There were a few clips and padlocks, in the very back a pair of handcuffs. Alex felt an inexplicable thrill of excitement, a tingling rush along his spine and a warm constriction in his gut.

"Anything there you think you'd like to use?" Jim asked.

"How—you mean...?"

"No, on me," Jim said softly, answering Alex's half-formed ques-

tion. He had been looking up at Alex, but now averted his gaze and stared at the sparse, neatly ordered collection of restraints. After several moments, when Alex had still not responded, Jim turned to face him. Kneeling before the slim, corded midsection, he deftly unbuckled the belt and slid the zipper down the track of his companion's fly. He reached inside and worked the rigid, bloated penis free of the Jockey shorts. His lips closed hotly about the crown and his tongue probed fiercely at the slit. Seconds later he had pulled the full, hard-sprung column into him, forcing the cockhead down his throat until his nose was flattened against the silky patch of blond.

"You want me to tie you?" Alex's voice was shaky, and he felt a fresh surge of energy flood his loins. A wild, unfamiliar lust seemed to settle in his balls, made them ache in their urgency, forced his cock to assume a degree of steely hardness it had never known before.

Jim pulled back, allowing Alex's cockhead to rest against his lower lip. He gazed upward, across the taut planes of Alex's chest and belly. "What'll you do to me if I let you tie me up?" he whispered.

Alex hesitated before he answered, knowing the very idea of binding this muscular giant was driving him close to climax, yet feeling a twinge of doubt. It was a crazy, scary thing to do, he told himself...wild, but... "What would you want me to do?" he asked at length.

"Make me do whatever you want me to," Jim whispered hoarsely. "Put a leash around my neck—around my balls, make me follow you, kneel in front of you and suck your cock...make me call you 'sir'...whip my ass a little if I don't do it just the way you want. You could take me outside if you wanted to—tie me up to a tree and make me stand there, throw me down on my belly...fuck me...anything you want, man...anything!"

The flush of arousal made Alex's knees grow weak. The prospect rendered him almost powerless to respond—all except the whipping bit. "You...you really want me to...to beat your ass?" he asked. "I don't know if I could do that...if I could hurt you."

"You don't have to hurt me," Jim replied. He held the other's cock against his cheek, twisted his lips to caress the rigid shaft. "Just do it lightly, man," he whispered. "Just enough to let me know you're the boss." He reached into the drawer and took a coil of cotton clothesline, handed it to Alex.

Knowing he wanted to do it, yet still restrained by his own doubts, the smaller man slowly unraveled the rope. There was about six or seven feet of it, he saw, and already his mind was trying to plan the best way to use it. "I'm really the boss?" Alex asked finally.

"Yes, sir," Jim gasped.

"Then stand up!"

The big man rose, stood before the other with his head tipped slightly downward. Alex swallowed hard, stepped back a pace, and clutched at his denims as he felt them start to slip free of his hips. Realizing that it made no difference, he let them go. "Turn around," he said softly. He rid himself of his pants and shoes as he waited.

Jim swung his powerful body about obediently. He stood as he had before, but now with the broad sweep of his back toward the smaller man. "Put your hands in back of you," Alex instructed him, and Jim assumed a "parade rest" position.

Alex wrapped the center of the cord around Jim's wrists, tied them together securely, and made an extra loop between them, drawing the ropes more tightly as he cinched the doubled length that passed around both arms. He made a square knot and let the loose ends fall. Jim had never moved. Reaching around his prisoner, Alex unfastened the belt and opened the buttons on his captive's jeans. He shoved these down the big man's legs, noting that Jim had not been wearing shorts. "Step out of your shoes and jeans," he ordered.

Again the powerful lineman obeyed him, standing naked now, and bound. The light from the doorway framed his muscular body, seeming to glint in special emphasis of the firmly molded contours, marking the dual arch of strength that paralleled the spine. Alex took the ends of rope—each about six feet long—in his hands. At first he thought to tie them around Jim's waist, but the big man lifted his arms suddenly. As he raised them toward the center of his upper back, Alex realized that the rope was long enough to fasten about Jim's neck. He passed the lines over either shoulder quickly and tied them together where they met against Jim's throat. The prisoner's arms were now firmly in place; he was helpless to move them without cutting off his breath.

"Turn around and face me," Alex said sharply.

Again the naked giant obeyed, standing as he had before, with his disordered shock of hair falling across his brow. By his silence, he

was expressing the surrender of his tightly bound body to the will of his Master. Alex stroked the solid upper arms and chest, trailed his fingers through the fields of crisp black hair. He touched the hard, pointed nipples, squeezed them gently and heard his prisoner hiss in pleasure. His hands moved lower, side by side across the ridges of the lineman's belly, through the lighter covering of fur until he touched Jim's groin and his fingers came to rest about the substantial, springy projection of captive cock.

Seizing the shaft in both hands, Alex pulled Jim forward, stepping back and forcing the big man to follow him. He moved a little faster, backing around the room and hauling on the rigid flesh to make the giant follow docilely in his wake. "You like that?" whispered Jim. "You like having a big stud all tied up so he has to do whatever you tell him to do? Like being able to order a guy around who's bigger and stronger than you are?"

Alex was going to answer him, to tell him yes, but his own arousal choked the words before they formed. In the moment it took him to clear his throat, Alex remembered what Jim had told him at the start. "Aren't you supposed to call me 'sir'?" he asked.

"What if I don't?" Jim whispered.

"Then I'll whip your ass."

"Well...I'm not calling you 'sir', am I?" Jim taunted. "What're you going to do about it?"

Alex released Jim's cock and went to the drawer. He picked another of the ropes from the array and paused long enough to pull his friend's wide leather belt free of his Levi's. He hung the pliant black strap across his shoulder and returned to tie one end of the rope about his captive's cock and balls. Turning toward the door, he began to lead his helpless muscular slave outside. The improvised leash grew taut between them as Jim followed with an ambling, spread-legged gait.

Once on the grass, Alex paused to plan his next move, glancing back at the bound, silent athlete. In the reflected glow of open sky, he could see the beads of sweat beneath coarse black hairs on Jim's chest and abdomen. There was a glitter of fluid arousal gathering at the very tip of his prick, and as Alex watched, it grew heavier. Finally it strung away, formed a long elastic thread as it fell toward the ground.

Alex yanked a little harder on the rope, pulled his captive to

the row of trees, and made him stand in front of one. He tied the rope around the trunk, drawing the line so taut that it forced Jim to press his chest and belly hard against the bark. Alex stood back then, holding the doubled belt in his hand. Another quiver of excitement surged through him as he felt the loop of leather flex with the motion of his wrist, his fingers tightening on the metal buckle. "Now—are you going to call me 'sir'?" he demanded hoarsely.

"What if I don't?" Jim's tone was surly, though his voice was low. Alex could hear the constricted emotion which pulled at his prisoner's throat. He swung the belt and landed a light, glancing blow across the firm, rounded buttocks. "Say it!" he rasped.

Jim didn't answer, and Alex struck again—harder this time. Still his captive failed to respond, and Alex stroked him smartly, making a sharp snapping sound that echoed through the empty yard. "Oh!" Jim gasped. "Easy, sir...please!" he begged. "Don't mark me...please, man."

"Sir!" Alex snapped.

"Yes, sir," Jim whispered. "Yes, sir...please, don't mark me."

"I thought you wanted me to whip your ass." It was Alex's turn to taunt the suppliant now, though he had perceived the set of limits and was content to stay within them. When Jim didn't answer, Alex landed the belt across his ass another half-dozen times. However, he was careful not to strike too hard, and he knew instinctively to aim the leather strap so it struck a slightly different surface each time, never landing twice in exactly the same area. He moved to Jim's back and later his thighs, each stroke more a caress than a lash, every contact evoking a muttered gasp from the captive. Jim never begged again...never had to. Still he continued to address his Master as "sir," and obeyed the smaller man's every command.

Eventually, Alex untied him from the tree and made him kneel on the grass. In the open darkness of the warm summer night, he commanded Jim to suck his cock, his balls, to take the swollen shaft to its fullest and to answer any question with proper respect. Later, he took his captive back inside the converted garage. He shoved the tightly bound lineman facedown upon the mattress and tied his ankles to the foot of the bed. "You wanta get fucked?" he demanded softly. His fingers probed the unprotected crevice,

the tips grazing the heated moisture about the hidden orifice.

"If you want to, sir," Jim whispered.

"Tell me how much you want it...how badly you need to feel a real man's cock up your ass! Tell me!"

"I need it, sir," Jim answered. "Please, sir...fuck me, sir!"

Alex took a jar of lubricant from the open drawer of the nightstand, smoothed it into the valley between Jim's legs. "That's it, big man," he growled. "That's it! Beg for it!"

Admittedly, I have described a rather idyllic situation involving a pair of novices. Still, if you find a pair of guys who are attuned, holding the urge within them because they've never found the proper outlet, this is exactly the way it can happen. Because the number of people with basically M desires outnumber those who'd like to be S, it is more often going to happen as it did between Jim and Alex. Of course, it could have been the other way around. I know of several guys who like to cruise the streets on a weekend night, generally in the area of a USO or bus station where large numbers of servicemen come into town. I've played this game myself, and I'll discuss it again later—use it to illustrate still another type of action. (*One of the few positive side effects of the Vietnam War was the number of hot Marines and sailors who used to hit the Hollywood playgrounds on weekends. It's a time to be cherished by those of us who were there, and well worth the telling for those who were not. In regard to the previous vignette, I think it an interesting point that more times than not, if a potential bottom hands a rope to an inexperienced "top," the guy won't be able to secure him in the manner I described. He simply won't know how to do it. And please remember that this scene, like several others in this Handbook, took place long before the AIDS health crisis.—L.T.*)

I don't think there is much point in belaboring the light scenes of the novice-with-novice, or even the novice-with-experience. But there are a number of excellent topmen, scattered across the country, who specialize in heavy bondage with very little else. Those of you who read my *Leather Ad: M* may recall "Ernie," the

pure bondage Master whom I described in Chapter Two. This scene was taken from my own experiences, and it occurred early in my leather activities. Ernie (a pseudonym, of course) was probably the best I ever encountered, of the several guys I know as specialists in this particular area. I don't wish to plagiarize myself by recounting that most fulfilling sequence, but I think I can provide a good illustration of the Master's limits by telling you about a repeat performance:

It was about two months after my original encounter with Ernie, and although I had thought about him a number of times—had actually called him twice—we didn't seem able to get our schedules coordinated. In addition to this, I was starting to take the topman's role with increasing frequency and was finding this even more to my liking. However, Ernie called me late one Saturday afternoon and said he had a guy coming over who had indicated he'd like more than one to "work him over. You said you were going the S route most of the time, so I thought I'd see if you'd like to join us."

I arrived at Ernie's apartment just before dark, and a good half-hour ahead of his M's scheduled appearance. Ernie lived in a small one-room-with-kitchen, on the upper floor of an older apartment house in Hollywood. It was not particularly conducive to SM action. The walls were thin, and most of his neighbors were elderly people who retired early. Ernie, as I previously described him, was in his middle thirties, slender, medium height, with a pleasant appearance and dark, receding hair. His entire manner was subdued and restrained.

We waited for Lars to arrive, sitting on Ernie's sofa, drinking coffee and discussing some of my experiences. "You're making progress," he told me. "Hope you dig this guy I've got coming over."

"Have you ever met him?" I asked.

Ernie nodded. "Introduced by a friend of mine a couple of days ago. Lars is a Dane...as in visiting from Denmark, I mean. He's about my size—maybe a little taller, curly dark blond hair. I've never seen him naked. He's pretty slender, but my friend tells me it's a nice body—more flesh than you'd think. Sort of

aquiline features, but handsome, with real light blue-gray eyes and a smooth white skin."

Lars arrived wearing new Levi's and a pair of old brown boots which I suspect he'd borrowed. He made quite a striking appearance, and his heavy accent added to his exotic appeal. After sitting with us for fifteen or twenty minutes, it was obvious that he was completely at ease, so Ernie suggested we might get started. Lars nodded and stood up. "Why don't you take those clothes off?" Ernie suggested. He had also gotten to his feet and leaned down to switch off one of the lights. This darkened the room considerably, but left it bright enough to see everything clearly.

To my surprise, Lars grinned and shook his head. "You better make me strip!"

I approached him on one side, Ernie from the other, while Lars stood poised to fight us off. "We can't make too much noise," Ernie cautioned us. At the same moment he took hold of the Dane's forearm, distracting his attention, which enabled me to grab the other. We forced him down on the floor, where he knelt between us, struggling to wrench his wrists free of our holds. There had already been some bumps and scuffling that must have been audible downstairs, but Ernie decided to make a quick end to that! He yanked Lars's arm behind his back, displaying a good deal more strength than I would have credited him with having. I helped him shove the guy facedown on the floor, and I took over the hold on Lars's arm while Ernie opened the closet containing his wall bed and brought down some restraints.

"Now, we can tie you down with your clothes on and rip them off later," he said softly, "or you can take them off and let me set the straps."

"OK," Lars gasped, his accent giving a peculiar cast to his words. "I do it."

The Dane's body went limp and I relaxed my grip. He stretched his arms above his head and made no protest as Ernie pulled the shirt and undershirt off him. I was sitting astride the slender waist at this point, my ass resting on the prisoner's. I reached forward and pulled both hands into the small of his back, and Ernie knelt beside us and buckled wrist straps onto Lars. These were joined by a double-headed clip, rendering him helpless. We eased him

to his feet and Ernie began attaching a harness about his torso while I opened the belt and hauled his jeans and shorts down his smooth hairless legs. It took a few moments to disentangle his feet from the Levi's, boots and Jockeys, by which time Ernie had Lars secured firmly into the double door-frame.

I stepped back for my first real look at the captive, and I realized what Ernie's friend had meant about his body being slender but well-defined. Lars stood in place, hardly able to move, his skin a milky white that looked like marble in the soft yellow light. The leather harness crossed his chest and back, attached to the waistband just above either hip. A chain had been clipped to the rear portion, at the point where the two laterals crossed, and it was this that supported the captive's weight. The upper end was secured to a hook in the center of the doorway.

Ernie started fastening additional weights and straps about the naked Dane...around his thighs to serve as anchors for several iron disks, more chains attached to the waistband to permit suspension of a pair of metal cylinders. He placed a cockring around Lars's genitals, buckled it in place, and hung a boot from the length of chain attached to the underside. As he had with me, Ernie used a chair behind the prisoner's legs to make him stand away from the place where his bonds would allow him to maintain an easy stance. This made Lars rise on tiptoe, swaying from side to side as he attempted to keep his balance. Then Ernie began to fill the boot with large steel bearings.

Until now, I had not entered into the action beyond the initial securing of the captive. But as Ernie increased the weight that pulled on his balls, Lars gave a groan of ecstatic protest. I slipped the belt from about my waist and landed a moderate blow across the straining belly muscles. Lars grunted and I struck him again, softly, but I deliberately landed the belt across the front of his thighs, just grazing the lower portion of his sac. "You fucker!" he moaned.

I moved to the side and let him have it across the ass, taking my clue from his apparent acceptance and the fact that his cock had jumped to total hardness when I hit him. "You mean, you fucker, sir!, don't you?" I said.

"No! I mean what I said!" he gasped. The weight of the boot was now forcing both cock and balls to pull down fairly hard,

and Ernie stopped adding to it. Lars was telling me by his defiance that he could take a good deal more than I'd given him, and I was about to comply when my gaze met Ernie's. He shook his head, motioning me away from the suspended captive. I was puzzled, but I did as he suggested, remaining more or less in the background after that.

I watched him bind the Dane with a variety of leather straps and increase the weight on each until the man would have been unable to stand beneath it had he not been supported by the chain. Ernie worked on him for a long time, running his palms across the hard, tightly stretched flesh, playing with the cock, swinging the boot in an arc—which he maintained instead of requiring his captive to do it. He set a pair of clips on the teats and hung a chain between them. After a short while, he took this off and worked Lars's nipples with his fingers. He kept it up until I could hear the captive's harsh breathing become a gasping plea. He was aroused to the point of shooting a tiny spurt of semen from his rigid cock, but it had been an emotional release that did not deplete the store. He came again, and yet again before Ernie finally began taking off the weights and straps. However, he never ceased to fondle and caress the contours of distended muscle as his lips licked away the tiny rivers of sweat that coursed the solid planes of the Dane's body.

When Lars had been freed of all except the wrist restraints and the harness, Ernie let him down onto the bed, and motioned for me to sit astride the heaving chest. I didn't need a second invitation. Although I had been largely a spectator until this point, my cock was more than ready to plunge inside the gasping parted lips. As I made him take me, I realized that Ernie had gone down on him. He was still working on the captive's flaring cock when I had blasted my load into the Dane's throat and gotten back onto my feet. Ernie then took my place and fucked his prisoner in the mouth, coming himself before he returned to finish off the Dane.

I have abbreviated this scene, but I think it should serve as illustration. Ernie's bag was bondage—nothing else. When he saw me

use the belt even lightly, it disturbed him and it interrupted the sequence of his activities. The M would have taken it without any problem and might have enjoyed it. However, it would not have served to enhance the scene as Ernie visualized it. I discussed it with him later, and he could only shrug in answer to my query. "I just don't dig it," he told me. "The heavier the bondage, the better, but I like to see and feel the guy's body...to know he's mine for the time I have him. That's all I want—bondage, no SM."

CHAPTER 4
SM Without Bondage

CHAPTER I
THE WILSONS' BOY

This is by far the least common of the “light” scenes—although, of course, it can get heavy, and there are guys who never play anything else. (Excuse that word “play.” It keeps creeping in, but it’s that old limitation of language again.) If you do come across a guy who digs some kind of leather action, but who does not like restraints, I would suggest a thorough discussion before committing yourself. For the most part, and to an even greater degree than its opposite, SM without bondage is the M’s game. Unlike an exchange where the bottomman is in restraints, we deal here with the possibility of his simply moving out of the encounter if it ceases to turn him on...even for a few moments. Once he does this, once he breaks the respective roles, it can be difficult to reestablish the previous feelings. For this reason, the S is faced with a more difficult task. He is deprived of his full physical control and must maintain his command by other things than straps or ropes or chains. If he is not alert and skillful, he will find the M taking over.

Obviously, an SM scene which does not use restraints has to

be rooted in a deeper fantasy than otherwise. It is only mental imagery that holds the M in his place, forming surrogate, figurative bonds that can be as real to him as any other. In most such exchanges that I have seen or been involved with, the situation hinges on discipline, usually requiring punishment, sometimes humiliation. As such, it will often assume some aspect or variation of either the "woodshed" or the "military." The "fraternity initiation" is the third most popular. I can't give you a percentage estimate, nor will I even hazard a guess as to how many dig this type of action. While fairly common among the fringe people and beginners, I do not think it appeals to very many of the more deeply involved leathermen. Those who do play it are most likely to add the proviso: "If you squirm, you get tied up."

Take, for instance, the fellow seeking "good old-fashioned woodshed discipline." This is likely to be a younger guy who wants "Daddy" to spank him. As these subjects are frequently ex-Marines or similar types, they can be physically quite exciting. (I'll have more to say about this Marine syndrome later.) I had a young man referred to me who I think would probably serve as a good example. He called himself "Bill," was in his very early twenties, and had been recently discharged from the USMC. I would not call him pretty, but he was decidedly handsome in a rugged, masculine way—curly black hair and deep brown eyes. His features were large and symmetrical; his body retained the muscular hardness one would expect to result from three years of Marine Corps training. I had spoken to Bill on the phone before setting a time for him to come over, but unfortunately the conversation had not been extensive enough. I had ascertained only that leather turned him on and that he liked a paddle.

Bill arrived wearing a pair of very faded, very ragged, button-fly Levi's. His white T-shirt was clean, but it had definitely seen better days. (This turned me on, because I've always gone for the little ragamuffin types.) He carried a paper bag which was not

quite large enough to conceal the wooden handle of a broad plywood paddle. He was soft-spoken to the point of seeming almost shy, despite being obviously anxious to start. I was dressed in leather pants, boots, and a short-sleeved black shirt. Bill's eyes kept straying to my crotch while we spoke, and I could sense his general level of bodily tension increasing. Still not completely sure of myself in this situation, I stalled and questioned him over a couple of drinks. This unearthed several elements of his background, though I had no way to tell how much was fantasy. As it turned out, I expect it was largely that.

Bill had been raised in Colorado, he explained, and his first turn-on had been the foreman of a nearby ranch. This man—considerably older than Bill, and a classic cowboy type—had allegedly taken him into an empty bunkhouse, pulled down the young man's jeans, and whaled the bejesus out of him with a piece of slat-board. After this, he shoved the kid down on his belly and fucked him. The relationship was short-lived, Bill added, because he was inducted into the Marines—enlisted just one jump ahead of the draft board.

In the Corps, he had been singled out by a certain sergeant—again, a man some years older than himself—and had been required to go through a series of command-and-obedience rituals while his mentor held a Ping-Pong paddle always at the ready. These games had been played with Bill in the nude, his sergeant in full field uniform including trousers bloused into high-laced boots.

I found Bill's accounts extremely stimulating, so much so that I did not question their veracity. Despite my suspicion that he was fantasizing, or at least glamorizing a good portion of it, I chose to let the imagery stand. Finally he asked if he could lie across my lap, and I consented. Bill unfastened his Levi's and let them fall halfway down his thighs; exposing a short, fleshy cock that showed little sign of tumescence. He handed me his paper sack and pressed his naked loins atop my leather-clad legs. I assumed this was to be a warm-

up—after which I planned to use some of my own equipment on him.

I took his paddle out with one hand while the other explored the warm firm globes of his ass. These, incidentally, displayed a number of bruises in various stages of healing—a veritable rainbow of purple, magenta, blue, and the greenish yellow that typically colors a contusion in its latter stages. The paddle was similar to those you find in use at fraternity “hell nights,” except that Bill had carefully routed out nine or ten concave depressions in an uneven pattern across one surface. “Which side do you want?” I asked him.

“The one with the holes,” he told me.

Still not sure where the action was going to lead, I started spanking him with moderately light strokes, establishing a steady rhythm as I worked the paddle to impact across the entire exposed surface of his buttocks. Gradually I increased the power of my blows, watching his skin turn brilliant red. Small white circles formed and disappeared, eventually fading into the burning glow I’d raised all across his ass and upper thighs. Because he had not sprung an erection before he placed himself across my knees, even his continuous sobs and moans did not alert me to what was actually happening. I had reached a stage where I was smacking him pretty hard, producing a cadence of resounding blows that had to have caused him considerable pain.

Suddenly he stiffened...emitted a strangled groan, and came! All over my leather pants! And that was it. A moment later he asked me to stop. He stood up, sponged his softened pecker with the trick towel I had tossed on the floor beside my bed, gathered up his paddle, and left. For him, it had apparently been satisfying and complete, as he affirmed by calling me several times over the next few weeks, asking to come back again. But I had found his one-sided ideal to be completely unsatisfactory. Eventually I told him to get lost. In my opinion, Bill was simply selfish. He had given me no

warning of what he was going to do; he had offered no outlet for me, nor expressed any concern except for himself. It was strictly a "Spank me, Daddy!" scene. I later discovered that Bill was advertising in the *Free Press*, and I spoke to several others who had made it with him. He'd done the same thing to them; eventually, word got around the grapevine.

But the no-bondage scene need not be this limited. I've played it other ways and enjoyed it. So have a lot of other people. As examples, I would like to quote from a couple of letters. I think both of these are good illustrations of the potential, although each is based primarily on fantasy. The first came to me attached to a "fan letter" following publication of my *Leather Ad* novels.

PERSONAL STATEMENT

When I was fifteen years old, I had back trouble and was overweight. As I seemed unable to correct these problems at home, I was sent to an orthopedic hospital, where the doctors gave me orders to lose twenty pounds in five weeks. The men responsible for supervising this were veterans of a crack paratroop regiment that had fought in the Korean War, and who had later become physiotherapists under the G.I. Bill. There were three of them assigned to the Special Therapy Unit where I was sent. When they found I did not respond to the regular program, they decided to hasten my progress by keeping me constantly on the move—lifting weights, exercising, and crawling around on a mat. After the first day, they made me go around naked all the time, never gave me even a pair of shorts or a hospital gown.

These men worked in white hospital uniforms, with the cuffs of their trousers tucked into the tops of gleaming jump boots. It didn't take them long to find out that the easiest way to speed me up was to walk alongside and poke me with their toes as I crawled from one end of the mat to the other. One guy in particular, a tall, well-built stud with long black hair that would tumble across his forehead when he looked down, began to straddle my neck and walk backward as he pulled me along with his legs. If I didn't keep up, he would calmly put his foot on my head and keep it there until I begged his

pardon. He kept coming on stronger with me all the time, and after a couple of days, he told me that if I wanted a break during the two hours I was supposed to be crawling on the mat, I would have to spend the rest period licking the dust off his boots. I couldn't help getting a hard-on when he said this.

Because of my erection, as well as from the admiration in my eyes and the tone of my voice, I'm sure he knew how the very thought turned me on. The following week, he took me to a little room down the hall. I was left alone there with a big blond stud who told me that from then on I would be servicing the leather for the whole staff. I was to begin immediately by licking the mud from the soles of his cleated work boots. After I did this, he made me jack off on the hard leather laces, and then I had to lick them clean, too.

For the rest of that week, I spent between eight and twelve hours a day either shining leather or getting worked over for not doing the work to my boss's satisfaction. If I really did a lousy job, he would make me lie on my back—naked, of course—and he would shove his booted foot against my crotch. He'd keep it there until he made me shoot my load, and if I got any on the leather, he'd make me lick it off. Then he'd personally kick the last drops of cum from my balls before going home for the night. When he decided he'd "made a good enough household slave out of me," he began to demand other services of a more personal nature. I'd lost the twenty pounds by then, and my body was getting into better shape. "I don't like to fuck a flabby ass," he'd said at first, but he started doing this pretty regularly after the fourth week. He'd make me lie on the mat with my arms and legs spread wide apart, and he'd lie on top of me with his uniform on, but with his big cock and balls hanging out through the open fly. He'd ram his rod up my ass so hard it was all I could do not to scream, but I knew that if I did, he'd punish me some other way.

One day I got a little bit of shit on his prick, and that really made him mad! He turned me over to a janitor, telling the guy I wasn't fit to work on leather. This was a huge black man with a booming bass voice. He wore a pair of dirty sneakers when he swept the halls, and he lashed my dick to the top of one foot; but he left the prickhead free to rub against the soft fabric. He forced me to crawl and slither around the floor. I belonged to him, now, and he

made me spend my last few nights in the hospital sleeping on a pile of dirty rags in the broom closet. Sometimes he'd tie my cock onto that sneaker and drag my ass around the room for a couple of hours. When he said he was "gonna make Whitey kiss his ass," he really meant it!

So the scene I'm looking for is with some hot stud who might be too much for most other people. What I need is a couple evenings' worth of discipline every week, on a permanent or semipermanent basis. The only conditions I would make is that the guy be interested in using his feet, preferably with his boots on, and that he be man enough to make a muscular, well-built slave carry out his every wish. You see, I came out of the hospital with a good healthy body, and I need a Master who knows how to handle it. If I'm approached on this basis, there is almost no one who couldn't command me, and there is almost no scene I would be reluctant to make.

As you can see, the action without bondage can go just as far as the participants are inclined to carry it. The single deciding factor is a complete willingness on the part of each to keep it going. My second example is even more fanciful than the first, and it involves what I call "the military syndrome." This letter was received in response to an ad I ran during the first-draft stage of *Run, Little Leather Boy*. Using the name "Peter," I said I was seeking "a former enlisted man to reform the bad habits of an ex-Marine officer." (I turned several very tantalizing replies over to a friend who digs a heavy M action.) As to the following letter, I have no way to verify or deny how much is imagination and how much may be based on fact. It doesn't really matter, though; the key to the scene is fantasy, as this guy took quite a flight of same:

Dear Peter,

In response to your Advocate ad, I thought I'd write—with reference to your request for instruction in reforming old habits. As an ex-EM, I am looking for a former officer to be my student. I was an Airman First Class, attached to a special Air Force unit under jurisdiction of the CIA and AFCID. Very few people know about the

Disciplinary Rehab Center outside Nashville, Tennessee, and I suppose some would be shocked if they did know. Yet I feel it is a necessary function of the AF and other branches of the service to be sure the real fuckups don't get released back into the civilian world without having had some rehab training and discipline. The AF sends a lot of 91s and officers to the center, along with washed-out pilots, mechanics, officer candidates, and just ordinary joes who may constitute a threat to US or AF security because of their actions, either overseas ('Nam) or here stateside.

It was a tough job to be ranking EM there, as we were charged with the responsibility of keeping these guys under control at all times—at least in my section. The Center processed all men going through NRC, and my Special Unit housed and controlled all the “hard cases.” We had to resort to some very severe methods of discipline with these boys, most of whom were from 19 to 26 years of age. The Special Unit had 200 men who were considered incorrigible and who had been pulled out of the usual retraining, recycling system. Some were really bad news! But they had to be whipped into line so the AF could discharge them without a big stink being raised in Washington.

We organized the 200 into groups—or wings, in AF jargon—consisting of approx. thirty men apiece. Each group had a barracks of its own with an armed guard at each of the two entrances, and two more guards in the shower room—all working eight-hour shifts. There were six buildings on the southern part of the base, all reserved for these wings. I was NCO in charge of a barracks with twenty of the worst offenders.

In my quarters I had closed-circuit TV so I could see into any part of the building at any time, including the small recreation room and the showers. The men slept in double-decker bunks, and the guards were equipped with regulation AF restraints—leather—which appeared to be ready for instant use, but which we had been ordered never to actually put on any of these hard cases. They were to be used only as a threat, because the head psychiatrist said they could cause claustrophobia and only make the “patient” more violent. Not being able to use them, of course, made our job all the harder. There were also two AF medical orderlies on duty at all times.

I had my most trouble in trying to get some of those young hillbillies to take orders. They got into the AF by mistake, fresh from the West Virginia hills and the plains of Texas. All were really built, but without brain one. The Texans, who were mostly bigger than the other guys, were aggressive and needed the most attention. Doc Smith, our Captain M.D., believed in the theory that a lot of heat subdues a man. I didn't really agree, but I had to go along with him. We had a good temperature-regulating system designed by the medics for riot control.

On any given day, we usually had anywhere from six to ten of those 19- to 22-year-old Texan boys being disciplined. They had to lie on their beds, hands and feet pressed to the four corners. We turned the temperature up to about 98 degrees and had some of the other prisoners—or “detainees,” as they were called—strip them down piece by piece. As I explained, we couldn't use restraints on them but they didn't know that. We told them if they didn't obey we'd strap them hand and foot and leave them that way all night. What might happen to them in the dark, when they couldn't do anything about it, was frightening enough to keep them in line.

The heat was wild—dry, due to the climate, but much too high for anyone to wear any clothes. The Texans were used to temperatures like this, and even though we made them lie there spread-eagled and naked and holding on to the bed rails, they didn't seem to mind. We had a group of trusties—the studs who gave us the least trouble, as they were the ones who would swing the thong-guards at any Texan or hillbilly who didn't cooperate. While these guys were being controlled and had to stay in place without moving a muscle, the trusties used various devices on them...clips on their tits, hot candle wax on their bellies or groins. And, naturally, they paid special attention to the genital areas. See, it was against the rules for any of them to get an erection, and if they did, they knew they were going to get punished.

Of course, the trusties and orderlies delighted in getting the Texans excited so they could administer this punishment. Well, between feathers, hot salad oil, and various lubricants, plus rubbing alcohol, it was something to see...half a dozen young, really built Texans and hillbillies, all stretched out tight and hanging onto the bed rails until the veins stood out all over their arms and chests! And

every one of them with a giant erection, which meant they all had to be punished. I have to admit, some of them didn't mind it too much, depending on which guards were on duty...also, the general mood of the group. Usually the trusties would strip down and stand beside the Texans' beds. The room would be so hot that the sweat would run down their bodies and drip off the ends of their rods. They'd give the Texans orders, like telling them to lick the water off their pricks. If some guy wouldn't do it, the trusty might piss on him. And another rule was that a man couldn't wet his bed. There would be more punishment for this.

I've seen times when up to six or eight Texans and hillbillies were made to stand at the foot of their beds, hanging onto the rails, stretched back as far as they could with their feet spread wide apart. An orderly or trusty would stand between the guy's legs and whip his ass until it turned so red it looked on fire. All the while, the sweat was pouring off all of them, and the more they whipped those Texans the bigger and harder their irons would get. They'd have raging hard-ons that bounced around beneath their tight, flat bellies every time the trusty smacked them. Some of them had balls that would hang down so low, they'd slap the end of the guy's dick as they swung against it. I've even seen them cum that way, too, just hanging onto the bed and getting their asses whipped while the white cream shot out of them in spurts like it was blasted from a jet engine. They'd have to get down on their knees and lick it up, of course, and then get back in place against the bed.

Sometimes I'd see a trusty shove himself right up tight against a Texan's ass.

I'd know he was trying to hide his hard-on, because they weren't supposed to have them, either. But with all those naked bodies moving around, you really couldn't tell who was doing what. I'd be as hot as they were from watching it, so I wouldn't say anything when he'd shove his cock right into the guy he was disciplining. They were all so sweaty, that's all they'd need for lubricant. I guess they figured I wouldn't be able to see what they did on the TV.

If I did see it, I had the choice of letting the trusty go on working over the hillbilly, or I could make them change places so the guy who'd been boss had to take the same shit from the guy he'd been giving it to. Anyway, you can see I had my hands full sometimes, and

after an experience like that, it's hard to give up having guys to order around. Drop me a line if you think you'd be man enough to fill in for one of those Texans and I'll give you a personal demonstration of how the Rehab Center training works.

Although I'm sure my second correspondent took more than a bit of poetic license, I'd be interested in knowing exactly how much might be based on fact. Just one of those Texans sounds like a man-sized meal, especially for a man who spent time in the service. Ever wonder what the appeal might be when a guy gets turned on by a hustler's hillbilly drawl? I've often suspected it might stem from so many of us having heard these same nasal twangs in a military barracks, boasting loudly of their sexual conquests—always with girls, of course—and later putting down the “queers” who always seemed to pursue them.

But imaginative as both these letters surely are, they give life to scenes that are likely to pass through the M's mind as he plays a nonbondage role. For a guy who isn't able to form such vivid images on his own, it is possible to work out some mutually structured scenarios. See my chapter on Assumption of a Role, where a number of ideas are mentioned and discussed. There is also a comprehensive list in the longer questionnaire included in the last chapter.

CHAPTER 5
Equipment

Every leatherman will require various and sundry items of equipment. His collection may range from possession of a single wide leather belt and a pair of boots, to an extensive assemblage requiring a room or more to house. As custom frequently has the M going to the S, it is the topman who most often has the widest range of materials. Not always, of course, as there are Ms who dig specific scenes and will have the necessary equipment on hand to arm the visitor. And naturally, finances, available space, attitudes of roommates and lovers, etc., are going to enter into it.

I think we should start with the belt, as this is not only an indispensable item of SM apparel, it is also the most basic and versatile piece of equipment—fundamental, if you will, to almost any scene. It should be about as wide as the loops in a pair of Levi's, preferably black, always leather—never, never plastic! Beyond this, there are many possible variations. It can be smooth leather or tooled (which can produce some interesting effects when applied to the milk-white surface of a tightly stretched ass). Some guys dig chrome

or nickel studs, usually for the sake of their appearance. Another might favor their utilitarian potential, for use on either himself or his subject. In other words, wearing them can convey a desire to use them. If you find the glint of metal about your waist pleasing, but you're an M who doesn't want to feel the weight of them across his ass, I'd advise you to be sure your partner understands this before you leave the bar, party, or wherever it is you've met.

But the versatility of a plain common or garden-variety workman's belt is almost infinite. You can use it on an experienced M, or on an M who hardly goes the route at all. For many—for most, I'd say—the caress of this leather strap provides an essential turn-on. Doubled, it can be applied with a light force that causes little or no pain, yet produces a sharp, authoritative sound. On the other hand, it's surprising how hard you can strike a guy's upturned ass using a wide, fairly stiff belt, and still not mar or really hurt him. With a little practice, an S can place his marks so they last for various, specific lengths of time: overnight, two or three days, a week, etc.

Two partners: two belts. There are times when you have nothing else, and must get by with only this minimal equipment. I've described such a scene several times in my novels because I happen to dig sex in the great outdoors...even on a back lot in the middle of the city. In these situations, the exchange is often so impromptu that there is no way to bring a collection of toys along with you. If one belt is used to tie the M's hands behind him, the other to administer the necessary discipline, the scene can get off to an excellent start and, in the end be very rewarding.

The next item of importance is the boot. As Carney says, "A leatherman can never have too many pairs." I've seen collections that number between twenty-five and fifty, and contain such diverse styles as: motorcycle, construction worker, lumberjack lace-ups, policeman's halfways, Wellingtons, fleece-lined aviator, cowboy, formal horseback—you name it! They can be shiny or dull, smooth

leather or roughouts, tall or short, heavy or light. Each type will turn someone on. I frequently wear half-Wellingtons simply because they're light, cool and comfortable. Some of my more advanced friends have told me they're "nelly." Being 6' 1" and weighing 190 pounds, I've never let such considerations particularly bother me, but I will admit that the heavier boots are better for cruising. When I am seriously engaged in this, I will usually select a more substantial bit of footwear. My personal preference is the hard-sole, dull black, construction-worker safety boot (i.e., with the steel arc inside the toe). The only kind of boot I would never wear is the glove-leather variety with a zipper on the side. Neither do I consider fringe-top mukluks to be boots at all.

Like the belt, your boots form a part of your apparel and are inevitably an important aspect of your perceived appearance. You will also have them available during whatever action follows the hunt. I have always felt that the S should keep his boots on, even if he strips everything else. It leaves him with a certain badge of authority, and if the M is not blindfolded, he sees his master more-naked-than-naked. His responses can only be the better for it. Boot-licking, boot-kissing, boot-cleaning scenes are all fairly common and are much more effective when the shoe is on the foot, so to speak. I remember one nifty tale which made the rounds some years back—purportedly true—involving a cop and a leatherman.

It seems that this leather number was driving through Central Washington (state), and tooled through a small rural community in the early-morning hours. As he was in a souped-up sports car, he attracted the attention of a young motorcycle cop who gave chase and pulled him over on a country lane outside the sleeping village. At this time, it was rumored that a certain pattern of engine revs was a signal between driver and cop that the man behind the wheel was available. (I've never been able to verify this particular aspect of the story.) At any rate, our leatherman got the idea across

to the officer that he would not be averse to providing a little break in the dull routine.

The cop took him into the bushes and made the guy strip and kneel in front of him naked. He ordered the guy to suck his cock and kept the suppliant working until he was just on the verge of climax. The cop then yanked his pulsing organ free, blasted its load across the side of his spit-shined boot, and required his naked servitor to lick it clean. As this story was repeated often enough that I heard it several times, I can only assume it had a high turn-on coefficient. And it had to have been the boots. Would a cop in street shoes have had the same impact?

If you are in a situation where the available materials are limited, you can find several other uses for your boots. If one of the partners is wearing lace-ups, it will provide a handy source of rawhide. Even regular laces will do in a pinch. You may want a leash, encircling either the neck or the genitals. You may need an additional restraint...possibly to bind the M to an upright, again using the cords around his throat or his cock and balls. Then, too, there is an exciting little game to be played with a swinging boot. This is attached to the M's balls with a length of chain, rope, or rawhide. The M is instructed to keep the weight in motion, swinging it from side to side or back and forth between his legs. If the pattern becomes erratic, too slow or too fast, the S will then want to administer some appropriate punishment.

One or both of the participants may have leather jackets. These can provide another repertoire of potentialities. Some bike-style jackets will be equipped with additional straps or lacings. As most SM guys respond strongly to the touch of leather against their naked skins, the possibilities should not be neglected. An S may feel more sexy if he wears his jacket, and it may produce an extra surge of excitement in the M if the body-warm leather grazes him occasionally. Many Ms get very turned on by bindings they know have previously been worn about the body of the Master. For this reason,

I would suggest that your jacket—or any leather clothing—not be cast aside when you start the action. Chaps, leather pants, even wrist or ankle bands may add significantly to the enjoyment of either or both. And always remember. The more an S can arouse his partner, the greater his response is going to be...hence, the more satisfying the total interaction.

Although I have been concentrating mostly on leather items, you should not forget that the fetish can focus on other gear as well: button-fly Levi's, military uniform parts (web belts, Marine fatigue pants, genuine Navy bells, etc.), tattered jeans, even a good pair of piss-laden Jockey shorts. Some guys grow weak in the knees over a police-type uniform, or the black elegance of an SS outfit. Any or all of these can become a primary part of your equipment.

Since the wearing of keys on one's right, left, or center rear is frequently used as an open declaration of interest, the final accessory commonly brought into any meeting is the clip. In fact I would recommend using one of these to attach your keys to the belt loop. You never know when it may come in handy. Applied to a tit, one of these miniature C-clamps can provide an important stimulus—also a source of instruction and an attendant reason for punishment should the M permit it to fall. In a more advanced scene, clips can also be applied to the scrotum, and (rarely) to the earlobe. Not all Ms are going to be receptive to this, but you will seldom find an experienced one who doesn't expect it.

I recall a session a while back, though, where I encountered the exception. A quite attractive M was referred to me—small, darkly handsome, with a smooth, solid body. Yet despite his appearance and seemingly high recommendation he eventually proved very much of a disappointment. I had him strung up by means of a neck chain (via a panic snap), with his hands cuffed behind him and his balls wrapped in lighter links of steel. He was anchored to an overhead loop in the ceiling and his feet were attached to a pair of rings in the floor. While he had never actually protested and his

cock had remained in a fluctuating state of erection, I could tell I was approaching his limits. For this reason, I used a couple of clamps which produced only minimal pressure on his tits. I was afraid that if they caused much discomfort, he was going to break. I had some difficulty setting them because the damned things have a tendency to drop off, especially when the skin is sweaty and stretched taut.

I finally got them attached and gave my M the rather standard command: "You make sure those clips stay in place. Let one of 'em fall, and I'll warm your ass for you!"

Now, for a really in-the-scene M, the response would have been: "Yes, sir!" and he would have expected to get his butt whipped if one of the pieces came loose. I was attaching a small weight to the chain around the guy's balls when, sure enough, the clip dropped off his right nipple. I picked it up and held it in front of his face. "You let this fall off, didn't you, fella?" I demanded. "You know what you're gonna get for that?"

Again, the proper response would have been something on the order of: "Yes, sir; no excuse, sir!" Instead, my doltish M replied, "It fell off because you shoved me. I don't see how it possibly could have been my fault."

Oh, how easy to break the spell! I did whip him, though not very hard; and I ended the scene shortly thereafter by tossing him onto his belly and fucking him—again over his protests that he couldn't take it. That was his second error of the evening!

At this point, I think I have fairly well covered the portable equipment, at least the materials which are normally going to be on your own or your partner's person. Some guys wear chains or rawhide on their boots, with their keys, as laces and fasteners, or simply concealed beneath their clothing. If you especially dig these, or any other item which is easily fastened to your clothes or body, I would suggest carrying it when you don't know where you may end up having your scene. Remember, though, that any show

of chain or other binding, particularly around the neck, may be construed as the mark of a “heavy” M. Unless you’re seeking that kind of action, your excess accessories are better worn out of sight.

One item which I frequently carry is a little gem I lucked onto from a hardware store “special counter”—you know, those tables where they dump all sorts of odds and ends, each for sale at 79 cents. By the way, you might keep your eyes open any time you’re in a war-surplus or hardware store, because a little imagination can oftentimes turn these bits of retail flotsam into some exceptional tools. My discovery was a pair of leather straps—miniature belts, actually. I think they were meant to be fastened on a telephone lineman’s utility belt, used for attaching pieces of his paraphernalia. They were fitted with heavy buckles and just one of them was long enough to encircle a pair of wrists. I still carry one of these when I’m cruising a bar, fastened around my ankle under the boot. It is never seen, but always handy if I need it. Once buckled around a guy’s wrists, it is impossible to dislodge.

While on the subject of hardware items, I might mention the uses for nylon web straps. Especially in war-surplus stores, you can frequently find a wide variety of these, and many guys really turn on to them. They are frequently very cheap and, being nylon they can sustain much hard use without breaking. I have also seen handcuffs for as little as \$3.95 in surplus houses, to say nothing of dog collars, leashes, choke chains, ropes, rawhide laces, belts, boots, Levi’s jackets, etc. Seek and ye may find! (But never buy a pair of handcuffs that can’t be “set”; i.e., made so as not to draw tighter while in use.)

We have now mentioned the most common items you might use for restraint; quite properly, this comes first. Securing the subject is usually the first thing you want to do (or have done to you). I would suggest that almost anything with which you can painlessly secure the M’s hands and/or feet is acceptable (though not necessarily optimum). Under suitable circumstances, any of a wide

variety of materials can be a source of stimulation. The S should select the type of restraint, unless the bottomman has stipulated a specific turn-on ahead of time. The only universal rule I would suggest your adopting is that the restraints should never detract from the action by causing pain or real discomfort—not unless this, in itself, is a specifically desired element of whatever it is you're doing. Generally, I like the restraints to give a feeling of snugness. They should hold the M securely, without the possibility of his slipping free; and he should constantly be aware of this. But a skillful job of placing bonds on your subject will result in his being held in place without your losing his complete attention.

To acquire restraining devices of a more exotic nature, you may be forced to seek a specialty supplier. (See the ads in any of the currently popular magazines that cater to the leather/rubber/ kinky guys.) This type of merchant knows what you want and what you want it for. He is going to charge you accordingly, but there are many exciting items you can't get any other way. Nor is there any need to be hesitant in telling the guy what you're after. His scene is probably further out than yours; or, if he's been in the business for any length of time, he's heard enough to offer advice.

Good-quality handcuffs, such as those used by most police departments, will usually cost between \$35 and \$50. If you can find them for less, you are getting a bargain. Your specialty supplier will surely have them, although in any large city you might check the hockshops first. (Don't ask me, baby! I can't figure it, either; I just know they sometimes have them.) There have also been a number of Japanese and Spanish models imported over the last few years; they are cheap, and most work fairly well. The main problem with them is the little "lock" lever that sets the cuffs and prevents their tightening. Especially if you are working in semi-darkness, maybe with lubricant on your hands, it is hard to find the lever and shove it into place. Police "double-lock" handcuffs work more smoothly and will always shut properly. The cheaper ones will

usually not close if that sliding latch is set on "lock" while the cuffs are open. They may also become loose after you've used them for a while, so the piece which is supposed to click into place will be off center and will hang up when you're trying to set them. Once in a while, a specialty supplier will come up with a few old-style cuffs or leg irons. If you can find any at a good price, grab them! They're becoming harder to get, and the old, heavy clunkers are sometimes a real source of stimulation.

Rawhide presents certain unique potentials; and again, I have found it a definite turn-on for many people. Due to its small diameter and light weight, it is easily portable—also easily concealed upon one's body. However, it can stretch, which means that it can bind. Especially if it stays on your M's wrists or ankles through a number of twistings and pullings, it can become all but impossible to untie. Fortunately, it's fairly cheap, so you can afford to use a pocketknife to remedy the situation. (There can also be an interesting ritual worked out for this, if you're imaginative enough.)

Some rawhide is cured with a chemical that can cause an allergic reaction—the yellow-beige kind more than the black. I've seen some people get a tremendous swelling (thickening) of the scrotum from this kind of play (i.e., having their balls tied, etc.). If that should ever happen to you, it isn't anything to be alarmed about. Wash the skin with warm soap and water. While the pores are still open, use almost any unguent you have on hand—Vaseline, if nothing else. Everyone has a good supply of that!

The further we go along, now, the more complex some of these items are going to become. Therefore, I think this is a good place to cast a quick aside to the aspiring S. For Christ's sake, whatever you're going to work with, learn to handle your equipment! Practice on yourself if need be, but get sufficiently familiar with your gear to be able to operate it—quite literally—in the dark. There is nothing more ridiculous than a clumsy S fumbling to get his restraints onto a patiently waiting M. You will not engender much

respect if you don't know how to do a proper job of securing your subject. If you end up having him turn around and put the things on you, you deserve it!

OK...on to the leg irons. Most of these work similarly to handcuffs, but will generally be connected by a longer length of chain. A good specialty supplier will usually have several varieties, although he may have to special-order certain less-common styles. I haven't found any supplier who doesn't keep a stock of leather circlets with connecting clips and chain. These are really better for any extended use; and, being leather, will probably be a greater turn-on for the M. A few years back, there were a couple of mail-order houses selling surplus Navy irons at a very reasonable prices, and you may still catch their magazine ads from time to time—in straight sportsmen's catalogs, interestingly enough. If you order things like this by mail, I would suggest using an address where you don't care if the postman knows what he's bringing. Some states have laws prohibiting the shipment of firearms; because these appliances are heavy, it isn't uncommon for a postal inspector to break the seal to look inside, seeking contraband. (In some states and Washington, D.C., handcuffs are classified as "firearms.")

In using a metal ankle restraint, I might add an additional note of caution. The ankle is not as well padded as the wrist. A circle of steel, drawn too tightly, can easily bruise the bone. Because the foot is much less flexible than the hand, it is not necessary for your leg irons to be as snug. This is especially important if your M is going to be required to walk, thus flexing his tendons and ligaments.

If you are going to keep your M in restraints for any length of time, or if you intend to suspend him, I would recommend fleece-lined (foam rubber being a second choice) wrist and/or ankle straps. Again, these are available from your specialty supplier. They may seem expensive, but they are definitely worth the price. There is less chance of cutting off the M's circulation with them, and they are not going to detract from the principal source of activity or

arousal—always bearing in mind that this source must be the positive, intentional manipulations of the S.

As you can see, the availability of equipment is going to be a major determinant of your action. For this reason, the leatherman should consider which postures are most stimulating to him, and provide the needed materials. Although suspending the entire body sounds exotic and exciting, I have found that few subjects other than the most experienced can really endure it. Even a standing spread-eagle is often more than the beginner can take. It behooves the S not to get carried away...not to be so anxious to use a new piece of equipment that he subjects a guy to it who really isn't ready. This is not an uncommon mistake, and it's one I've made myself. The physical stress on the M, the thrill and novelty, tend to accelerate his emotional momentum. He will "peak out" if you lead him too far, too fast. Afterward, it is sometimes impossible to bring him back. His subsequent responses will be exactly as if he'd ejaculated—which, 99 percent of the time, he will not have done.

Even with an experienced partner, the S should build gradually toward the more elaborate bondage situation. It creates a more exciting, suspenseful scene, giving the M time to respond fully to each piece of equipment as you fasten it upon his body. Don't rush it! When you see your M reacting well in a less-taxing situation, you can move to the next plateau. A single upright post and the restraints to hold the M against it make a good starting point for many less-experienced Ms. If your physical quarters do not permit such an installation, I would suggest the use of a door—any hinged door will do: closet, bedroom, etc. Opened approximately halfway; i.e., at a 45-degree angle to the wall, it becomes a simple matter to use it exactly as if it were a post. The M can be backed against it and his hands attached to the doorknobs. They're just about the proper height. Facing it, he can be attached by his cock and balls, using rawhide, chain, ropes...whatever. A length of rope passed around the upper portion of the panel, kept from falling by the upper

hinge, can be tied and used as an anchor for whatever collar or other neck bindings you may care to use. A pair of ordinary rubber wedge-type doorstops shoved under the door from either side will keep it from moving.

Let's take the case of a relatively experienced M, with his hands bound behind him, attached so that he faces the post (or door). Light chains secure him by the neck and genitals, fastened with small padlocks (although ropes or rawhide would also serve). There is already an element of humiliation in this, and the pressure of restraints about the cock and balls will keep most Ms turned on to a high level of responsiveness. This pressure on the prostate adds to his emotional fantasy while it provides a direct physical stimulation. If his naked back and ass are now caressed with a doubled belt he will be driven into ever-increasing arousal. Although this standing, face-to-the-post position limits access to the genital area, it gives the S full range of the unprotected backside. It is also an opportunity to use a few other appliances.

Some leathermen have a sizable collection of dildos. These are available from specialty suppliers, and in most large cities you can find them on sale in the porno bookshops. There is hardly a gay publication in the country which does not run ads to order the things by mail. Most are a latex-plastic combination, although I have seen some made of leather, pure rubber, silk-covered batting, ceramic, and even glass. I would be somewhat hesitant to use any material which is likely to shatter, but I know it has been done. There are also dildos on the market which are hollow, made to accommodate a vibrator. This can produce quite a wild sensation—using the vibrator either in combination or by itself. Insertion of the appliance into the subject's asshole places the throbbing pseudo-warmth directly atop his prostate. However, before using any of these items, I would suggest you read my chapter on Dangers.

If you elect to secure your M back-to-the-post, you have an

entirely different ball game. For one thing, he can see you. He should be instructed to avert his gaze and should be punished for any disobedience. However, not looking may still be beyond the beginner's ability. Here the blindfold may be useful—either that, or a hood for the S. As with a full suspension scene, the blindfold can have a peculiar variety of effects on the M, and these can be quite different according to the type of equipment used. Blindfolds and hoods have the psychological effect of separating the participants from each other. We become so used to seeing the face of the person with whom we are interacting (in any situation, sexual or otherwise), that it leaves a guy with a sensation of being alienated when he is suddenly deprived such visual contact.

For a blindfold, I generally prefer an opaque material, black leather being the best because it complements all the rest. However, some tops use a light-colored cloth, which leaves the M able to perceive light and dark, but not any form. With a more-experienced subject, it is possible to use a full leather hood which has breathing holes and nothing else. This device will restrict the M's hearing as well as his sight, and creates a sensation of complete helplessness...and isolation.

The use of a blindfold on a novice requires a great deal of perception and empathy on the part of the S. If your subject really digs it, the action can progress very satisfactorily. On the other hand, you can panic your M if you restrict him too completely. A hood may seem to smother him, to threaten his breathing, to enclose him too tightly. He may experience vertigo even from a translucent blindfold. Unless I am very sure of my subject, I am careful not to bind his face below the eyes. I think that this perceived threat to his breathing passages is the most frightening thing you can do to him.

I have mentioned the possibility of the S wearing a hood, and sometimes this is the better solution. It prevents the M's being able to watch his Master's facial expressions, and it gives the S an

appearance of some medieval dungeon attendant. Your specialty supplier will usually offer either kind of hood. The S model will usually have holes for the eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. For the M, it may have a mouth opening in addition to the breathing holes—this latter aperture has its obvious practicality. The Ms hood may also be equipped with any of several locking and/or binding devices, making it possible to secure the material tightly about his head and to fasten it so it cannot be removed, even if his hands are free.

Any of these leather hoods are going to be expensive, usually over \$100—twice that if you want a really well made piece of equipment. I have also seen them made from different kinds of black cloth, vinyl plastic, silk, nylon, spandex, etc. I know of one S who uses a black rayon stocking over his own head, which apparently gives him quite a sinister aspect. I personally have some doubts as to the value of these more elaborate headpieces, but some guys really dig them and feel they are well worth the price. Just remember: You are going to sweat like hell underneath it, and your M is going to do the same if you place the hood on him. Maybe you want this, maybe not. It's another matter for your own judgment.

Returning now to the scene with your M bound with his back against the upright, you have several other choices of action which will require the use of specific equipment. I have already mentioned suspending a boot from his balls, etc. You might also wish to consider a "distention" scene.

For the S, just the sight of his subject strung up in this manner (or any other manner) may be the greatest turn-on. I have discussed this in some detail in Chapter 3. However, in discussing the equipment to be used, I might enlarge slightly on the potential variations. The more the M can be forced to strain against his bonds, the greater will be the display of his musculature. This can be extremely exciting for the S; and if the M is not blindfolded, he may possess just sufficiently strong enough a component of narcissism to find it highly erotic as well.

With his back to the upright, arms pinioned behind him, the M may be secured by his neck and nowhere else. You can then force him to stand away from the upright, doing as Ernie did, placing a chair or box between the post and the subject's legs. You can then give a series of commands; and, in attempting to obey them, your M will flex every muscle from calf to shoulders. Additional bindings about the torso and abdomen will further enhance the display of restricted power, and your leather supplier will have any number of harnesses, straps, etc., for this very purpose. A length of heavy chain wrapped several times around the body and secured with clips or padlocks will not only waken dormant images of ancient myths and legends of captives bound in links of steel, but the weight itself will further the M's straining to keep his body in place. A hardware store will have all kinds of chain, as will most surplus houses. *(Essential in any binding where the M is restrained principally by his neck, is the "panic snap." This is available from any specialty supplier, or at a tack shop if you live in a horsy area. It is merely a metal device that goes onto the chain—or whatever—between the neck and the place to which it is attached. If necessary, one sharp pull on the snap, and the M comes free. This was especially important when we were using amyl nitrite in our scenes.—L.T.)*

I have seen metal counterbalances (like those used in window sashes) hung from a waist or chest harness to further increase the stress. The muscular distention can also be emphasized by bindings about the cock and balls...lighter chains, rope, rawhide... attached to some facing surface, thus exerting a pull to force the groin forward and away from the upright.

The nylon straps I mentioned earlier in this chapter can also come into play, especially if the intent is to bind the M more tightly to the pole, instead of forcing him away from it. Many surplus stores have olive-green Marine Corps strappings. They will frequently have web belts with metal buckles, sometimes with the USMC insignia embossed on the surface or stamped

onto the fabric. Generally these belts will be quite long, as the individual leatherneck is expected to cut it to fit his proper measurement. I have seen many Ms very turned on by the feel of these materials wound tightly about chest or belly, holding him flush to the post.

With your M facing you, there are several commands you can give and punishments you can administer if he fails to comply to your complete satisfaction. Your disciplinary items may include more than just a belt. I have already mentioned the use of studs, and would add only that a plain leather strap is better when your blows are going to be applied against the firm, tightly stretched belly muscles. Studs can be extremely painful and, because of their weight they can cause internal injuries if the S becomes a little overly enthusiastic. (Against the back, be careful to avoid the areas above the kidneys; i.e., the lower trunk, just above the ass.)

The whip is best restricted to the hindquarters, and because it's apt to terrorize an inexperienced M, I would limit its use. As a threat, of course, it can be effective at any time. If you are contemplating buying a whip, I would note that anyone living near the Mexican border can probably save enough to pay for the trip if he buys a bullwhip from a dealer in one of the border towns. A few bucks will get you quite a nice tool, whereas most suppliers will charge considerably more. I haven't seen any cat-o'-nine-tails on sale in either Tijuana or Nogales, the only border towns with which I am familiar; but they could also be available. Either of these appliances takes some skill to use, and are much more painful than a belt. Experiment on some inanimate object before you go at it with a human subject!

Back again to our M, bound to his upright, facing outward.... You have access to his cock and balls, his tits, and his face. These are the principal areas you are going to punish. Metal clips or clothespins are frequently applied to the nipples, and can be set all over the front of the body...on the scrotum, even on the cock. Go

easy with a beginner; but with an M who's been around it will not only be accepted, he'll expect you to do it.

A nifty little leather appliance called a "ball stretcher" fits around the scrotum, between the nuts and the base of the cock. These are available in different lengths and diameters, and are used to stretch the sac, driving the balls as far downward as possible. Because this toy consists of a single rectangle of leather, fastened by a couple of snaps to form a cylinder, it is not always easy to set. I have found it entertaining to assign this task to the M before the start of the session, telling him to place it on himself...timing him, and giving him a stroke of the belt when he doesn't move fast enough. The sensation from wearing this restrictive little device can also be quite a turn-on. If the cock is soft (but tumescent!), the balls will hang to about the same depth (maybe a little deeper), and the M will experience a peculiar, unfamiliar arousal. Some of these stretchers are made with a small metal eyelets, thus facilitating the attachment of additional weights.

I have already mentioned the dildo and remarked on the wide variety to be obtained. (Some dealers call them "Women's Liberation devices.") I would like to mention another little goody that is made for frontal—as opposed to back-door—usage. This is a very narrow braided leather crop, about as large in diameter as a pencil. For use only on a more experienced M, to be inserted only by an S who knows what he's doing, this can be worked into the meatus of the penis—that is, up the pisshole. For a very heavy humiliation scene, I have also seen an S use a regular medical catheter. Once this is inserted, the topman has full control over what is normally his subject's very personal prerogative. The M can be made to piss at the discretion of the S, and the sensation of holding such a foreign object within his body is exotic, to say the least. (The danger of doing this with someone who isn't qualified is so obvious that I hardly think it's worth mentioning.) It can also be used in reverse, to fill the bladder with warm water. (*An extra note*

of caution is probably in order, since many more people are willing to experiment with this type of scene today than was the case twenty-five years ago. I would no longer suggest using anything other than a standard medical catheter, inserted with proper sterile technique. In light of the current health crisis, I would also caution against the popular, time-honored practice of the Top catheterizing himself in addition to his M, then joining the tubes to allow him to literally piss into his slave's bladder—fun and erotic, but extremely dangerous unless you're long-term, monogamous lovers.—L.T.).

In a similar vein, but quite aside from our M's frontal areas, is enema equipment. I intend to discuss this in Chapter 14, but the possession of the materials is properly listed here. If you will note my statistics on SM preferences (Chapter 18), you will see the surprisingly high number of people who are turned on by the idea. Your friendly local druggist can surely supply you. *(So many more guys are now into such exotic forms of recreational enemas that the specialty suppliers have all kinds of rubber/latex items, specifically designed for their sport. Just examining these devices may suggest all sorts of new possibilities.—L.T.)*

The gag is another commonly used appliance, and many Ms are turned on by it, finding it acceptable fairly early in their careers. Like the blindfold, a gag may be made of a great many different materials—sometimes just a pair of shorts or socks. There is a very definite element of humiliation in the use of wearing apparel as a gag—piss-soaked Jockeys, socks that have been worn for several days. In discussing this, we verge on a heavy “dirty” scene, but it is not as uncommon as the beginner might think. Your leather supplier will probably have some more elaborate pieces, either a plain or studded strap to circle the face and hold the cloth inside the mouth, or an appliance which includes a tongue depressor. Again, the variation in form is limited only by the imagination of the manufacturer or the customer who designs his own and has it made to order. *(As with the enema, many more people are playing these*

games today. Gags are therefore being used by guys who are less experienced and not as aware of the dangers. You should never tie up your M, gag him, and leave the room for any length of time. It's too easy for him to suffocate if you aren't there to observe any signs of distress.—L.T.)

The face mask is generally no more than a rectangle of leather, attached by chain or rawhide fastenings. It covers the mouth and nose, leaving the eyes free. It can be used to hold a gag in place, or merely to induce the very emotion I warned about when contemplating the use of a hood. By making it more difficult for the M to draw breath, you can add to his feeling of helplessness. Done purposely, with an experienced guy, it sometimes adds to the effect.

Some leathersmen like to use gloves. Others will tell you it is an affectation. I can only repeat my earlier advice: If they turn you on, use them! The heavy gauntlets of the bike rider are the most commonly used, either as a disciplinary item or as a stimulus traveling in cloying, tantalizing slowness across the skin. There can be an extremely sensual feel to this, by which many M's are very aroused. If they are also blindfolded, the tactile stimulation can be fantastic! Because the biker's gloves are bulky and make it difficult to manipulate the equipment, some guys will use kid leather or even silk. (For the latter, try a good men's store like Brooks Brothers.)

Because I have had to be more concerned with providing suggestions for the novice than for the experienced leathersman, I have tried to be as specific as possible in describing each item and its use. Except for the basic restraints, you might note that most appliances can be separated into visual-versus-nonvisual groups. Generally speaking, it is best to consider your scenes divided this way, and to select the appropriate equipment accordingly. Because the most important sense is sight, binding your subject's eyes is much more a consideration than deprivation of hearing, taste, touch, etc. It is also accomplished much more easily.

Take, for example, the hot candle-wax scene. If the M can't see what you're doing; you can really freak him out with this one!

Picture the guy tied down, spread-eagled on a bed, eyes bound so he can't guess your intention. You light the candle and begin to dribble the hot wax onto his flesh. It's just below a temperature which will burn him, but it gives the sensation of searing his skin with glowing branding irons. Cover his tits, his cock and balls...maybe the entire front of his body. He'll catch on after a few minutes, but he won't be able to tell where the next drop is going to fall. He'll strain and twist against his bonds, body flexing in an anxious expectation that borders on fear. Even with a novice, it can be an exciting scene. Do I need to tell you where to buy a candle? (Use cheap candles; expensive beeswax can cause real burns, as can the silver- or gold-colored tapers because they contain metallic salts.)

There are many more items to be found in the catalogs of the various suppliers. Some are common, some not. Except for the cockring—which I am saving for last because I have an interesting little experience to relate—I am going to leave it for you to make the additional discoveries for yourself. I may also have suggested some items which you might wish to construct.

The specialty equipment I have made or seen in the basements and blackrooms of many leather friends is not especially difficult to make. Wooden stocks, such as those used by our Pilgrim forebears, are probably the most difficult; but even these are not beyond possibility for a guy with moderate skill and an electric saber saw. Racks, either vertical or horizontal, can be made with 2 x 4s and a bit of plywood. Pulleys are available in any hardware store. I have seen one arrangement where the guy drilled through the soles of a pair of lace-up boots and set rings into the bottoms. This gave him a perfect foot restraint, when clipped to a pair of ropes on pulleys— instant upside-down suspension. You might get a couple more ideas from some of the books I've listed in Chapter 15.

And now, the cockring! This little toy has become extremely popular and comes in many different forms. Some are to be worn

just on the cock; but most encircle the balls, as well. In addition to giving the wearer a constant sense of confinement and a rather barbaric appearance, these devices have a number of practical applications. Every specialty supplier should be able to offer you a wide selection. These will range from a single strand of black rawhide or braided elephant hair, to bronze rings, to multiple steel hoops on a chain...plain or studded leather, custom-fitted or ready-made. Some are adjustable, and the leather variety can be had in almost any width. They are worn by both S and M, though the purpose and design may be different.

I think the telling reason for the great popularity of the cockring is its tendency to keep the wearer constantly aware of his sexuality. The kind which encloses both the cock and balls, unless it's a snap-on or buckle variety, should be just large enough to fit without discomfort. The cock must be soft in order to get it on...inserting one ball at a time, then shoving the cock back into itself and working it into the enclosure. On an M, this kind of ring forms an anchor for his bindings when he is placed into restraints. A bronze or steel hoop is best. Ropes or rawhide can be tied to it; clips can be fastened from any side or angle. You will occasionally find an M who cruises a bar with his chains already in place about his body, and these will most frequently be anchored to a cockring.

I remember a particularly attractive number whom I encountered at the old Falcon's Lair. He was sitting at the bar in leather pants and blue work shirt, open to the waist. In the semidarkness of the room, I could see an occasional glint of metal across his chest, and when I managed to get onto the stool beside him I saw that a length of chain was suspended horizontally between his pecs. The question that immediately came to mind concerned the endpoints of these suspended portions. After striking up a conversation with him, I braved the potential presence of our ever-vigilant vice squad and lifted his shirt enough to see. I discovered a pair of chains that ran over his shoulders, down the length of his torso, converging—

or so it appeared—at some point below his belt. When I got him home, I discovered that these were anchored to a heavy solid steel ring about both cock and balls.

The two vertical chains were fastened to the upper arc by swivel clips, and after passing down his back, they came together, around the crack of his ass, to attach to the ring beneath his crotch. An additional length of chain encircled his waist under the belt, sealed by a small padlock at each of the four points of intersection. His scene was obvious. He seemed particularly turned on when I added some of my own appliances, attaching these to the chains he already wore. At the very end, however, it was necessary to remove the materials obstructing his backside, thus permitting a further usage to which he seemed perfectly willing to submit. His ass was warm and glowing by then, and there was little he would not have been pleased to do.

If you live in a city where the local supplier can be contacted in person, it can be quite a fulfilling experience to have him make the cockring fitting in person. He will also have an opportunity to advise you as to the proper style and design. If you are going to order by mail, I might add a couple of suggestions: For a guy who hangs fairly loose—that is, whose “resting” diameter comes close to his tumescent girth—there is no problem with either kind. If you tend to shrivel, resulting in a significant difference between a hard and soft circumference, you will have trouble obtaining a proper fit. If the ring is made to encircle your cock at erection, it will fall off when you’re soft. And do not, under any circumstances, have a cockring fitted to your “shriveled” dimension. If you ever sprang a hard-on while wearing it, you could really be in trouble! Your best bet is the kind that goes around the entire works, or an adjustable snap-on. (*As another sign of our times, hardly anyone wears a ring around just the cock anymore. A band of whatever material around the base of both cock and scrotum is not only easier to keep in place, but adds the extra sensation of light pressure against the prostate.—L.T.*)

CHAPTER 6
Finding a Partner

Now that you have an idea of the many variations possible under the general heading of "Leather Action," and you've acquired your preliminary pieces of equipment, you should be ready to seek a partner. First decide what you want, in both the scene itself and the type of person who appeals to you. Flexibility is going to be a necessary component, as it is in all things sexual; but if you have a general idea of what you're after, the following guidelines and suggestions may be helpful.

Before going into these specifics, it might be worth another moment to enlarge upon one of my previous comments, having to do with the age of your quarry. Youth, throughout the gay world (and everywhere else, for that matter) is always at a premium. The handsome Grecian (or Nordic) god in leather pants and jacket is the goal of most people's fantasies. From time to time you may find this; or you, yourself, may be this embodiment of the "Leatherman's dream." Regardless, you should remember that the successful scene is dependent upon many factors above

and beyond the strictly physical appearance of the participants.

Naturally, if the guy's configuration turns you off completely, you're going to pass. But life experience is an important component. The best S is generally going to be over thirty-five. An M may come at any age, but I have found the nineteen-year-old surfer types to be duds more often than otherwise. Not only is a young kid likely to be completely green, he may have developed a tremendous structure of imaginary desires with which he'll lead you on...only to have the whole house of cards collapse at the first command of the S. Moreover, a real "pretty boy" is likely to be so much in love with his own appearance that he is unable to relate. Especially if he has been sexually active for any length of time, he has felt the power his physical charms can exert and it is difficult for him to rise above his own narcissism. It's always tempting to try, and if you're a chicken hawk at heart, my words are not going to dissuade you. But after you've been in the scene for a while you will know that I am right. (Note the preferences of both S and M in the statistics given in Chapter 18.)

My conclusion from all of this must take the form of a mild suggestion: Don't pass up a likely stud just because he has a few wrinkles around the eyes. If he turns you on otherwise, cast aside the silly "youth mania" and give him a try. All you can lose is a few hours' time, and you may find a degree of skill and empathy you never expected or experienced before.

The first and by far the most popular way to find a partner is the time-honored art of bar cruising. I have chosen not to include the glossary listing of leather bars in this edition of The Handbook because it is impossible to keep it current. You will get a better and more accurate roster in The Gayellow Pages, Damron's Guide, Spartacus Guide, or from the ads in such magazines as Drummer, Honcho, Bear, Rubber Master, etc.

Unfortunately, the real leather action seems to be directed to, and centered in, the major metropolitan areas, where gays in

general have established large, politically active communities: San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago. Many other large cities have far fewer outlets than their size would lead you to expect. Unless your idea of the leatherscene is simply for one guy to tie the other's hands and fuck him, you are going to find the availability of partners extremely limited outside these major centers. Other bars in the other cities should often be qualified by the comment: "If there's leather around, this is where you'll find it." Sometimes it's a big "if." There simply are no leather bars in many smaller and medium-sized cities. The competent SM populations in these places are what my adviser-in-chief terms "onesies-twosies." Those who have been able to pull up stakes and head for greener pastures have done so. Those who remain do not form a large enough group to make a leather bar pay. *(This situation is no longer as depressing as it once was, as many larger cities now seem to have their own leather gathering places: Seattle, Portland (OR), Houston, Atlanta being good examples; and even some seemingly provincial towns seem to be coming around. Many bar owners in smaller communities have discovered that they can keep everyone happy if they set aside specific nights for the different groups.—L.T.)*

In most smaller cities that still have no proper leather bar, a visiting leatherman can often find a partner if he wears a few clues to identify himself and hangs around the bus-station bar; or he may try the largest downtown hustler bar, assuming the town is big enough to have one. *(Houston used to be a good example of this latter scene, although in later years they have developed a fairly good-sized leather/SM community.)* The transient environment and the scroungy surroundings of these downtown sections seem the most conducive to our type of contact. Frequently, the best available numbers will be "just passing through."

In the above situations, it might create less unwanted attention if your leather apparel were restricted to belt and boots over a pair of faded jeans—maybe with a bunch of keys dangling from the

appropriate side. In any of the more populous centers, your attire can range from this basic simplicity to full leather, including pants or chaps, jacket or vest, leather shirt, billed motorcycle cap, chain or studded belt, etc. In bigger city establishments, you will not be out of place, even if the bar is not specifically "ours."

Depending on how set you are in your ways, your costume can and should express your primary interests. A guy who is strictly S, or at least seeking this role exclusively at the moment, should never wear any leather that isn't black. Ideally, his pose should be dignified and restrained; his bearing should be expressive of the command he is desirous of assuming. In a busy leather bar, you will often find the real masters ranged along the back walls, speaking to friends who approach them, but generally aloof from the milling crush in the center of the room. This is the most effective posture, and it indicates that the guy is actively seeking a partner. At other times, especially early in the evening, you will see them standing in groups, talking with others of the bike and/or leather set. When a master is so involved, he is probably not actively seeking...at least, not yet.

You should keep in mind that a skillful, competent S is seldom at a loss for subjects. Many times he comes to "his" bar for a few hours of sociability. He may be booked so solidly that he just simply isn't interested. What he is going to find in a bar is going to be an unknown quantity. The people he has scheduled have been referred or are repeats. With them he knows what he's going to get. To the sex-hungry fluff, always on the lookout for a new quick toss in the sack, this may be all but unbelievable. Nonetheless, it is true. An M seeking a real S has by far the most difficult quest.

Within certain limits, the acceptable attire for an M-in-heat can vary a good deal more than the hunting garb of the S. A masculine outlook is really the only firm essential. Many younger Ms find themselves successful in Levi's, white T-shirt, belt, and boots. As to the limits, I would certainly not recommend your wearing

tennis shoes or a sweater of any sort. The only exception I can ever remember was an extraordinarily attractive guy who used to frequent the bars in a letterman's outfit. But he'd have made out in a nightshirt!

For the average guy, open to whatever (reasonable) action is going to come his way, the choice of costume is open. Wear as much or as little leather as your tastes, comfort and wallet may dictate. To a large extent, your subconscious impulses will be expressive of your desires. Once you hit on a winning combination—that is, once you've discovered which particular combination seems to attract the types you want—stick with it. What looks good on you may not necessarily produce the same effect if worn by someone else.

For example, take my friend Joe. He is about my size, an attractive guy in his mid-thirties. I have been after him for years to wear more leather. I think he looks great in it, and I've seen how it draws people to him. Since he plays either top or bottom, he owns the kit for both. He'd been on an S kick for a couple of months the last time I mentioned it to him, and his answer was "OK! Maybe I miss a little number here or there by not looking stern enough. I don't ride a bike, and I don't see why I should always dress to fool people into thinking I do. Besides, I sweat like a fuckin' hog in this hot weather, and in that condition, I'm neither comfortable nor attractive. There isn't any use in my fighting it!"

The next time I saw him, however, Joe was wearing a black leather vest. He didn't say anything, but I knew it was his compromise. The overall effect was much the same as if he'd worn a jacket. (For the same reasons, I sometimes find the vest a good deal more comfortable, myself—much as I hate to admit that Joe was right.)

Your most important consideration is to look more or less the role you wish to assume. A heavy S is going to be almost completely in leather—at least, most of them are. A more moderate topman may wear faded button-fly jeans, usually with a dark shirt or leather

jacket, vest, etc. The successful people have figured out what attracts the kinds of guys who interest them, and they tend to stay within a fairly limited range.

On the whole, I think the more subdued costume is the most effective, regardless of the action you're seeking. The guy who affects an obvious pose, or who wears clothing which is calculated to stand out under the blacklights you find in many bars is not going to do as well as his more conservatively dressed counterpart. The leather-bike people tend to favor a less-flamboyant sexuality, although an impressive basket is never unappreciated.

I have mentioned the position of one's keys as being a clue to his interests, and perhaps I should clarify the point further. Classically, wearing your keys on the left means you're S, on the right you're M, and in the center rear means you're open to negotiation. In actual practice, it doesn't always work out that way. I mentioned this in recounting my conversation with Ronnie, but I think the misapprehensions are common enough to merit correction in more detail. Most guys wear their keys (or the chain on boot or jacket shoulder) on the left. Supposedly, this means that he is an S seeking an M. Not necessarily so! An M will frequently do this to fend off unwanted attention, and most fringe people do it because they think it's butch.

If a guy wears his insignia on the right, you can be pretty sure that he means it. An S would simply never do this, and the fringe people—not knowing any better—believe it's a put-down. As to the keys in the center rear, you will seldom see anyone do it. Those who are open to negotiation are far more likely to make no display, or to hang them on the left.

The same right-versus-left applies to the earring. Especially among the bike crowd, you will find many who wear a tiny piece of gold in one earlobe. These are always worn on one side only, set into a pierced ear. Because of the permanent physical mark, and because the bike people tend to be more sophisticated, the position of the

earring will tend to be more reflective of the guy's actual tastes.

Within certain groups, you may encounter local customs. The boot chain, for instance, in addition to expressing S or M interest can also indicate that the guy is seeking a "buddy ride"; i.e., he does not have a bike and would like to go with someone who does. This is not universal by any means. Many Los Angeles bikers arrive with chains on their boots when the motorcycle is parked just outside the door of the bar.

You will also find guys who just don't know what they're doing, or who get so carried away with their leather costumes that they display several conflicting clues. A good example of this was Matthew of Glendale, a well-known figure about Los Angeles. Now, Matthew was a guy with a heart of gold, who entered any new enterprise with a rush of bubbling enthusiasm. When I ran into him at a party in Don's Male Box one night, he was decked out in full leather, covered with studs, sporting chains and keys—even a pair of handcuffs—all suspended from the left. He also wore a studded dog collar around his neck.

There is no more definite way to proclaim yourself an M than by wearing collars or chains around your throat. After explaining this to Matthew, I persuaded him to take it off.

"But I like it!" he protested.

"Are you looking to get your ass whipped?" I asked.

"No. I play Topman," he assured me. He finally put the collar about his left boot, and I noticed it there on the several occasions when I ran into him afterward.

I think that many guys are intimidated by the leather and by the heavily emphasized masculinity the first few times they go to a leather bar. To someone unfamiliar with the group as a whole, many people seem aloof and unfriendly. The shrieking and giggling of the fluff parlors are lacking, and particularly in the darker portions near the back, you will find the leathersmen disturbingly quiet. However, most of them are there for the same reason you are,

and if you strike up a conversation you will find that most of these people—even the serious, dour-appearing masters—are more than willing to speak with you. If you seem to fit into the crowd, you will encounter a greater degree of friendliness and acceptance than in the flightier atmospheres of the regular gaybars. Of course, the same rules of courtesy apply. If you step between a pair of guys who are in the process of establishing their primary liaison, you are not going to be welcome.

As a newcomer to a particular bar, you can frequently establish yourself by getting acquainted with a few of the quiet types and discussing the general range of your interests with them. If you're obviously a beginner and you're honest about it, these established guys are frequently willing to explain things to you—possibly make an introduction here and there. If you are approached by one of the guys whom you recognize as a member of the in-group, and you are not sexually interested in him, it is always better to temper your refusal with a bit of tact. A reputation as “bitch” or “prick-teaser” won't bolster your future appeal. You might also pause a moment before turning down an offer by one of the accepted leatherpeople. Give him a second look. I'm not suggesting that you prostitute yourself, but if you can dig it at all, try it. How many times have you turned down a borderline invitation in a bar, only to end up going home alone? Think about it. There's no better way to establish yourself.

In addition to the bars themselves, you can sometimes find leather action in the surrounding neighborhoods. The darkened streets behind the leather bars will occasionally abound in possibilities—either guys who have been inside, but who are unable to cope effectively with the cruising scene, or chickens who are too young to get in. There are frequently the spooky types who circle in cars, never going into the bars and trying to pick up the overflow. I generally try to avoid these, as there is no way to check them out. You also have a higher probability of encountering a plainclothes

vice cop. Regardless of its negative aspects, the dark-street cruising intrigues a lot of people. Such an active area will sometimes attract hustlers, and these can be deadly—literally. Some guys get their greatest kick from danger, and I recognize this as a legitimate (though not a recommended) turn-on. The following news item from a San Francisco newspaper makes the point:

GI Sentenced in Sex Ritual

An 18-year-old AWOL GI who worked the Tenderloin district as both pimp and male prostitute was sentenced to from one to 15 years in state prison yesterday for the sex ritual slaying of a San Francisco librarian. James Garfield Riddle, Jr., was sentenced by Superior Court Judge W. Howard Hartley in Redwood City after pleading guilty to a charge of voluntary manslaughter. Riddle admitted killing John Richard Norton, 39, who, court records stated, hired Riddle to tie him to stakes on a Pacifica hillside and then torture him with a leather thong.

Some other places seem to attract a rather butch traffic. While these will seldom be the haunts of any real in-group people, you will occasionally find leather-type action. It may be a truck stop, such as the one on US 20, east of Gary, Indiana. I don't know how it's doing today, but it used to have the reputation as being better than any of the local bars. From this locale, one young M claimed to have been tied in the back of a truck almost to St. Louis. I had thought to list some of the more spectacular spots, but they tend to be transitory and any of them could suffer from too much publicity. (Hope I haven't killed the only bright spot in the entire state of Indiana!)

Once you've progressed through the initial stages and have made some contacts among the SM people, you may be ready to think about membership in a private club. The best of these don't advertise, and you will learn about them only through word of mouth. Neither will they simply take your check through the mail and send you a list of members in exchange. For enrollment in

the more elite clubs you must be recommended by a member, sometimes two members, and be checked out thoroughly. I would be suspicious of any club that doesn't do this. Remember: If they are supplying you freely with the names and addresses of other people without finding out anything about you, they are going to do the same with your name and address. In effect, you have a referral service, not a club.

My own experiences with referral services have not been good. Most of them are fly-by-nights and seldom have the number of "hot numbers anxious to meet you" that their ads will claim. John Osborne, who was gracious enough to provide the statistics in Chapter 18, had the only reliable introduction service I have ever found. Unfortunately, he is no longer running his business on a regular basis. Although they violate one of my basic standards by publishing a list of their members, I have found the TAIL (Total Ass Involvement League) to be an interesting and reliably run group. It is a membership organization, which publishes a quarterly newsletter. And that, in itself, is worth the price of joining. *(Twenty-five years later, they are still going, although most of the action has devolved into their newer Enema Fraternity. Frank, the founder and driving spirit, is a wild one!—L.T.)*

An occasionally successful method of finding a partner is to advertise in the gay or underground press. Check your local newsstand for mags carrying the type of ads that interest you. Sometimes, if you live in a large-to-medium-sized city, you will do better with a local publication, although the national periodicals may still have a larger circulation within your own locale. *(I originally tried to enumerate the most popular publications, but there are so many today it is impossible to give you a proper listing. Almost every town of any size has its own bar "throw away" in addition to the national mags that you can either pick up in the local porno shop or receive by subscription.—L.T.)*

In replying to these classifieds, there are several hang-ups you will have to overcome. Most people dislike being discourteous

and will try not to injure someone else's feelings. Professional answerers rely on this. If the guy has lied to you, don't be afraid to throw him out (or get up and leave, as the case may be). It's better to break it off before it starts than to suffer through a lousy scene because you were afraid to say no.

I will seldom make a date with a guy until he has sent me a picture and has seen one of me. This can alleviate a good many problems. I remember one instance where I failed to go the picture route, because the kid had advertised: "Handsome young leather-guy...etc." I wrote him, including my photo, and spoke to him subsequently on the phone. He sounded hot and gave his age as twenty. Although he lived about twenty-five miles away, I was intrigued enough to make the trip. What I discovered must have packed 235 pounds on his 5'10" frame. He greeted me at the door in a faggoty version of striped hostess pajamas, and found it difficult to understand why I left in less than five minutes.

Actually, as I prefer to have the other person come to me, this makes it more difficult to break off if I don't dig whoever shows up. Still, there are effective ways to do so. I am also careful to offer the other guy an out, in case he isn't happy with me. The leather exchange must be mutual. If it is necessary to trick someone into a scene with you, it's doomed to failure from the start. Neither should you allow yourself to be involved unwillingly.

When going to another person's pad, I go in, talk with him for a few minutes and, if I don't dig it, I leave. If I want to stay, I still stand up after five or ten minutes (unless he's already made it clear that he wants me to stay) and tell him I would like to go the route with him, but if he wants me to leave, "Now is the time to say so, and no hard feelings."

When the guy comes to me, I always have him enter through the back gate. This is locked at any other time. As my visitors are generally M, I make his first chore going back to the gate and locking it. If he wishes to leave, this is his chance to do so. If he

returns, I assume he wants to stay. If he is not someone I want to make it with, I simply tell him, "I don't think you and I are going to hit it off." If the guy has lied about his appearance, or sent a ten-year-old photograph, I have been known to be less kind. I really resent being lied to, and whereas I might go for a guy who's considerably older than I am, I'll toss him out on his ass—just on principle—if he's told me he's otherwise.

Some of these ad responses can be real turn-ons, in and of themselves. In addition to anticipating the actual scenes, I always look forward to reading the day's mail when I have an ad running. Some years back, I ran the following ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press*:
LEATHER IS GROOVY! SO ARE LEVI'S, BOOTS, AND? I
AM BIG, BUILT, AND WILLING; OLD ENOUGH TO
KNOW THE ROPES, YOUNG ENOUGH TO PLAY THEM.

Here are a couple of replies I received:

Say stud, Saw your sexy advertisement in the current edition of the Freep and found it an immediate turn-on. The question mark after the leather and boots really grabbed me. I hope this initial letter will help break the ice of our introduction and afterward, if we dig each other, then we can both let our pants down and let it all hang out. With me, baby, you can forget about wearing pants, stud. You can bet that once I strip a stud, he's gonna stay stripped. Dig? Nude, I dig a stud, ready, willing, and able to quench my fire when I need it. Baby, you bet I'm always ready to pound out a good beat over a succulent bod, sexy, lusty, virile Caucasian. I dig serving under a groovy handsome stud who knows what he's after and how to get it. I don't like to take "no" for an answer, baby.

A true leather "aficionado," I'm an attractive Aries male, a true ram, both fiery and sternly aggressive. Masculine, built and straight-acting, an S, a true demanding master, I'm waiting to be served and serviced. Can you dig such action—true fun and games, the whole leatherscene? A mixed light copper-brown Negro, 27, brown hair, piercing obsidian eyes. I stand 5'11", weighing in at 160 pounds. Have a tight, sexy body with endowment to boot, stud. Standing at attention, my trophy rises chestnut brown, thick and meaty, circum-

cised 8-3/4", extra large-headed. Hung, I'm ready to plow into some hot-blooded stud long and hard. I'm seeking a lusty bondage slave to corral and ride, who can get stoned on my boots, socks, Levi's, etc. and stay wiped out. Is this your bag, friend? Should we hit it off, be ready to make it. I also seek a permanent relationship sometime with the Mr. Right who is out there somewhere.

Like I said, I'm a leather lover, but on me and a stud who knows what's happening. I go ape over all leather attire, jackets (biker, etc.), shirts, vests, belts, gloves, pants, jocks, chaps and boots—both western and engineer, etc. I get stoned on boots and faded Levi's. But my big wipe-out is my vice, endless and strong, for dirty male socks. I dig 'em thick and heavy, material-wise, reeking of beautiful male sweat, sweet and virile, never ceasing to pierce the air with exuberant maleness. Heavy sports-dress socks, Army-Navy fatigue-dress socks, and sweat socks light my fire. You game to light mine, stud? I dig colored socks, generally, to white, preferably dark browns, blues, and blacks. Added zest always comes with a delicate sprinkling of a stud's sexy cologne on his lusty masterpieces, only slightly to enhance it, bringing out the real elegance, his maleness never enough to mash or destroy it. Can you dig, pal? I sure hope so. I have a heavy bag, I admit, but it would drive me wild. WILD, WILD, WILD!!

My cravings for dirty socks drive me to fondle, kiss, and even lick a stud's socks, ultimately to smell deep on them, especially while I'm driving my rod in, or having him jack me off, and practically every moment with him I have a fondness for making a bondage slave blow my sock-clad, sweet cock, chew the cum out of the sock afterward. I have a million and one uses for a flavored all-male-reeking heavy sock. If you're turned on thus far, meet me and go all the way. I do guarantee the ultimate in a relationship should we rendezvous. I'm hot to trot for you. I think I could really dig you, stud. Sex with the right guy I'm quite versatile and a turn-on.

If interested, stud, call on receipt of this letter, (213) 463-XXXX. Call and call again, should you fail to reach me at first. I'm waiting and time's awasting.

Love and peace,

Yours in dirty socks

That letter came handwritten, scrawled on flowery orange-and-pink stationery. I didn't pick up on it because what the guy described was not exactly my bag. As I heard a friend remark the other night, "There isn't much I haven't tried; it's just there's some things I don't like." None of my other respondents waxed quite as poetic as this coppery stud with the obsidian eyes; nor did they go into such lengthy, descriptive details. Here's a shorter reply that might grab you; if you'd seen the picture that came with it, there wouldn't be much doubt:

Dear——,

I am answering in reference to your ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press*. This is the first time I've answered an ad and to be quite honest I'm not sure of this type of introduction; I am twenty years old. I weigh 125 lbs. and am 5'4", have blond hair, brown eyes, and a hairless chest. I am conservatively butch and enjoy all phases of the leatherscene. Enclosed is a picture.

If you are big and muscular and want a slave type to lick up after you from time to time, then perhaps we should meet! I enjoy all types of leathergames. You will perhaps receive a number of letters, but let me assure you that in answering me, you will be introducing yourself to a young, virile guy, who will be willing to submit to your sensual SM desires.

In bondage,

Rod's picture was the classic type I have already warned about, but when I met him face-to-face, I found it had not done him justice. I made the scene with him several times, always at my place, though I had to pick him up each time because he didn't have a car. I later referred him to Joe, who—as fate would have it—made a date with him on the hottest night of the year.

Joe also made a couple of other mistakes. This is his account of the meeting:

Although Rod was a moderately successful actor, he made his living as a fashion model. Despite his size and physical beauty, he was

completely masculine. His general demeanor was so genuine as to be disconcerting—certainly not the typical Hollywood starlet!

At your [Larry's] suggestion, I sent him a note and my picture. He called the next day and asked me to his pad, indicating that he did not have a car.

Rod lived in a small bungalow apartment in Hollywood, separated from his neighbors by just enough space to provide a degree of privacy. His quarters were small, however, and in order to provide this aura of solitude, it was necessary to keep all the doors and windows closed. As it was a warm midsummer evening the rooms were already uncomfortably hot. Rod met me at the door barefooted, in just a pair of faded Levi's and a black leather belt. His diminutive body was aglow with sweat, which ran in tiny rivulets down the tanned, burnished planes of his chest. He was so unexpectedly attractive, at the same time so pleasant and courteous, I was quite unprepared for the uninhibited acceptance of anything and everything I wished to do. Not knowing what facilities or equipment Rod might have, I had brought an attaché case with a few essentials.

"Let me take that," he said, and carried the bag directly into the bedroom, glancing back to make sure I was following him.

I had not yet recovered from my initial surprise—despite your accurate description—and the heat had started to get to me. I was wearing leather pants and jacket, which produced a deluge of moisture down my back and sides. Rod set the case down and turned to face me. "Do you want me to strip?" he asked.

My foremost thought at that moment was to get some of my own clothes off, so I said yes. This precipitated the action a little more quickly than I otherwise would have chosen, but there seemed no question that each of us was satisfied with his prospective partner. Without any obvious posing or coyness, yet with a natural inbred sexiness, Rod slipped the jeans off his hips. On an average-sized man, his cock would have seemed the proper, expected proportion. On this little guy, it gave the impression of tremendous endowment. As he stepped free of his fallen Levi's, Rod looked up at me and smiled...almost timidly, saying nothing, yet expressing his readiness to obey whatever I told him to do.

The bedroom was illuminated by a reddish nightlight, and by the light from the lamps in the living room. A stronger unshaded globe

was burning in the bathroom, so I slid this door partially closed, casting the room into deeper shadow as I pointed at the attaché case. "Open it," I said. "See if there's anything you especially dig."

Rod hunkered down and unsnapped the clasps. His every move was turning me on, until I began to forget my own overheated condition. I watched the play of muscle beneath the smooth silken skin. He was squatting with his thighs touching his chest, short legs and long torso compressed as his fingers explored the interior of my case. To my surprise, he ignored the leather straps and thongs, and selected a pair of handcuffs. He remained in place, turning his head to look at me again. His hair had tumbled across his brow, golden strands reflecting the red from the nightstand, highlighted by the harsher illumination that came from behind me. "I like these, sir," he said softly, holding the cuffs.

I took a moment to decide the best way to bind him. He had no equipment of his own...no frame or other upright from which I might suspend him. This meant we would be using either the bed or the floor. To cuff a guy's hands behind him in this position—i.e., when you are going to have him lie on his back—presents the problem of metal cutting against his spine—and the possibility of a band coming unlocked and tightening from the pressure of his weight.

I lifted the handcuffs from his open palm and picked a short choke-chain from the case. I fastened this around his cock and balls, using a small padlock to secure the links atop his gradually rising shaft. I had left the two ends loose and evenly matched. With a second padlock, I attached the cuffs by their center, then placed his wrists in them. He now stood facing me, his hands locked together and joined by the chain to his genitals. His cock had snapped to full attention, and Rod watched me with a questioning, aroused expectancy. His wide brown eyes seemed almost glazed with ecstatic pleasure.

"Why are you looking at me?" I demanded.

"I'm sorry, sir." He lowered his gaze to the floor.

I went to him and turned him around, running my hands along his arms and sides, across his ass and down to test the smooth, hairless solidity of his chest and stomach. As I did this, I again cast about for some upright where I could anchor him. There simply was none. Even the doors which I might have used were awkwardly

placed in the tiny room, both bath and closet panels on slide-tracks. Resigned to the limited facilities, I pulled his naked backside hard against my crotch and shoved his fingers away from his cock. "Don't you touch that unless I tell you you can," I muttered.

"Yes, sir," Rod whispered.

The heat of his body added to the excessive warmth of the room. I stripped quickly...everything, replacing just my boots after I had discarded all the rest. When I returned to stand behind him again, the difference in our respective sizes was emphasized further by my cock striking the center of his back...sliding along the slick, moist surface to lie within the indented channel of his spine. My arms were able fully to enclose him, passing around his chest, almost completely covering its small, perfect proportions. For the first time in quite a few sessions, I was at a loss what to do. I knew instinctively that he was capable of sustaining a far heavier scene than the parameters of his bungalow were going to allow. Yet, despite this conviction, I was still a bit intimidated by his exceptional appearance and his trustful willingness.

Eventually I overcame my reservations partially and began putting him through his paces with greater alacrity. With a leather dog collar around his neck, I led him on his knees through the small apartment. I attached a chain about my own waist and secured his collar to it, forcing him to crawl forward and back as I alternately moved against and away from him. By then, sweat was pouring down my chest and stomach, dripping off my groin and into his face. The salty fluid stung his eyes when he tried to look up, but he still attempted to despite my admonitions. I freed him from my waist chain and forced him to kneel against the bed, shoving his chest down upon the surface. I striped his ass and back, gradually building the strength of my blows as Rod sighed and groaned, seeming to invite a still harsher punishment. If anything, the room had grown hotter, and I was sweating more profusely than ever. Finally I dropped onto my back across the bed and commanded Rod to lick me dry. It was an impossible task, of course, but he did his best to comply. He crawled about and positioned himself between my thighs, leaning over me and laving my chest and shoulders, stretching to reach the puddles on my throat and the collection of droplets on my chin. His every touch was driving me to a greater excitement, increasing

the heat of my own body and making his task a completely losing battle. He never slackened, driving his face into my armpits, working his tongue under the sides of my chest and along the length of my abdomen. His hard little body wriggled and strained against me, and he continued to groan in evident enjoyment of his task.

He sank his face deeply into my wilted pubic hair, shoving my rigid cock aside with his tongue as he strove to pull the slick shiny moisture from the skin beneath. He slid his lips along the straining underside of prick, dropped to the balls and sucked them in. His tongue worked against them, pressed the orbs against the roof of his mouth, pulled and stretched them to the base of my sac before he let them go and placed his lips to the bridge of flesh below. I raised my knees, placing my feet against the edge of mattress and gripped my ankles to keep them in place as Rod plunged his tongue inside the orifice.

I let him keep at it until I knew he was running close to exhaustion, then finally commanded him onto the bed. I stood behind him as he worked himself onto the surface, facedown as I'd instructed him. I knelt astride his upper thighs, played my cock back and forth across the hard, tiny globes of his ass. There were so many things I might have done, I told myself, but the facilities were simply not available. I settled for another session with the belt, stroking him with its doubled length...sliding it along the tapered laterals of his back, caressing him with the leather before I landed a series of stinging blows across his ass. I worked the skin to a brilliant red, timing the cadence and strength of every stroke to the muttered expressions of pleasure and acceptance I could hear him mouthing against the coverlet.

Finally, when Rod was surely close to his limit of endurance and my own balls were aching for release, I eased my cock inside him, settled easily against his glowing backside, and sank my trembling shaft through the searing furnace of his ass. And even this required little gentleness or restraint. He seemed to beg for my entry, willed me into him...finally reared up against me and drove his body to a full impalement so my cock was buried to the hilt, his burning buttocks moving sensually against my groin. I collapsed on top of him, sealed to his responding flesh by the sweat that poured from both our bodies. I fucked him with a furious pounding rhythm as my

arms slipped under him and my fingers gripped the sides of his waist after passing completely around his tiny girth.

Rod had been my best trick from this particular ad, and Joe's experience illustrates an important point. When you are going to be the Topman, you are generally better on your own turf. Although I'd warned him, Joe failed to foresee the circumstances. He certainly would have done better to pick Rod up and take him home. Ah, well...we live and learn.

I have dwelt at some length on the possibilities of meeting someone through advertising because it can prove the most satisfactory answer for many people who do not live near a center of activity. Even in prime areas, though, your ads will be able to ferret out partners whom you would never meet otherwise—people who seldom if ever go to bars, kids who are too young to get in, but ripe for their initial training—closet cases who are afraid to go. *(Now, of course, we have the Internet with its many gay, SM, and other specialty bulletin boards. As more people acquire the necessary hardware and the skill to use it, this could well supplant all the other advertising possibilities, especially for a guy who lives outside the larger metropolitan areas.—L.T.)*

Referrals can become a valuable source of partners, as can your being included in some group activities. Naturally, to enter into these scenes, you have to become acquainted with the leather people in your area. It is here that your contacts in the bars can be of value to you, and even those you meet through an ad may have other partners they can pass along—perhaps introduce in a mutual session. If you have been able to strike up a casual friendship with one of the senior men at your local leather bar, you may be in line for some invitations. If you receive one, it's an opportunity you should not decline.

If you're a little afraid to take on one of these experienced Topmen, you might suggest playing junior (or "second") S with him. If he likes you, it may be a good chance to see a really qualified man

at work. In such a situation, your friend will give the orders, and you will assist him. The interaction between the two of you will be minimal, if there is any at all. Mostly you will carry out his instructions upon the M. I am not suggesting this as a substitute for taking the bottom position yourself, but it is one way to better acquaint yourself with what goes on between the leatherpeople who "know where it's at."

Throughout this chapter, I have tried to emphasize the importance of casting aside many of your preconditioned standards... those relating to physical beauty as well as any rigid set of requirements and restrictions on the sex scene itself. Leathersex is more than this. The skills and responses of your partner are more important than the package in which he comes (within limits, of course). While I am not trying to build a case for the wrinkle set, I would be remiss not to state and restate this consideration. I have pointed out a few errors, using poor Joe as the bad example. But he had already been disappointed so many times by pretty young boys, he allowed this to affect his performance with Rod. More than this, he was going to be S; he should have told Rod, "If you don't have a car, I'll come and get you." This was his failure, because he knew he would function better in his own environment. In effect, he allowed the M to take the lead...to pick up his case and lead him into a room which he knew was going to be uncomfortable for him.

But any of us can make mistakes; if we profit by them, they've served a purpose. If you can profit from my blunders or from those of the other people I tell you about, you will be that much farther ahead. Finding a partner is sometimes not as difficult as the follow-through...as sensing the response or action that is going to be most pleasing to each and doing it! My next subject involves assuming a role, and I will go into these considerations more deeply as I attempt to expand on my views.

CHAPTER 7
Assuming a Role

As we begin to consider assuming a “role,” let’s reflect a moment on exactly what we mean. I have already noted that your SM activities are the most uninhibited behavioral situations in which you are ever likely to find yourself. Carrying this to its next logical degree, I think it’s legitimate to ask: “Which is the role, and which is reality?” Is it your “normal” day-to-day aspect? The way you appear to business associates, employers, hetero friends and acquaintances? Is this the real you? Do any of these come close to being an expression of your actual personality—the facade and demeanor you manifest at work—the way you are at home? Or is it the face you show in a leather bar...and afterward in the place of sexual encounter?

As “they” say, most of life is a compromise. There are few times, if ever, that a man can be truly himself, when his outward demeanor is not biased by circumstances. Your own introspective search, then, must devolve into a serious quest for that place and that time when you come *closest* to being yourself. Is it in sex? Is it a mixture?

For some guys, especially in the early phases of their leather careers, it is possible that the M role permits a degree of impunity; i.e., "I'm tied up and I can't do anything about it, therefore it's not my fault that I'm doing all these dirty things." I have found this especially prevalent in the hustler types who continue to deny their homosexual leanings, while being emotionally incapable of any other expression. It is also true of many Marines who work as part-time hustlers, or who permit themselves to be picked up by leatherguys and pretend it is their first time to "do it with another man." The popular maxim among the street-cruising element of our population—that all Marines like to get fucked—reflects this. I have long held that a man has to have a strong masochistic component to subject himself to USMC chickenshit, and many times this comes out when you get one of those sexy little animals into the sexual arena. Like so many other visceral reactions, of course, there is no way to produce empirical evidence to support this or many of my other deductions. *(The wonderful, rather stupid little sex machines we used to enjoy so much are now genuine rarities. Half of today's servicemen are married and living with their wives, while many of the others are nerdy scholars, serving Uncle Sugar to earn college tuition. But once in a while, if you're a truly devoted street hawk, you may find one; and if you do, it's worth the effort!—L.T.)*

If my suggestions are disturbing or if the probings of your own mind are stirring up the bottom of your mental pond, making the waters more muddy, let me add a couple more items to consider. To begin with, you do not exist in a schizoid parameter, where you leave a portion of yourself outside when you enter one or another of the various areas of your life. Regardless of where you are or what you're doing, you still retain within you the same set of needs and drives and motivations. All that changes is the manner in which you control or express them. As a human being, you have an infinite range of potential responses. (This is where I broke sharply with my colleagues in the school of psychology, when they

presumed to base predictions of such human behavior on animal experimentation.)

In effect, I am making a rather simple point—although I think it's one well worth your serious reflection, certainly as regards your own peace of mind in accepting yourself and your desires. *Don't discount the possibility that this "role" you assume as a leatherman may come closer than any other phase of your physical existence to being a true expression of your ego.*

OK! I've suggested one of the most outrageous concepts anyone is ever going to throw at you. Accept it or not, as you will. Regardless of your degree of insight, your success in attracting the partners you seek will depend on how well you manifest the characteristics of the other guy's fantasies. It is the same highly individualistic problem to which I have alluded several times before. It is the most difficult area in which to try advising a person. At best, I can only set down some general guidelines. Even in this, I must emphasize that my own experiences and tastes are going to distort what I have to say. Keeping this in mind, you might consider the following:

After sampling a number of different situations, most leathermen will begin drifting toward a favorite or most suitable role. For some it will become a firm choice, with little possibility of variation. For a majority, the goal (hence, the role) will reflect a transitory state of mind. I have found few guys who are unable to switch-hit when the circumstances are right. This is especially true for someone who is basically M, and who really seeks that action (75 percent?). Frequently he will find the role of S being offered, maybe thrust upon him—more so as he gains in experience and reputation. There simply are not enough qualified Topmen to go around. A first-rate M can do an adequate job, and will generally enjoy the action—vicariously, if not otherwise. One of these switch-hitting Ms is also more likely to take on a novice and put him through his initial paces. An experienced, well-known S will

frequently not have the patience. Unless the aspiring beginner is exceptionally attractive physically, his limited willingness may disqualify him.

For the M, however, the beginner can present a series of interesting challenges. There can also be some exchange of roles if the relationship extends into several sessions. For many guys, this is the real turn-on, with a few (very few) being capable of changing sides in the middle of the action. And for the M who does this, who plays S as a second choice, how much greater is his compromise than the meek obedience of the wage-slave? Is it any greater? Whatever your answers, you'll have to admit it's certainly more fun!

In my opinion, versatility can provide the key to a tremendous range of potential enjoyment, at the same time allowing the person involved to savor a variety of styles and techniques that are going to contribute to his own wealth of skill. I do not like to hear someone say he is exclusively S or exclusively M. To me, this immediately smacks of a serious hang-up or suggests a crippling degree of inhibition. It may denote an inability to appreciate the full potential of his own chosen role, and certainly a failure to empathize properly with his partner. I might accept it from an older S who's been around long enough to have tried it all. It's his right and privilege, because he knows what he's doing. When a young S tells me this, I am inclined to doubt him. Many times he'll claim to be exclusively S because he retains that silly hang-up that one has to be a Topman to be butch. Unrealistic as this attitude may be, it is fairly common and is not restricted to the beginner. Let me describe a recent case in point.

There used to be a guy who came into the 1170 Club almost every night. I suspect that he was from out of town, because he disappeared abruptly, and no one seems to know what become of him. He was quite an extraordinary figure, however, and at the time he created a good deal of comment—not all of it positive, I might add. He was obviously a weight lifter, and had a tremendous

build. Standing a good six-foot-three, he had dark, almost-black hair, with matching beard and sideburns. His chest was covered with a thick pelt of the same hue, and his eyes were a piercing gray. His physical attributes were undeniable, and he made the most of them by appearing constantly in black leather pants, bare chested beneath a black leather vest. Had he been content with this, he would have had it knocked. Instead, he always came in with his naked chest and belly coated with oil. The first time I saw him I thought he was sweating. When it became obvious to me and to most of the other regulars that the guy was greasing himself on purpose, he was promptly dubbed "Slippery Tits" (or sometimes "Olive Oyl").

With his imposing stature and a heavy key ring on his left hip, Slippery Tits looked the part of the perfect S. Some guys avoided him because the oily affectation turned them off. Others dug his appearance, and some were attracted by curiosity. I never tried to make it with him because I generally do not go for large people. I also assumed that he was S, as did nearly everyone else in the 1170. Mac, my little friend from Chapter 1, had finished his "apprenticeship" about this time, and several of us encouraged him to give Slippery Tits a try. We could see the big guy was interested in Mac, so the contact was not hard to make. Mac, as I've noted before, was such a good looking, darkly handsome little stud that he always had a string of people who wanted him. At this juncture he still retained that suggestion of innocent shyness that could only serve to increase his attractiveness and make him appear an ideal M. At our instigation, and with the help of a couple of others to get them introduced, Mac went home with Slippery Tits. Later he told me what happened:

The guy's name was George, and he was staying with some friends in a small house near the airport. He'd come to the bar with the people he was staying with, so I drove. George was real quiet during most of the trip, and I kept wondering if I should tell him...you know, my limits and so forth. I just assumed he was S, and I was afraid

he'd get a little too heavy with me if I didn't let him know. For some reason, though, I didn't say anything...maybe because his silence didn't seem to give me an opening. The only thing he did all the way there was rest his hand on my leg, and he squeezed it a few times.

When we got to the house, he said to park in the driveway to tell his friends he was there and had someone with him. Then he took me in the back way and got us a couple of cans of beer as we passed through the kitchen. We went into the back bedroom. George put on a dull blue light and excused himself to use the bathroom. I sat down on the bed, not really sure what I was supposed to do. I was really turned on by then, mostly I guess because he hadn't said or done very much. The whole scene left me wondering.

I heard the toilet flush, and I got up. Then I waited five minutes before George finally came out. He was completely naked, except he'd put his boots back on and his belt was around his waist. But he'd coated his entire body with oil. He looked so fuckin' wild! Big, soft cock swayin' back and forth as he moved...muscles all slick and shiny. I just stood there, waiting for him to tell me what to do, when all of a sudden he goes down on his knees in front of me and starts unbuttoning my Levi's. I was so surprised, I didn't say anything or move—just stood there while he pulled my cock out and went down on it. And...oh, man! He must have been holding hot water in his mouth, 'cause it felt like liquid fire all around my pecker, and I sprung hard as a fuckin' post!

Well, he stayed on his knees for a long time, and at first he held onto my waist, rubbed my hips and ass as he's suckin' on my dick. After a while, though, he dropped his hands to his sides and finally he held them together behind his back. I knew what his scene was then, and I just about flipped out, because the idea of a big guy like him wanting me to play topman just about flipped out! I could see him looking up at me while he's riding in and out on my rod, so I told him, "Don't look at me!" That was the first lesson I learned, you know.

I knew I should get something and tie his hands, but at first I didn't know what he had or where it might be. He'd left the light on in the bathroom though, and the door was just a little bit open. As he'd come out, I guess, he'd pulled a box out from under the

dresser beside the door, and I realized there was a lot of stuff in it. I don't know how long he'd have stayed there swingin' on me, but I took hold of his head and shoved him off. "You gonna do what I tell you?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he said softly. Man! That voice... Well, you know how deep it is...sort of rumbling. If he'd touched me again right then, that would have been it! I'd have gone off like a fuckin' skyrocket!

Anyway, I walked over to the box and I could see he had all kinds of leather restraints and rope—all black leather, except for a few studs on one thing or another...black leather and O.D. (Olive Drab). No chains or clips, nothin' like that. I looked back at George, caught him watching me—maybe wouldn't have thought about it, except he looked away so quickly. I yanked my belt off and I went across to him, and I let him have a good one, flat across the ass. He kinda groaned...fell forward with his head on the floor, his arms flat to the elbows on either side. His ass was stickin' up there for me, so I really let him have a couple more. And every time I hit him he groaned or hissed in through his teeth. Even in the dim light, I could see his butt was getting redder and redder, and pretty soon he's sort of swaying with my strokes so his balls are swingin' back and forth between his legs.

I reached down and grabbed his cock and balls, felt how hard he'd gotten in just those couple of minutes. He'd been soft when he came out of the bathroom, but now the goddamned thing was pointing down there under his belly, so stiff, I really had to pull to make it twist back. He never stopped groaning and sighing, and he finally fell flat on his belly. I remember wondering if the dust and grit from the floor was going to stick to all that oil. I gave his balls an extra-hard squeeze and let go, went to the chest, and picked out a pair of restraints. When I picked 'em up, I saw they were two heavy circlets, fastened to a leather band by some steel eyes. The piece that joined the cuffs was about a foot long. I hadn't ever seen anything exactly like it before, but I knew from some pictures Dave had showed me how the thing had to be used. "Stand up," I told him.

George jumped to his feet like he'd been shot and stood real stiff, facing away from me. He was almost at attention, except his arms were bent just a little. I knew he must've seen what I took

from the box. Real quick, I fastened the straps around the bottoms of his biceps, and that bound him so his hands could only touch the sides of his chest and couldn't quite meet in front of him. It's a heavy way to restrain a guy!

I spun him around and looked up at him. Shit! The guy's so tall, I felt like David and Goliath, but he was playing the M scene for all it's worth...standing like a big stud prisoner, waiting for me to do whatever I was going to do.

I took him by one arm and pulled him over to the box, and I started looking through it...found a harness, made to fit with straps over the shoulders and to cross in back, leaving nothing in the front except the bands of leather that looped around the waist and across the throat. I buckled him into this, fastened it about his waist and then put a hobble around his ankles...just enough to keep him from walking very fast, but not so much he couldn't move.

I'd been making him crawl—as best he could with the hobbles on his legs...had him suck my ass and balls...whipped his butt and back and thighs when he didn't move fast enough...really had him going, giving him a lot of shit about his beard scratching me and both of us really warmin' to the whole scene when I heard a car pull up in the driveway.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Probably Bill and Pete...sir," he whispered.

I started toward the bedroom door to close it, but George called out to me. "Please, sir," he said, "Please...Maybe, if you don't mind and if they didn't get anything—"

The front door opened and I could hear at least two guys talking, and heavy footsteps heading toward the back of the house. Pretty soon, this guy I've seen around the bar before pokes his head into the room, nods, and smiles at me. "How you doin', kid?" he asked me.

"Real good," I said.

"Looks that way." He looked down at George and kinda stroked his basket...wearing leather pants and a cycle jacket. "You need some help with that fuckin' slave?" he asked.

I was going to say no, but I could see George out of the corner of my eye, and he'd turned to face the door. His cock had gotten even harder, if that's possible, and I could see he wanted the others to

come in. Then the second guy appeared, and he was an older S number I'd seen around a lot of times. He had on black chaps over a pair of white jeans, basket like a couple of ripe bananas...bare chest with lots of thick gray hair under a very narrow vest. He was small, but had one of those strong wiry builds—pretty solid for a guy his age.

The first guy—he's about forty, I guess, a lot bigger than his friend. He takes hold of George and shoves him into the hall. He pulls an inhaler out of his pocket and holds it under George's nose, tells him to take a deep sniff and then shoves him farther along the passage. "Get in the cell, you fuckin' M!" he said. He pulled his belt off and laid a welt across George's ass that must have lasted a month. They took him down to a room that I guess had originally been a big closet. They attached some ropes to the harness I'd already put on him, and they lifted him with a pair of pulleys until he was hanging with his feet about eight inches off the ground.

The old guy—Bill—he looked at me and grinned. "This fucker been doin' what you told him?" he asked in a loud voice.

"Yeah," I said.

"He's a good slave...sometimes," said Pete. He gave George another sniff from the inhaler and passed it around to me and to his friend. He shoved George so he spun about, stopped him with his ass facing us and then whipped him good—really hard—a lot harder than anybody's ever hit me...did it for about five minutes, stopping just long enough to give George another crack at the inhaler. All the time George is moaning and crying, and the couple of times I could see his face, there were tears runnin' out of both eyes. But he was really flying on that amyl, and he took everything either one of them wanted to give.

Later Bill went into the rear of the house and come back with a leather hood. He fitted it over George's head, locked it at the neck with a padlock through the strap. Man, let me tell you! Before those two guys were finished with him, George was glowing red from top to bottom! His cock had gotten soft, but it hung down there full and fat like a baloney sausage.

We ended up with George tied down on a leather-covered bench, strapped on his belly, sucking Pete's cock. And that was a real hunk of meat, man! Bill says I should fuck him, so I got on top, started to

ride George's ass while he's still suckin' Pete's joint. And then Bill got on top of me. He reached underneath himself and rammed his thumb up my ass...drove in a big glob of Vaseline. He waited until he knew I was all the way into George, and...wow! He had just about the hottest, tightest ass I ever stuck my cock in! Anyway, Bill is layin' on top of me, still wearing just his chaps. He'd taken his jeans off and put the leathers back on. He slipped his rod into me, hanging on with his hands and legs so every time he moved I could feel that black leather sliding across my butt. And underneath me, George is twistin' and groanin', suckin' Pete's cock while the guy calls him every dirty name in the book. He kept lifting his ass to meet me every time I slammed it into him, and that shoved me all the harder onto Bill.

He was just about the wildest M I ever hope to find...came all over himself before we got through...shot without anyone ever touching him. Pete made him lick it up off the bench, and they asked me to stay over. They tied George on the floor at the foot of their big bed, and I slept between them...woke up a couple of times, because the others kept getting up to piss. They had a big black vinyl sheet on the floor under George, so instead of going into the bathroom, they just pissed all over him...asked me if I needed to go, and I did it once, too. I stayed on until about noon the next day. They'd made George take off his boots and belt, and they put chains on him in the morning—leg irons and handcuffs, joined to a band around his cock and balls. They ordered him around...had him make breakfast for us. That guy was a real slave, man! A real slave!

I saw Slippery Tits several times after he'd made his scene with Mac, and after Mac had told me his story. It was still hard to picture him as the heavy M I now knew him to be, but I also knew Mac had told the truth. George's keys remained on the left, however, and I'm sure to this day most people who remember him are sure the guy was a Top. So, one can never really be sure what his prospective partner wants, unless he talks it over first. I don't always recommend this, as prolonged discussion can often break the relationship of the respective future roles. It can expose the Topman so excessively that

he loses the aspect of sternness and distance which is generally essential. It can also emasculate the element of anticipation and uncertainty, thus depriving the forthcoming scene of its potential thrill. There's a fine line here—you just have to find it by trial and error. Of course, if you're already versatile, you can simply ride with the situation and let the chips fall where they may. I remember one night when I was in The Ramrod in San Francisco. I was talking to the friend I was staying with, and we were watching a couple of guys getting acquainted on the other side of the room. I knew one of them from L.A., and I remarked to my friend that he was one of our better-known Ms.

"And the other guy's the best bottom man in San Francisco," said my friend.

We both laughed then, because each of the pair was wearing his keys and chains on the left.

"They may be in for a surprise," I remarked.

"They can always go home and bump pussies," my friend suggested.

But that facetious comment hardly expressed the situation. I saw the same pair together on two subsequent occasions before I left for home, and they had obviously hit it off...acted as if they might almost be in love with each other. At least one of them had to be playing Topman, or possibly they were changing off. I never knew, but I'm sure I was seeing a prime example of the experienced M playing both sides. And he was doing it because he'd found a guy who really turned him on.

As we progress toward the heavier action, it might be well to point out again that a true leatherscene is not merely an exchange where one guy binds the other and whips the shit out of him. Only a few Ms want this; most don't. For this reason it is always important that the M be given an "out." For example, in a situation where the M is gagged and blindfolded—rendered almost incapable of expression—it is still essential he be able to let the Topman

know when he's had enough. It may only be a case of needing to take a break, or it may require a complete shift in the type of action. Regardless, if the S is worth his salt, he will have made some provision for this. It is much less disruptive of the role situation for the S to say, "When you can't take any more, do such-and-such," than for the M to set the signal.

Although your own imagination can surely suggest any number of ways for such a signal to be given, I might help you along by mentioning a few that I have seen used successfully. The M can stiffen his body, or can fall limp in his restraints. He can draw a prearranged pattern on the floor with his toe (or hand, depending on his position). If he is left free to speak, the signal can be a certain neutral word—sometimes the name of the S, which the M is otherwise forbidden to mention. I have also seen the M establish his limits by handing the S a slip of paper on which these are written, and this sometimes works out well because it gives the bottom man a chance to suggest his desired scene as well. For example, if he digs being pissed on, but doesn't like to drink it, he might write out for the S: "Piss on the body, but not in the face."

I think most of the experienced guys will know this without being told; but the novice can sometimes ruin the scene by being afraid to say anything before it starts. By his silence, especially if he isn't so young that his age alone alerts the S, he can imply "almost anything goes." This is far worse than an open declaration at the start, even at the risk of upsetting the desired balance. However, any S should verify his subject's limits, and I feel the basic responsibility is his. There is nothing worse than finding yourself in the irritating position of having a sniveling, whining clod on your hands, pleading to be released and thereby completely killing the scene. It's happened to me; it's probably happened to anyone else who's taken a chance on the young pretties as many times as I have.

The SM roles themselves are not necessarily any more consis-

tent than the people who play them. An M can range from someone who enjoys a "light" bondage scene, able to endure only minimal pain, to a guy who will not be satisfied with anything less than the most excruciating agony. To the outsider, this latter situation is difficult—if not impossible—to understand. Explaining it without trying to psychoanalyze the person in question is not easy, either. But the fact remains that some people crave pain, and to give them what they wish is not an act of cruelty. Only when the M is carried beyond his limits can the S be accused of brutality. This is such a primary truth that it bears repeating, and it becomes the basic consideration in trying to understand your own or your partner's motivations. You are each seeking the ultimate in sensual pleasure. If your own or your partner's sensation of pain enters into this, you are approaching the goal—achieving it according to the degree of approximation.

I have had the impression in a number of situations that my M is seeking a father to punish him. This may be one reason for an older, skillful S acquiring the number of young adherents he inevitably does. Nor is this father-son syndrome as obscure as you might expect. I know of several Ms who become exceptionally aroused at the thought of their masters having been married and having sired children. A good friend of mine recently offered the shelter of his home to a younger guy, and because there did seem to be a "family resemblance" between them, they got the idea of passing themselves off as father and son. The results were extraordinary! They were deluged with invitations, receiving calls from people they had never heard of, but who had been referred by second and third parties. They worked mostly, I think, as senior and junior S, respectively. Each was exceptionally endowed, so this further evidence of genetic interdependence served to heighten the interest they generated.

For those of you who are sold on astrological determinants, there may be some puzzling combinations of role and birth sign.

I have seen little overt relationship between the two, despite my own tendency to respect the validity of some astrological predictions. Being an "early" Scorpio with Aries ascendant, I can see ample evidence for my own willingness to experiment with almost every manner of expression. Scorpions are notoriously sexual, and the sign is usually associated with the genital areas above any other.

But I have seen Libras, even Virgos, who are excellent Tops. I know of several Ms who are Leos or Tauruses. Such seemingly diverse patterns may follow from the conditions I mentioned earlier, where a person in the SM sex scene will sometimes pursue the opposite of his dominant/submissive status in business or family life. There are others who will say that astrology is so much crap anyway, and this only goes to prove it. My own expertise is not so great that I would want to venture a further guess. Nor are there adequate statistics available to make a proper analysis. I prefer to chalk it up to the human ability to make a wide variety of responses, so infinite a variety as to defy sexual classification, even on the basis of the stars.

For the very imaginative, it is possible to engage in extremely structured role-playing situations. These would not qualify as possible expressions of the true personality. In fact, most leathermen will laugh at you if you suggest it. There are just enough who dig such a scene, though, that I really should mention it. The action begins by the S establishing a word picture of his desired scenario, and after this the participants assume the characters he describes, acting them out in an SM psychodrama. Some of the more common are warrior and captive, medieval dungeon, Nazi concentration camp, prison cellmates, college fraternity initiation, Marine boot camp, punishment on a sailing ship, new cowhand, the master's dog. Some of these can be adapted for group action, though I think the rarity of willing participants would make it more limited to pairs...maybe "threesies."

As the final category, we should mention the popular practice

of role changing. The partners may stop halfway through the action and exchange positions, or they may go into a mutual bondage scene—one where neither partner is actually tied down, but where each places nonrestrictive bindings upon his companion. While especially common among beginners, I know of several more experienced guys who do it regularly—whenever the situation presents itself.

In these mutual scenes it is common for each guy to wrap the other's genitals in chain or rawhide, then join themselves together by the residual excess. A pair of handcuffs may be used instead, one cuff around the cock and balls of each partner. Their bodies may be bound together at wrist and/or ankle, about the neck or waist. I know of several instances where two guys have had really wild sex this way, and afterward slept tied together all night. (If you're going to try this with your genitals joined, I would suggest an additional binding around the waist to ensure against possible damage.)

If I have confused you by these observations on role assumption, I can only apologize and hope that some of my other areas of discussion will provide a more definitive basis for choice and judgment. Defining your own role, sexual or otherwise, is always a difficult task. An early evaluation of someone else's can completely confound you. This is a condition I acknowledged at the start. If your intuitive abilities are keen enough, you will discover some effective means of selecting the proper counterpart to your own unique set of requirements. Every leatherman is faced with a similar dilemma, and the more successful he is in understanding himself, the better chance he has of understanding his partner. His ability to do this is the best barometer of his potential. But it is a personal equation, one which must be solved individually. More than this, neither I nor anyone else is able to tell you.

CHAPTER 8
The Bike and Its Owner

Intrinsic to the leatherscene is the motorcycle and the guy who rides it. The clothing we all find so appealing is primarily designed for the cyclists' use, and the organized in-groups are often bike clubs. There is no disputing the sexual appeal of a leather-clad rider on his great rumbling machine. As a symbol of phallic power, the motorcyclist is the epitome, the living embodiment of our fetish. *(Although the bike clubs have lost much of their former status as primary determinants of when and where the leathersmen will gather, they still remain an important part of our community—most especially in more rural, less “liberalized” areas. I am thinking particularly of such venues as Oklahoma, Nebraska, Kansas, and several states of the Old Confederacy. Here the bike-club outing still serves as cover for the other activities that are going to take place. For this reason I’m going to leave my earlier comments basically in their original form. This will serve, at least, as a salute to those who were at the center of our galaxy as it first came into being.—L.T.)*

I would suppose that anyone who has been involved with the

leatherscene, even causally, must have considered the pros and cons of owning a bike. In the leather bars, the nonriders watch with admiration—be it open or guarded—as the bike people come in and hand their crash helmets to the bartender. The bar management makes sure these are hung in a place of prominence and honor. The status—and many times the continued success of the establishment—depends upon the patronage of the bike people, particularly the club members. For this reason, the leather bar owners are always at great pains to accord the riders every respect and recognition. (*Again, this is now more true in the less-cosmopolitan areas, as opposed to the major population centers.—L.T.*)

On his side, the biker expects and thoroughly enjoys the attention. Like an actor onstage, he appears to ignore the stares and muted comments of his audience, all the while experiencing a glow of pleasure. His entrance has been acknowledged, and his status has been reaffirmed by the understated ceremony. As he buys his beer and mingles with his friends and peers, he retains the warm sensation of pride and acceptance. He is in *his* bar, *his* place, and within these environs, his prestige is undisputed. The leather bar which fails to accord him this moment is going to lose his patronage—and with it the patronage of a large fringe crowd, those who travel like pilot fish in the wake of his symbolic power.

Nor should this be regarded as a put-down, either to the rider or his “fans.” His status is well earned, not only in sweat and labor, but sometimes in blood as well. Just buying a bike is a difficult hurdle, financially. Maintaining it and learning to handle it properly is more than a casual effort. Being a motorcyclist requires a true devotion and considerable sacrifice of time and money. A biker’s machine becomes an integral part of his life, just as it must be a physical extension of himself every time he straddles its gleaming contours.

For several obvious reasons, and for some which are not so obvious, bikes are not for everyone. From the beginning, a motor-

cycle is expensive. A new, fully equipped Harley costs as much as a smaller luxury car. Insurance is exorbitant, if you can get it at all; and in an emergency there is only a small percentage of mechanics who know how to service it properly. Thus the biker will frequently find himself having to do his own maintenance, or at least knowing how to do it. Many service their own bikes as an act of love, thoroughly enjoying every moment spent in stripping down or rebuilding whatever part is giving him trouble. The effete, mechanically inept would-be bike owner had better have a well-stuffed wallet if he is afraid to learn or doesn't want to get some dirt under his fingernails.

All the bike clubs—and there are many of them—emphasize safety rules. Back in the early 1970s, the American Motorcycle Association (AMA) made the point that 99 percent of all motorcyclists in the United States were safety conscious. Immediately, the Hell's Angels and other renegade groups started wearing "1 percent" pins. The gay bike clubs, along with most other AMA member clubs, took up the "99 percent" insignia. Despite the deliberate attempt on the part of some leathersmen to emulate outlaw attire, I have yet to meet one who was not very much in accord with the AMA on the subject of safety. On most of the "runs," there are safety trophies, and any club worth its salt will expel a member who refuses to abide by the rules.

Although many of the gay clubs eventually became disenchanted with the AMA and began gradually shaking loose from the national association, most have remained sensitive on the subject of being named in print—particularly in a homosexual context. For this reason, I have never listed them, nor do I feel it worth the effort to try rendering an account by some sort of pseudonym code. Those who belong already know the names; to others they would be meaningless. *(For anyone really interested in keeping up with the club scene, check out The Leather Journal, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90046. They cover most leather-related events—those run*

by the bike clubs as well as other groups interested in various kinds of leather and/or kinky activities.—L.T.)

Especially during warm weather, from mid-spring to late fall, the clubs provide a busy calendar of events. There are parties and other festivities, including runs that may last one day or extend over a full weekend—open meetings and club-sponsored benefits. The colder months will see more of the indoor activities, such as carnivals in a large hall or elaborate ceremonies for the installation of new officers. In ritual and pageantry, some of these rival the coronation of Elizabeth II! The costumes, and certainly the enthusiasm, are a match for any regal honorific. You will find large numbers of people attending these functions, seeing and being seen, greeting old friends and sometimes meeting new ones. We've come a long way since the CMC started it all in San Francisco so many years ago!

Of all the organizations within the gay community, the leather-bike clubs are among the best managed and most stable. Their functions are always well attended. I have also been impressed by the loyalty of these people, and by their willingness to band together when one of their own is in need. If a club member is injured while riding his bike, one of the leather bars will donate its premises, and the clubs will sponsor a benefit. If a popular member should be killed in an accident, it is common to have one or another of the clubs establish an annual trophy (usually a safety trophy) to be awarded in his name. *(In later years, the clubs have been very active in AIDS fund-raising.—L.T.)*

The bike christening is another popular function; it usually takes place in one of the more popular bars. The new machine is wheeled into the center of the room, adorned with flowers or crepe to indicate the colors of the club to which the new owner belongs. After suitable ceremony, a bottle of champagne is broken over the front fender (usually without denting it), and a plaque will be added to the establishment's permanent collection in commemoration of the event.

Over the years, there have been considerable changes in the character of these clubs. During the mid-1970s into the 1980s there was a great upsurge in the number of clubs, although not all of them were really motorcycle people. Some were “motor” clubs; others were “saddle” clubs (cowboy-type equestrians); and a few were “buddy” clubs—guys who don’t own bikes, but who enjoyed buddy-riding. I would call all of these “leather-oriented,” although not all the members were SM people. In Los Angeles there were approximately seventeen such groups at the height of their popularity. San Francisco had about ten. As best I could estimate, New York counted eight or nine. There were two I knew of in Chicago, but my sources there were not the best, and there could have been a few more. *(There are fewer actual bike clubs today, but more SM-oriented men’s clubs; and of even more recent vintage, community “fetish” organizations that may well include lesbian women, heterosexuals, transsexuals, etc., in addition to the gay SM men. These “all-people” groups tend to be larger in number of members than the gay groups of which I originally wrote.—L.T.)*

Outside these metropolitan areas, it is rare to find a city with more than one or two such organized groups. Generally, the men’s clubs tend to be small in number of members. Fifteen would be a respectable size, and membership may drop to ten or less. Membership can be very demanding on a person’s time, especially if he belongs to a group which keeps a “point roster”—grading each guy’s attendance at functions sponsored by his own and the other clubs. Discipline within the organization may be fairly rigid, although I think most are getting away from this. In Los Angeles particularly, there are so many events it is almost impossible for a person to attend them all. *(Please remember that I am trying to edit my comments of twenty-five years ago to approximate more accurately the situation in the 1990s. For the most part, much of the bike scene remains the same, except that the points I made regarding their relevance to the SM community is less true today in the large metropolitan areas, where*

SM sex clubs have sprung up—but more true in smaller cities, where they may be the only organized leathergroups.—L.T.)

During the heyday of the bike clubs (late 1970s, into the 1980s) we saw a “new breed” developing insofar as the in-group standards were concerned. In years past, the clubs were beset with an almost-fearful preoccupation and need to retain an unblemished masculine image. Later, this loosened up to the point where some clubs put on social functions involving a wide variety of behaviors. There were carnivals where groups other than the sponsoring club could take booths, running games of chance and skill to bolster their treasuries and their names within the leather community. There were parties where the principal entertainment might be a drag-mime show...absolutely hilarious, but certainly reflective of the newer, relaxed attitude. I don't know that this is so bad, either. Some of the older club members looked askance, but I felt that not to be so afraid someone will question your status as a man was a much healthier situation.

(In my original text, I included a fairly extensive rundown on the changing scene as regarded the most popular makes of motorcycles, giving some statistics, prices, etc. Since none of this is currently relevant, I have deleted these couple of paragraphs. Interesting to note, though, that my comments twenty-five years ago had the Harley-Davidson being eclipsed slowly by foreign makes, whereas today the trend has been reversed, and the old “Hog” has come back into vogue.—L.T.)

From a sexual standpoint, the motorcycle presents an interesting enigma. I mean, regardless how sexy the damned thing is, how are you going to make a scene with it? Ah, human imagination is as infinite as its range of behavioral potentials! I know one biker who parks his machine in a closed garage and gets his greatest kicks by binding his M across the saddle and working him over in that position. By all reports, the Ms not only enjoy it, they usually come back for more.

I knew of another guy who lived in an apartment on the second

floor of an old duplex. Whenever possible, he would pick up a buddy-rider, bring the guy home, and the two of them would jerk that 700-pound Harley up the stairs and into the living room. The guy then ran a tube from the exhaust out the window, and made his scene on top of the bike while the engine was rumbling and vibrating beneath him. Again, the partners seemed very turned on by the whole thing! (I think it sounds pretty hot, myself; though that trip up the stairs might prove a little debilitating as a regular practice.)

I think the wildest scene I ever had described to me came in a letter from an extremely passionate devotee, a guy who accurately describes himself as: "The wildest fuckin' bike-boss in Boston!"

Hey, Larry, baby! I was real glad when I got your letter. I kinda didn't think you'd really bother answering me! As soon as I saw the title of your new book, I sent for one. These fuckin' stores in Boston cover up the prices and shove it right up the public asshole! It's a lot longer to wait, but I think for a couple of bucks, it's worth it.

You ask about sex in Boston; and, you know, it ain't so bad for crazy sex these days. Being near the ocean, all the foreign navies and tourists and students land here. I have had some real wild scenes with some real horny travelers...and they dig my action! I am Master, the fuckin' boss from the word "go!" The situation and the slave are in my command from the start. A few whiffs of a popper and b-a-b-y! But then, you know that!

I had this scene here at my place the other night. After a warm spell, I was on my bike, and I strafed along the waterfront until I found this sexy little sailor in tight whites and an ever-lovin' fuckin' basket halfway down to his knees. He had an ass like a pair of little pigs in a sugar sack, and hips about as wide as my two hands would go around...face that's pretty enough to be a girl, and longish blond hair, except he's man enough to turn me on—and I mean r-e-a-l-l-y flip me out, man!

I told him to climb on my bike and hang on, and I'm heading for home about as fast as my old hog can make it, 'cause my cock's so hard it's startin' to ache and there's no room for it in my skintight leathers. Well, this cat was wild for action! When I brought him back

to Chelsea, over the Mystic Bridge around 3:00 A.M., this fuckin' maniac gropes me like wild on my bike, so I stand up and he puts his hand under the old ass and pulls down the zipper on my leather pants. He reaches in and fights that hard rod out—man! Stiff as a fuckin' board with the cool wind blowing all down the length of it and the wet around the hole startin' to cover the head. All of a sudden, he lunges up with his head against the underside of my crotch and he hauls down on my prick—damn near breaks it in half before he gets his lips around it! In all my life, man, I ain't never had such a great feeling! Here I am, riding a mean Harley hog and having my cock sucked by a great little cocksucker, and the countryside's flyin' by, and if anybody'd come along he'd have seen me. But I didn't give a fuck, man! Wild! Wild! Try it sometime—nothing like it: roaring bike and wild hot, HOT lips sliding up and down along your joint!

You know, if this lousy letter-writing scene gets to be a drag for you, I can wait until I get out there. But I dig keeping in touch with other hot studs. Oh, by the way, if you're Boss, too, maybe we can latch on to some hot little slave and do our thing together! As you may have guessed, I spend every hour I'm awake, and not at work, in my skintight leathers. I own six pairs of pants, four jackets, a jumpsuit, and shirts up the fuckin' ass. And, you know, I've made more scenes just ridin' down the road and showing off myself and my leather! Christ, there's a fuckin' lot of takers—no shit!

Well, baby, I can hardly wait to meet you in person, and my cock's already standin' up for you. See you soon. Keep it stiff and hot for our scene!

I don't know exactly what the AMA would say about the safety implications of my New Englander's acrobatics, but you'll have to admit it was a different way! I haven't met this guy in person, and I don't know if he'll be quite wild enough to make it all the way to Los Angeles on his bike. I kind of hope he might; on his own saddle he must be as close as you're going to find to man-and-machine as one. As to my own feelings about owning a bike, I must confess to some ambivalence. Much as I would like to get back into this again, I am aware of the many problems it would

cause. The primary factor is time. I have never owned a heavy bike, hence never learned to ride one to my own satisfaction. With our present urban traffic problems, anyone who wheels himself into a stream of cars without knowing exactly what he's doing is really out of his gourd! That's time problem one. Next is learning to do the maintenance work, and finding the time for that!

Then, were I to acquire a bike again, I would certainly want to enjoy the advantages of membership in a club. That takes the most time of all. Like so many other guys, I have too many prior commitments really to get full value out of ownership. And how are you spending your "free time"? Beyond the financial considerations, you must think of this—what you'd want to do if you owned a bike, and how much time these things would cost you.

Believe me, owning a bike is not enough! You must know how to ride it properly; in fact, you must be a far more expert driver than you are behind the wheel of a car. On a motorcycle, you do not have half a ton of protective steel around you. If a dog runs in front of you on a slick street, you're in more danger than he is. You will also find a fair number of assholes on the road who have some sort of built-in hatred for the cyclist. They'll crowd you and try to box you in if you're behind them. If you're in front, they'll vary their speed to see how close they can come to touching your wheel with the bumper. In short, they seem intent on killing you, and every once in a while one of them succeeds. If you are not 100 percent in rapport with your machine, you simply won't last long.

In the city particularly you will find that insurance against theft is all but prohibitive. This is especially true if you own a Harley or any of the other heavy, more valuable models. There are criminal rings that go to any lengths to steal a bike, and once it's gone, that's it! In less than twenty-four hours, your once proud possession will be stripped to its components and will have become part of a dozen or more other motorcycles. The insurance companies know this, and they set their rates accordingly. Knowing the dangers

of riding with the number of maniacs we have on our public streets...having had a couple of bad scares, myself...I now find it somewhat traumatic to climb up behind someone as a buddy-rider. Unless I know the guy very well, and unless I've seen him display the necessary degree of competence, I'm not about to trust him. Of course, buddy-riding is an art in itself. To do it well requires its own set of skills, in addition to complete faith in the guy whose waist you're clinging to. You must not try to interfere with the driver's balance. It becomes a matter of suppressing your automatic urge to lean toward one side or the other. You must sit perfectly still and relaxed, utilizing more or less the same set of conditioned "lack of reflexes" as when riding a horse at full gallop. If you don't have total faith in your driver this is very difficult to do.

Creature comfort is another consideration, and for many it is the main deterrent. To me, a long trip in a Volkswagen Bug is every bit as fatiguing, however, and with nothing but a gas tank in front of you, I think it's every bit as dangerous. On a bike I also like the idea of not having a backseat full of people I'd just as soon not be bothered with.

What appeals to many a biker is this very element of danger, which he knows he is conquering by his skill. He is in the open, with the air streaming across his body, able to see the ground flashing by beneath his feet. Only an equestrian can come close to understanding the sensation without having actually experienced it. It is virile, and it is masculine—as fraught with sexuality as it is with danger.

Your favorite shrink will tell you it is the same syndrome that grips the sports car driver or a "hot" jet pilot. It's a need to feel oneself the master of one's environment and in control of a machine that is capable of infinitely greater speed and power than a man can generate on his own. Whatever the cause, be it the thrill of speed, the satisfaction of surviving the dangers, or just the exquisite sense of freedom, those who own a motorcycle take

their greatest pride and pleasure from its use. If they don't, they have no business playing at it. These are generally the guys who refuse to devote the necessary time and effort; they are frequently the ones who are injured or killed in accidents...accidents that should never have happened. If you can't do it right—be it for lack of time, or enthusiasm for *all* aspects of ownership—whatever the reason, forget it!

I cannot expect that all who read these lines will agree, or understand what I am trying to express. Like leathersex itself, it takes the experience of exposure to appreciate. As a fluffy friend replied not long ago, when asked if he'd ever owned a bike, "Oh, sure...a Schwinn!"

CHAPTER 9
Booze and Drugs

I am not going to dwell very long on the subject of dope. I happen to believe that the best trip is a sex trip—sex and very little else. Whereas a few drinks may relax you and help to lower your inhibitions, any narcotic can be treacherous. Under these influences, an M may encourage activities he will later regret. A hopped-up S can be deadly—literally. Despite my own strong feelings, I shall try to be objective and to express the opinions of other people as well as my own. I know there are many guys who feel deprived if they do not go into a leatherscene with some form of artificial stimulation. As alcohol is the most time-honored form, and still the most popular (and the only one that's legal), I will deal with that before going on to the others.

If I were to go M for the evening, I would be somewhat suspicious of an S who refused to take a drink. This sort of person is sometimes a little too cold and calculating, and I have found the behavior patterns of the rigid abstainers to be more frightening than otherwise. The old maxim *in vino veritas* is very true. With a couple

of drinks under his belt, a man will usually be a good deal freer in expressing himself, thus giving his prospective bottomman a better insight into what's in store for him. If you can spot a trace of humor or joviality, it is a good deal more comfortable than going into an exchange with a stern, taciturn unknown. With enough to drink, the surly, hostile components of a man's personality are also more likely to show, and you are better forewarned ahead of time. Thus, in moderation, I see nothing wrong with a few drinks—beer or otherwise—prior to a session. Drunkenness to the point of incoherence, of course, is quite another story. *(More so today than previously, many people have had substance-abuse problems and have taken measures to bring their lives under better control. I might therefore mitigate my remark about not trusting a man who won't take a drink. If I know he's long-term AA, for instance, so be it.—L.T.)*

The use of amyl nitrite—or “poppers”—has long been popular, especially with the younger guys who play mostly M. Again, I cannot see any great harm in this, assuming that you have a healthy heart and body. *(There is some concern that heavy use of poppers can adversely affect the immune system, but I think you would have to be a true, long-term abuser before this would make much difference. I have even had people tell me that sniffing amyl in a JO session can cause AIDS, which is totally ludicrous! The problem is finding pure materials, and not using questionable substitutes.—L.T.)*

Ironically enough, perhaps the greatest danger stems from Federal law requiring a prescription to buy amyl produced by a reputable drug manufacturer. It used to be possible to buy your poppers off the counter. Now, many guys are using the liquid variety that is made in the kitchen or basement of the supplier. Some of these home brews are OK; others can be dangerous. Unless you know who made it, you may be taking quite a chance. Amyl nitrite is inhaled, and basically all it does is to dilate the blood vessels leading to and from the heart, causing it to pump faster. Taking a whiff of amyl, especially just prior to climax, can send you into

another world! But if you don't know where the stuff comes from, you might not return. Properly used, it can be very exciting; and even if you don't find it much of a turn-on yourself, it is sometimes advisable to have a small supply on hand. Your partner may really dig it, and you may find him so dependent on it that he isn't very good without it. Incidentally, the law is rather vague on possession of this particular commodity. I've never heard of anyone getting busted for "possession," though I expect dealing in it would be another story.

The great debate still rages as to whether marijuana is a sex stimulant or not. I think it is largely a matter of your own orientation; i.e., if you think it is, it is. I tend to be rather skeptical of those harbingers of doom who claim that smoking grass produces long-term physical damage. Perhaps it can, but I think one would have to smoke a hell of a lot, over a very long period of time, before there would be any significant, lasting effects. While I do not personally feel the need, I know there are some guys who cannot perform adequately without it. I think it's a mistake to allow yourself to become so dependent on any artificial stimulus (psychological or physical), but if you've brought home a really hunky number and that's his bag, what are you going to do? If he's the M and you're the S, your only serious problem is how willing you are to risk the legal penalties. If you're the M, and your S is going to smoke himself into a state of muted judgment, you might do well to think twice before allowing him to place you in a position of helplessness. (I would say the same for hash, which is sometimes easier to get than grass in some parts of the country.)

This concern over potential lack of judgment must color your attitude toward any other form of drug. I know that mescaline has also been popular from time to time, and many guys go through these scenes with no difficulty. Again, it doesn't make much difference if the M trips out; but if the S is going to use it, you are facing a set of potential dangers. The effects of mescaline are somewhat

similar to grass—at least, by outward appearance, and as regards the ability of the user to exercise his normal cognitive processes. I would say your safety limit for an S is something equivalent to a marijuana user's three-joint high—not too spread out, and *always* with sufficient time lapse between his ingesting the drug and the start of the action. To be really safe, there should be someone in the room who has had no mescaline. As an M, you don't want to be tied down and helpless as you watch your S continue to lose contact with reality. *(We might also note that over the years the narcotic effect of marijuana has increased. With today's more potent products, yesterday's "three-joint high" is closer to one joint. To some extent, the same may be true of some other "natural" hallucinogenics, like mescaline.—L.T.)*

The use of uppers (Dexedrine, Benzedrine—any amphetamine) and downers (Seconal or any other barbiturate) never used to be common among leathermen of my acquaintance. I think these were products most of us used to regard as "greasy kid stuff." I know that many narcotics, that were not even known when I originally wrote this chapter, are now commonly to be found in many diverse situations. This is unfortunate, and dangerous. I have no experience with them and tend to reject potential sex partners who are under their influence. That is much safer from the standpoint's of both safe sex and legality. If you choose to use them, you will have to seek advice from someone who has experienced them. If the S indicates he's going to pop a bunch of pills, I would strongly caution the M not to allow himself to be placed in a situation where he can't do anything about it. Your only protection lies in the assumption that your partner knows what he's doing. If he's too strung out on anything, he isn't going to be in full control of himself.

Strictly forbidden as far as I'm concerned are acid, intravenous speed, angel dust, heroin—any other "hard" narcotic or any powerful hallucinogenic. If a guy needs these to sustain him through the action, he doesn't belong in the leather scene. Anyone who submits himself to an S in this condition is suicidally stupid. The

chances are that a person who feels the need for hard or hallucinogenic drugs is not really tripping on the sexual exchange. He is going to be incapable of exercising proper judgment, and may suddenly turn on you in a fit of schizoid hostility. If you even suspect your partner is using one of these preparations, break it off! Immediately! At least you'll live to regret the loss!

Returning to my original premise, I reiterate my firm belief that the greatest trip is sex, baby...SEX! As a good friend of mine maintains: "Fucking, sucking, and rimming!" There is no more satisfying narcotic than the physical ecstasy of uninhibited leather-sex with a really hot partner. If it takes a little booze or a little grass to get the other guy wound down, I'm willing to go along. More than this, forget it! I feel that this is the only healthy, sane approach. If you're needlessly rigid on the subject of artificial stimulants, you are going to miss out on too many pleasurable experiences. If you're too liberal about it, you can get into serious trouble. Moderation in all things, as the Chinese sages told us...and those guys were around for a long, long time! (*Were I to have written these lines today, I might not have included rimming in such a positive context. Although many of our safe-sex gurus maintain that the practice is "low risk," all the heavy rimmers I knew when I first wrote these lines are no longer with us.—L.T.*)

Of the lot, I am most comfortable using and having my partner use alcohol. In great excess, it can have a debilitating effect, as we all know. In lesser quantities, it can serve the greatest range of needs. A few years back, I used to be particularly hot for servicemen...Marines were by far my favorite choice. I was in the early stages of turning S in those days, and I found a lot of leathernecks whose basic masochism (I felt) had led them to enlist in the first place. It frequently took a little time, a little talk, and a little beer to bring out the best in them.

I lived in the San Fernando Valley at the time, in a small home I had bought on the G.I. Bill. I used to cruise the Hollywood area,

trying to hit it just about the time the USO closed on a Friday or Saturday night. The Vietnam War was then at its height, and there were always a good number of guys in town from Camp Pendleton and El Toro. I picked up a guy one night who was hitchhiking with a couple of his buddies. They were trying to get back downtown to wherever it was they were staying. I have always been leery of taking on more than one serviceman at a time, but I was driving a two-seater Corvette, and this made it possible to offer a ride to just one of them. As I stopped beside the group—all three in uniform—I noted that any of them would have done nicely. But there was one I particularly liked. Fortunately, it was he who poked his head in the window.

“I can take one of you,” I told him.

He smiled and nodded, though his expression was not definitive enough for me to be sure we were on the same wavelength. He turned to his friends and talked to them for a moment; then he opened the door and got in. He was eighteen, I discovered; small and rather slender, with light blue eyes and very close-cropped dark blond hair. He was obviously just out of boot camp, very spit-and-polish. I drove around with him for a while, trying to get him to commit himself before I made the long drive home. My usual procedure was to push the issue until the guy either indicated his willingness or rejected the whole scene. Sometimes, if he seemed to be just trade, I might do him as a warm-up and continue my search for a partner. I never wasted time driving home with a number I didn't feel had a fair potential for some two-sided action.

The Marine told me his name was Roger. When we shook hands his grip was firm, but his palm was very damp. I always took this as a good sign, because it meant he was a little nervous, and this implied his awareness of my intent. All these young kids were attracted to my Corvette, of course, and enjoyed riding in it. This gave me a little extra leeway to feel them out, simply by offering to “drive around for a while.”

After fifteen or twenty minutes, I still had not been able to ascertain what Roger's bag might be. He was friendly and seemingly accepting, but I detected a certain element of lethargic unconcern—made me think of Lolita munching an apple while her older paramour attempted making serious love to her. Finally, I drove into a darker area and ventured putting my hand on his thigh—a sure way to resolve it, one way or the other. (If your quarry outweighs you by twenty pounds or more, I do not recommend this practice. With Roger, the size/weight advantage was mine.) When I touched him, Roger slipped down a bit in the bucket seat and hung his left arm over the back, turning slightly toward me as he did so. This was a sure indication that he wanted a blowjob, at least, and my usual S.O.P. was to get the guy's cock out and then see how much further he might be willing to go. Accordingly, I worked his zipper down the track, doing it with one hand and receiving no assistance when it hung up on a curl of cloth. I had reached a conveniently dark patch along a vacant curb before I actually got it out, so I pulled up, set the brake, put out the lights, and leaned across to use both hands. What I pulled out of his pants was an enormous semitumescent tube, warm and beautifully formed, slightly moist about the tip beneath an exquisite loose, wrinkled foreskin! This was obviously worth more than a quick session in the car, so I asked him if he'd like to go to my place for a beer.

"Sure, I guess so," he said casually.

All the way home, I continued to play with his fat, barely responding cock. It never got hard, and Roger never made any move to reciprocate. By the time I pulled into my garage, I was beginning to have serious doubts regarding his potential performance. But I'd extended the invitation and was committed for at least a beer and a blowjob. Anyway, it was still early, I thought. If I didn't get more than the bare bones, I could still go back for another try. Besides, Roger had a truly luscious hunk of meat! I took my Marine in the back way, noting that he never bothered to poke his iron back inside

his fly. It flopped about in loose fleshy ponderance as he followed me with a rambling nonchalance that only heightened my previous apprehensions. As yet there had not been the slightest indication that he intended to reciprocate. We sat side by side on the living-room couch, and I opened a couple of cans of beer. Roger drank half of his in a single gulp, leaned back against the cushions with his thighs spread and his impressive manhood hanging down so the head was resting on the surface between his legs. I was about to resume my interrupted kneading of his cock when I realized my guest was glancing about the room, his eyes pausing every so often on the bottles I kept on a portable serving table.

"Would you like something stronger?" I asked him.

"Well, back where I come from," he replied in a bit of a drawl, "we like to use the beer as a chaser."

I brought a bottle of whiskey and a pair of shot glasses to the coffee table, pouring one for each of us. Roger bolted the double shot and washed it down with the rest of his beer. I got him a fresh one and we sat together drinking for about another half-hour. I was imbibing less than one for every two of his, and I was already feeling a glow seep through my guts, a flush of heat moving down both arms and legs. I had not touched Roger again since replenishing his can of beer. Suddenly he turned to me, his bird-of-prey eyes a trifle glassy. "Stand up," he muttered.

Not really sure of his intent, I stood. Roger scooted across the couch to sit directly in front of me, mumbled something about "eating crow" and buried his face in my groin. I could feel his lips moving against me through the cloth of my jeans. A few seconds later, he had slipped onto his knees between myself and the couch. He held up his hands, reached under my shirt and ran his warm, moist palms across my stomach and around the sides of my body. Eventually his fingers met at my fly, and he worked the buttons open awkwardly. He pawed down the left thigh and worried my rod free of its tight enclosure. By that time I'd sprung a full, raging

hard-on. While his lips closed about the head, he unfastened the final button on my jeans and worked my balls free as well. He stroked and caressed them as he started sliding the entire extension deep into his throat. I was balancing myself by gripping the hard round of muscle above his shoulders, swaying back and forth from the violence of his motions and from my own reeling senses.

At length he sat back and looked up at me. His fingers began unfastening his shirt idly. He was wearing a light beige summer uniform, tailored to fit him closely. In a moment he'd bared his chest, and his narrow hips supported the sagging weight of web belt and the upper portion of his pants. His cock was finally erect, bouncing in fleshy majesty as—still seated—he reached down to untie his brogues. They were high lace-ups, and his trousers had been bloused inside them. It took him several moments to get them off, during which time he didn't say anything. I waited expectantly though, because I could tell he wanted to speak and supposed he was just a little bashful. I was still surprised, of course, at his abrupt change of manner, and almost paralyzed from the fantastic residual sensation of his hot eager lips about my joint.

"Can...can we go outside?" he asked in a choked whisper.

"Yeah...sure," I told him. My backyard was enclosed with heavy hedges on one side, the garage and laundry room on the other. There was a large unused grassy area in the very back...also surrounded by hedges, where the former owners had set a pair of T-shaped galvanized steel uprights to support a clothesline. Roger finished stripping off his uniform and stood up, moving with an imploring attitude toward the kitchen door.

I had slipped out of my shirt, but still wore my Levi's and boots. "Don't take 'em off...please," he begged in the same harsh whisper. He took my hand, still watching me with that intense almost-pleading expression. He must have expected me to refuse as he started once again for the door. Now, I would not say Roger was drunk, although he had belted down at least six or seven shots.

But he certainly “had a glow on,” and as a result he had broken through his former wall of reserve...just how far through I had yet to discover.

He paused a moment on the doorstep, getting the lay of the land before he made his way toward the back of my lot. Then he spun about abruptly. He faced me and knelt on the grass. He seized my cock and used it to draw me toward him until his lips could close about the crown again. He stayed there, naked, kneeling, moaning softly as he swung on me, twisting his head from side to side as he forced the mass of cock down his throat. He tried to hold it, choked and gagged, spewed up phlegm all along its length. After that, his lips slid fast and hard; he slammed his head against my groin, drew back, pausing when he held only the tip, savoring it with his tongue and looking up at me as I stood with my legs widespread, hands on my hips, swaying in response to his aggressive enthusiasm.

Without warning he released me and toppled backward. His body was balanced and suspended between his feet, which were doubled back beneath his ass; his arms supported the weight of his chest and shoulders. “Let me have it!” he rasped. “All over my cock and tits and belly!”

I was just green enough not to be certain, just experienced enough to guess correctly. He wanted me to piss on him, but the sight of his tight little body—flexed and hard in its present position, reflecting the night lights to further emphasize his physical beauty—all this contributed to such a hard arousal that I was doubtful I could comply. Finally I had to close my eyes and concentrate, willing my cock to soften enough for the other plumbing to connect. I tried to picture Niagara Falls, finally settled for the image of my bathtub faucet. The first drops came in a meager spurt, barely enough for me to feel it. Roger responded violently however, sighing and twisting as the spray struck his chest. Gradually the deluge gathered and built, seeped down my prick and struck him with a light steady trickle.

His moans seemed loud enough to wake the neighbors, but I didn't really care. I was spurting out across him, playing the stream up and down the center of his body, soaking him, feeling the splattered excess ricochet and strike my lower legs. On an impulse, I aimed the gushing flood against his throat and beneath his chin. At this point in my leather career, I had never had a trick who wanted it in his mouth, and I wondered. But Roger wasn't quite that far along. Instead he shoved himself upward, eyes and mouth clamped tightly closed, moving his face into the full warm rain of piss. I was almost running dry by then and tried to hold it back a little while he struggled onto his knees and knelt before me as he had before. Only now his head was bowed, so he took my final flow into his hair and down the back of his neck.

When I finally finished, Roger was kneeling in a wide puddle, splotches of mud and grass sticking to his legs and all across his backside. He reached out to seize my cock again, fondled my balls and the semisoftened shaft. He glanced around and spied the T-shaped posts for the clothesline. "Wow!" he whispered. "You ever use that?"

"Not for clothes," I told him. In truth I had never used it for anything.

"What do you use it for?" he asked softly.

"Get your ass over there and I'll show you," I said.

He stood before one of the uprights, facing it with his back to me. There were still a few strands of old clothesline dangling from the crossbeams, so I used these to tie his wrists to either end of the horizontal bar. I pulled the leather belt from my jeans before struggling free of them, then pulled my boots back on. I stood behind him, naked as he except for the heavy construction-worker foot-gear. "You want your butt warmed a little?" I asked.

"Yeah," he gasped.

"Yeah," I repeated. I slapped him gently across the ass with the folded belt. "Yeah? That how they teach you in the Corps?"

"Sir! No, sir!" he snapped.

"Would they punish you for saying 'Yeah'?" I demanded.

"Sir! Yes, sir!"

"Think I should punish you?"

"Sir! Yes, sir!"

I let him have it across the ass and back, hoping the sound would not produce a curious investigation from one of my neighbors, but aroused at the same time by the potential danger. My rod was again at full erection, and I was standing close enough for its jutting length to snap and slide across his cheeks, its contact interspersed with the crack of leather upon his taut, straining flesh. His tightly stretched body was gleaming with sweat, forming highlights along the upper sides of his shoulders and inside the wide V of his upraised arms. He had grasped the bar with both hands to ease the stress of his bonds, and this extra output of energy made his muscles stand out all the more.

After a while, I hung the belt over Roger's shoulder and eased myself against the heated glow of his ass, gingerly pressing my chest into the channel along his spine. I could feel the sticky moisture—his sweat, my own piss, the dried bits of grass and grime—transfer themselves to me. My palms grazed his chest as I drew harder against him, gripped down and closed about his nipples. I squeezed until I heard him suck in sharply. He reared back, driving my cock between his thighs so that it pressed desperately into the constricted hollow of warmth. Then he shifted his feet, and my prod surged upward, its spongy strength pressed upon the underside of Roger's crotch. He wriggled again, more deliberately this time as I lessened the pressure of my fingers. His hard, round cheeks were moving in a subtle shallow arc across my loins. He forced my cock to twist from side to side, enclosed by the firm-fleshed pincers of his legs.

"All you fuckin' Marines like to take it up the ass, don't you, punk?" I whispered harshly.

He didn't reply immediately, so I grasped his tits again, squeezing them hard and twisting the nipples until I made him bend his knees. This only drove his ass more deeply into the reciprocating arch of my body. "Yes! Yes, sir!" he gasped.

By that time I had to piss again, so I quickly dropped my hands to his tiny hips, seized his buttocks and pried them open. I placed my cockhead to the crack of his ass, closed my eyes and waited for the flood to come. I never softened this time—at least not very much. As the stream of fluid rushed across him, I held my knees against the backs of his and rammed my cock deeper inside the recess. More by luck than design, I touched his puckered pink rosette and pressed against it while the warm flow continued between us. I entered him, sliding on the coating of my discharge, listening to his sighs and groans as my searing cascade found its terminus deep within his body.

I fucked him as he stood there, drawing back and hauling him against me, grasping his waist and forcing him upon my desperately pulsing shaft. I could feel the tides of heat rush through him, sensed the pool of moisture I'd deposited as it oozed out from his body, spilling against my thighs as I drove myself into him. My pounding thrusts made a series of slapping, rubbery sounds, the seepage keeping our contact slick and slippery—covering my balls as I forced him furiously against me. The metal frame was creaking from the hard use we were giving it, and several times I forced Roger backward until his toes were barely touching the ground.

The atmosphere about us was warm, but every time I drew back enough to allow the passage of air between us I was reminded of our being in the open, naked beneath the glow of sky, braving the danger of discovery. Neither of us was taking any further pains to keep our action quiet, and I shuddered later when I thought about it. At that moment nothing mattered but the urgency of our joining, the sensation of grasping flesh about my own aching, driving need. My lust boiled up in a surge of sensual fire. I slammed myself

against him, sank my iron to its fullest. I reached around and grabbed his cock, remembering suddenly that its tremendous size had been the original incentive for bringing him home. I pumped it with my hand as I pounded against him, into him. I felt his bloated column fill and swell, responding to the battering of my own rod within his body. I felt him tremble, heard him gasp that I was going to make him cum. "Go ahead!" I whispered. "Shoot it, punk! Shoot your load!"

I came a moment after he did, while his viscous discharge trickled from him, and my hand began to rub its creamy essence across his belly. Thickly, it mixed with the half-dry residue of piss and the sweat that trickled down from the golden mat of hair upon his chest.

I released him, and we showered together before crawling into bed. He'd seen my camera, standing as it frequently did on a tripod in one corner of the bedroom. I was on the verge of sleep when Roger came back to life again. He urged me to take his picture, begged me until I ordered him to get his cock at full attention. This started us off anew, and our action lasted through most of the night. He stayed through until late Sunday afternoon, and I asked him to call the next time he got a weekend pass. Had he been a local boy, we might have had quite a thing going, because he returned three more times and later wrote me from his post in Vietnam. Then—damn that stupid war!—his letters ceased abruptly.

But Roger was a classic case in point, a guy who needed the effects of alcohol to lessen his tensions and inhibitions. Each time he visited me, we always belted down the boilermakers before we made our scene. He'd given me the answer on that first Sunday morning. "Booze does it every time," he said, grinning at me as I knelt astride his naked chest.

"Ever use anything else?" I asked.

"Never," Roger said firmly. "Who needs it?"

CHAPTER 10
Of Friendship and Lovers

As several of our classic writers have pointed out, Sacher-Masoch in particular, the SM love relationship is doomed by its very nature. Over a period of time, as the affection of the S becomes deeper and more mature, he is unable to provide the detached humiliation demanded by his partner's craving. At the same time, in seeking a harsher scorn, the M will make it impossible for the S to express a positive affection.

This is the theory, and in the relationships I have seen, it seems to have a substantial degree of validity. There are some SM combinations which last a long time, but all of the really extensive "marriages" with which I am familiar have resulted from a union that outlived the mutually exclusive sexual interests of the partners. Often the leatherman (S or M; it doesn't seem to matter) and a masculine nonleather (but accepting) guy will make the most stable combination. In such a marriage, the nonleather partner seldom—if ever—enters into his friend's sexual activities.

Regardless of the degree of mutual interest in leather, there

must be an emotional interdependence extending far beyond any aspect of physical love. Of course, this is true of any long-term love affair. With our people, such a bond can express itself on many levels—the desire to remain under the same roof is the only universal requisite. The two partners may share all or only a part of their social lives. They may engage in mutual sex activities that do not involve SM, or they might occasionally play light games between themselves or with a third party. Their normal sleeping arrangements will often be to share a bed, simply because each enjoys being near the other.

In trying to speak in generalities, I know I am going to run headlong into the exceptions, with the inevitable result of someone pointing out an example that doesn't fit. As I've noted before, human beings are far too variable to be classified into watertight compartments. This is an error made by the majority of "social scientists" when they do their periodic pieces on homosexuality for the major slicks. Yet the statistical averages tend to substantiate my beliefs, despite their being available solely on the basis of personal observation and from the opinions of others who are involved in the scene—men whose perceptive abilities I respect. Thus, I can only report a general conviction: If two partners try to limit their interaction to exclusive leathersex between themselves, it is a rare combination that will sustain its love relationship beyond a couple of years.

Spinoza called man a "social animal," and the leatherman is no exception. He must eventually choose between loneliness or taking a chance on a living partner. A roommate can be the answer, at least for a limited time. Many men go this route because they fear a more restrictive relationship. There are others who are—or who seem to be—perfectly happy living alone. But the majority, I think, will eventually reach a point in their lives where emotional needs are greater than this. For nearly all of us, the time comes when we seriously seek a spouse, whether we choose to call him a roommate,

a lover, a business partner...whatever. And when this time comes, it presents the full range of problems that any homosexual liaison encounters...plus....

Without the legal ties, communal property, and children—those elements which tend to hold the heterosexual marriage together through its periods of stress—a gay guy is free to pick up and leave whenever the going gets rough. We see more than 40 percent of our “straight” marriages ending on the rocks, even with these social and financial supports. Is it any wonder our own relationships seem so transitory? If the day ever comes when two persons of the same sex can enter into a state of legal matrimony, it will be interesting to see how the odds stack up.

Add to the preexisting difficulties of the average gay guy the demanding needs of the leatherman, and you have a genuine dilemma—or so it seems. I think the most redeeming feature for most of us can be found in the very source of the problem. A guy who is able to achieve his sexual release in the SM scene does not generally carry these tensions into his domestic relationship. (Another generalization!) Still, it is my feeling that a person who is able to find complete release in his sexual activities is less troubled by nebulous underlying tensions than one who is afraid fully to express himself. In a sense, your uninhibited leatherman comes out of his periodic sessions in much the same emotional condition as a client after a successful hour on the couch-of-catharsis. And to be perfectly honest, I think the former result is more common than the latter.

What this can mean in the day-to-day living situation, especially if this situation involves the aforementioned asexual relationship, is the elimination of unrequited sexual desire as a factor. If you're not having sex with your roommate, it gives you one less subject to argue about. It's as simple as that. And if your outside activities are providing a sufficient release for your own particular needs, you are not sublimating these frustrations into

complaints about the division of household chores or bitch-fights because the poor kid burned the pork chops. Don't misunderstand me. I do not imply that a guy's being "leather" is going to result in his having the perfect gay marriage. Leather is no panacea. I merely wish to emphasize that a sexually satisfied man is easier to get along with.

To pull these strands of thought together, I am suggesting that a man who is already involved in the SM scene might best seek a companion who is not the "one and only" sex partner. We all grow older. The guy who is "exactly your type" today is not going to be the same ten years from now...or twenty. Neither are you. Choose a guy whom you like (or love) in the sense of a best friend. Try living together and see how it works. Give it time—a year or two, maybe more. Once you feel secure in the relationship, you can start building toward your mutual future. Two guys, both working, without the expense of dependent wives and kids, can accomplish a great deal. This is certainly not exclusive to the leather set, but some of the most stable gay marriages I have seen were based on exactly the premises I am describing.

One reason for my dwelling on this area is the leatherman's need for privacy. Some of the most frustrating experiences of my SM career have been occasioned by my host's living in an apartment. "We can't do that because the walls are paper thin!" With a double income, it becomes feasible to own or rent a large pad—preferably a house. Not only do you achieve your privacy, but such mutual ownership of property can provide the legal and financial ties to sustain your marriage through its periods of minor stress and strain. For some, this isn't going to work; for a great many others, it has been the answer.

Once you are living in your own home, or in a large enough place that you no longer need worry about the neighbors, you will enjoy a degree of freedom you never thought possible. With an understanding and cooperative roommate, you can attain a lifestyle that

complements your individual requirements. If you are a man who likes to use—or wants to construct—a more elaborate playground, these larger quarters can give you the necessary room. For someone who is more deeply involved in the scene, there are innumerable advantages that come with space and seclusion. (Ever consider “owning” a slave? See the next chapter!)

I realize that home ownership is easier and more common in the western states than in New York or other heavily populated portions of the Eastern Seaboard. Yet there are gay couples living in the commuter suburbs between Connecticut and the city. In other metropolitan areas—Washington, D.C., Houston, Atlanta, Chicago—many men own or rent condominiums or other large apartments with nearly soundproof walls and floors. There are gay ghettos in the centers of SM action. New York has its Chelsea /Greenwich Village; in San Francisco, there’s the Castro Valley and a wide area surrounding it. In Los Angeles there are several pockets of predominantly gay homeowners in Silverlake (the Swish Alps), Hollywood, and West Hollywood; Houston has its Montrose section. Then there’s Laguna Beach, Fire Island, and large gay communities in or near popular retirement areas such as Palm Springs—many others.

Although I have known many couples who seem to have achieved a stable lifestyle, I think the most successful was a pair of guys I shall call Len and Augie. When I first met them, they were already well established, having been together for eight or nine years. At the time of which I speak, their relationship had lasted closer to twenty. Len was deeply involved in leather, being one of the best-known Topmen in Los Angeles. A man in his middle fifties, his bearing was youthful, and his body was still lean and supple. Augie was somewhat younger, and had only a casual interest in the SM scene. I am not sure exactly what sexual relationship existed between the two of them, but I know they shared a bed and had owned their own home for nearly all the

time of our acquaintance. Len was a house painter; Augie managed a small, successful men's shop.

These two men had lived together long enough that their love no longer depended upon whatever sexual interactions they shared. Neither was there any problem of hurt feelings or jealousy when Len "did his thing." I was at their home for dinner one evening when Len described his most recent exploit. He did this in Augie's presence; and far from displaying any ill will, his spouse contributed a few details when Len omitted them. I think the experience illustrates the ease with which the two of them maintained their nearly ideal marriage combination:

I'd been working over the weekend to finish a job, mostly because I'd promised to get it done, although the people who owned the apartment building were away. Anyhow, I was dressed in white coveralls and work shoes, not wearing anything underneath because it was hot in the apartment with the electricity off and no air conditioning. I was sweaty by the time I finished—about four on Sunday afternoon—so my clothes were sticking to me. I went outside to find a phone booth, because I promised Augie I'd check in when I was ready to leave...find out what plans he'd made for dinner and so forth.

I tried to call home, but I got the answering service. He'd left a message to meet him at (the home of some mutual friends) for dinner. I was supposed to get there at least by seven, and that was fine. It gave me time to clean up without rushing, and maybe to lie down and rest my eyes for an hour or so.

As I came out of the booth, though, I realized that a really good-looking guy was sitting a few feet away in a Caddy convertible. I'd seen him pull up while I was talking to the service, and after a second glance I recognized him. (Len mentioned the name of a well-known movie actor whom I shall call Sean: about thirty-five, tall, lean, naturally symmetrical build, dark hair and light, expressive eyes.) We never exchanged names—at least not last names, but I'm sure that's who it was. Augie thought so, too; but that's later on.

Anyway, when I saw the guy looking at me, I stopped a minute

beside the booth and lighted a cigarette. At this Sean got out of the car and came over to me. He looked me up and down, and without any other introductions, he says, "I bet you got a real swingin' cock."

"Sometimes," I told him.

"Like now?" he asked.

Well, I'd heard just enough about this guy to guess what his scene probably was, so I told him, "Sure, want to follow me to my place?"

Sean agreed, and he stayed right behind my pickup all the way to the house. When we were inside, I suggested it might be best if I took a shower, but Sean shook his head. "Not necessary—not for me, anyway."

"I've got some things in the garage that might interest you," I told him.

He nodded and got up from where he'd been sitting on the sofa. He followed me through the kitchen, where I grabbed a couple of beers from the refrigerator, and out to the garage. I'd just finished building my rack out there...two-by-fours with leather crosspieces, holes cut out at the essential places. That plus the other things I had hanging around the walls seemed to really turn him on! He had my cock out of my coveralls in about two seconds—went down on it, sweat and all, while he started shrugging out of his shirt and pants at the same time. He'd begun by sucking my cock and balls—the whole works down his throat; but when I started to get hard, he had to choose between one or the other.

He took my balls first, lapped them all around, running his tongue through the creases along the crotch—seemed to be after all the sweat and grime he could find. I'll have to admit, he had me going. And when he started on my cock, running his tongue around under the foreskin and reaching up to pinch my tits at the same time, I knew I'd either have to take over or shoot my load before I'd gotten half-started.

"Get your butt up on that rack!" I told him and, much to my surprise, he dropped everything and crawled across to it.

"Face up or down...sir?" he asked.

"Down," I told him.

He flopped over on his belly, let his cock and balls fall through

the hole in the leather, laid his arms and legs along the two-by-fours. I strapped him down and went to work on him; used a belt across his ass, and after a while I switched to a studded job. He just went crazy! Twisted and groaned, pulled so hard at the restraints I wondered if he'd break free. I picked up a good-sized dildo, and started to smear some lube on it. He watched me with his eyes half-closed, licking his lips and sighing. "Don't—you don't need...too much of that, sir," he whispered.

And I didn't! I shoved the damned thing into him until it would have disappeared up his ass, except for the flange at the bottom. I could see his cock poking out underneath, springy hard, and his balls swaying every time he moved. I wrapped a chain around them and hung some weights...made him keep 'em swinging and whopped his butt whenever they slowed down. I expanded the rack—slid the two-by-fours until he was stretched so tight he could hardly move. By this time, his ass and back were red as a lobster...bruises starting to bleed a little in a couple of places. I'd dropped my coveralls by then, and I put on a harness and hood...really seemed to turn him on more, if that was possible.

Finally I sat down straddling the rack and shoved my cock down his throat...made him swing on it until he retched, slapping his ass with the belt if he didn't keep the weights swaying at the same time. When I pulled off to give him a breather, he looked up at me...tears running down his face from the effort of taking me. "I...don't mean you aren't plenty for any man, sir," he tells me, "but if you want to give my body to someone else, too...you know, loan me out for a little while, that'd be OK, too."

"Well, at that hour on a Sunday afternoon, I knew I wouldn't be able to get any of the regular leatherguys—big run that weekend that I'd have been on, except that I had to work, so I called Augie on the garage extension, and I told him he'd better come home for a little while. He got the picture right away and said he'd be there in a few minutes. I went back to Sean and I told him I'd sent for the best leatherman west of the Rockies, and that he'd better not embarrass me by doing a lousy job. I wrapped a blindfold around his eyes, and I let him swing on me again for a little bit until Augie got there.

I pulled away, motioned for Augie to get his clothes off, and when he was ready, I told him to take my place in front of Sean.

"Now, you cocksuckin' punk, you do a good job," I told him, and I gave his ass another few stripes to let him know I meant business. He started gobbling Augie like a kid after an all-day sucker, and while he was doing that I pulled the dildo out of his ass. I could hear him trying to say something, but all he could do was make a gurgling, gagging mutter, because Augie was letting him have it...shoving his cock all the way down Sean's gullet and pulling it out just long enough to let him draw a breath.

I settled myself down on top of his nice tight little ass, and I fucked him while he was doing Augie. The guy was just in heaven! He couldn't move a muscle, and he was getting two stiff cocks shoved into him at the same time. Even after the dildo, his ass was gripping my rod like a hand milking a cow—and hot! Whew, let me tell you! That guy had a real furnace inside him!

Anyway, I kept him going even after Augie had left, and I was a little late for dinner because of it. He said he'd never had a better workout, and when he was ready to leave—both of us dressed again and all—he got down on his knees once more and sucked my cock. It was soft and I'd already come twice—just couldn't make it again right away. Still, he seemed to enjoy just swingin' on it soft, and that's what he did until I told him we'd have to quit. And that was it. He left, and he's never called back, although he asked for my number and I gave it to him. That's what makes me so sure he's who I think he is. Of course, Augie saw him only with the blindfold on, so he couldn't be sure, either.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure," Augie told me. "I remember that whipping scene in his last picture, and it was the same guy, all right!"

"I thought you didn't dig the leatherscene," I said kiddingly. In the past, Augie had always disclaimed any interest in his friend's activities.

He shrugged. "I'm always available in an emergency," he said with a grin.

"But he won't do much more than he did with Sean," Len added.

I remember, after I left that night, I continued to think about Len's account and I began to appreciate Augie as I never had

before. He was a sexually active guy, with no particular interest in leather or SM. Yet he accepted Len's involvement, probably taking a vicarious pleasure in his friend's exploits—perhaps some pride in his reputation among the other leatherpeople. It simply was not his bag, and by choice he went another route. For this particular pair of guys, it was a completely satisfactory arrangement. Each had found the proper counterpart for his own emotional needs. Perhaps it was pure dumb luck; or maybe it was a matter of being mature enough to know when they'd found a good thing. Whatever the reasons, Len and Augie had found the answer. So have many others.

CHAPTER II
The True M

When I speak of the “True M,” I refer to an experienced guy—one who has played the scene often enough and diversely enough to know exactly what he’s doing and what he wants. He may be quite young, or much older. He will have definite limits, established likes and dislikes. He will have devised effective methods for communicating these to his partner without upsetting the dominance/submission relationship. He will probably have been mastered by enough good men that no unskilled amateur is going to satisfy him. He can “read” the S well enough to have a fair idea of the impending basic parameters.

I was rather interested one night; while discussing the format of this chapter with a guy whom I consider a foremost M, to have him go into a description of things he is able to deduce from the behavior of his Top before the action starts. “If he doesn’t take off any of his own clothes, I know he’s not going to let me cum. And unless he makes me get all the way naked in the beginning, there’s a

better than fifty-fifty chance he won't ever touch my genitals during the entire scene." My friend went on from here, and I was surprised by the accuracy of his predictions when I posed several hypothetical situations for him, based on guys I know and whose habits I'm familiar with.

Although Ms will vary in many respects, those I speak of in this context are the elite, the sought-after practitioners of their art. For some—definitely a minority—severe physical abuse is the ultimate bag. I have seen Ms who simply couldn't be hurt enough—whippings, insertion of sharp instruments through the skin, hard pressure applied to sensitive areas, enormous dildos up the ass. For others, the principal interest is bondage, maybe suspension. If the S wishes to punish him, such an M will take it as a condition of the scene, but the scourge is not his basic fetish.

For a great many Ms, humiliation is desired most. This may be in the form of verbal abuse, or it may manifest itself in various physical forms. For example, the M may be quite literally treated as a dog—walked on a leash, fed from a bowl on the floor. He will be naked, while his master is clothed partially or fully. He will be pissed on, or he may drink his master's discharge. One ultimate of this humiliation scene is the slave, a man whose need for total mastery over him leads him to enter into a state of voluntary servitude. This may last over a weekend, or for several weeks at a time. Recently I heard of a situation where a young man had been living in the master's home for eight months. He was naked, permanently chained with fetters spot-welded about his wrists and ankles. He could not stand or lie down. He left his bare room only at his master's command, ate from a bowl on the floor, had no occupation to distract his mind—not even books, radio, or television.

Yet his condition was completely voluntary. He had met his master while hitchhiking across country, and asked to be placed in his present state of bondage. In the beginning, he was secured by chains and padlocks; the welding was at his request. As a further

mark of this total subjugation and self-debasement, he initiated the practice of shaving his body completely once a week—arms, legs, groin, chest, head...the works! He knew he could obtain his freedom anytime he asked for it, but as of this (original) writing, he had not done so. He was an attractive boy by all reports, and could probably have obtained whatever type of action he sought if he took to the bars or streets. While his case is the most extreme I have encountered, the general mode is not uncommon. Only because most people have to work for a living do we find the weekend slave—the guy who submits to fetters on Friday night and wears them until Monday morning, doing the menial household chores, serving the master's guests when he entertains, and allowing his body to be loaned or given at the whim of his "owner."

The individual M may desire this slave status, or any combination of the conditions I mentioned before. Or his imagination—his fantasy, if you will—may extend far beyond my suggestions. I will try to give some illustrative examples, but it would take several volumes to cover the nearly infinite possibilities and variations fully.

Unlike the S, an accomplished M need not have wide experience on the other side of the fence. Many do, of course, and some of the most receptive Ms I've ever met were able to assume either role with equal aplomb. But universal to them all, at least when they take the position of bottomman, is the need to be dominated completely—mastered physically and/or emotionally. The only partial exception I can think of might come in a group action, where more than one M is being worked on. Under these conditions, it is not unusual to have a senior and a junior bottomman, just as you may have one S who directs the action of one or more assistants. (The difference is that a senior M may be struck or otherwise humiliated in the course of receiving his orders, the junior S will not, although he may be instructed to carry out much the same duties. The senior M may also be partially in restraints, while the junior S would never

be fettered.) As we have glimpsed a number of SM situations involving a single pair, or else a trio in a highly unstructured encounter, it might be appropriate to digress at this point and examine a portion of a scene which utilizes a senior and a junior M. Please note, however, that I have included a separate chapter on the “gangbang,” and I do not intend to confuse the two scenes. What I will describe below is a highly structured session, where each participant is directly involved with every other—unlike the disordered orgy to be covered later.

In this instance, we have a condition that approaches, or symbolizes, the ultimate debasement—a slave humiliated by another slave, a man placed in so low a status that he is unworthy to receive the personal attention of the master. You should note that the senior M is assuming a role that is not purely top or bottom. He is the “middle man,” the Lucky Pierre—slave of the ultimate master, boss of his junior supplicant. (It always makes me think of the Navy warrant officer: “Sir” to all ranks below, “Mr.” to all ranks above.)

The best example I have seen took place about year before I originally wrote this chapter, during a brief period when I was on a voyeur kick. I had discovered the fascination of being allowed to observe a number of scenes involving elements that were really not my bag. My passive activities were facilitated when a friend set up an elaborate, nearly classic blackroom in the basement of his new home. Being a fairly accomplished carpenter, he had set a large panel of one-way glass into one of the walls. Well up in years, he was finding it less taxing to take his pleasures vicariously. He must have been a fabulous M in his day, but he was no longer physically capable of sustaining the scenes he had once endured. As a consequence of all this, he knew a great many people who were more than willing to utilize his well-equipped blackroom in exchange for allowing my friend to watch. Incidentally, in these sessions, the S invariably knew his host was there; usually the M did not.

My friend called me one evening and asked if I would like to join him behind the one-way glass. "It's a setup I've been trying to make for months," he said. "Rick (the S) is down from San Francisco for the weekend, and he brought down his new friend with him—supposed to be a great M! Then, before I heard that Joe was coming too, I arranged for Billy (another M) to come up from San Diego."

"Sounds like a wild three-way," I remarked glibly.

There was a momentary silence on the other end of the line. "It's a lot more than that," my friend replied at length. He had spoken in an almost-reverent tone. "A lot more," he added.

We were seated in a pair of old, comfortable chairs when Rick brought Joe down the spiral cast-iron staircase. We were on the far side of the blackroom, sitting in the dark. The only light came from the upper floor and from within the blackroom itself. Neither man could see us. I leaned toward my friend and asked in a whisper if Joe knew we were there.

"No," he told me. "Billy might suspect it, but he won't know for sure, either."

The blackroom was about twelve by fourteen feet, walls, floor and ceiling painted a flat nonreflective black. The wall opposite us was nearly covered with my friend's extensive collection of leather, wooden, plastic, and steel appliances. There were several wood-framed structures, equipped with leather straps and chains. There were also ropes and pulleys set into the ceiling, with iron rings placed at convenient positions about the floor and baseboard. Rick had been there that afternoon to familiarize himself beforehand, I discovered later, and he conducted Joe directly into the center of the room, instructing him in a soft, self-assured tone to stand in a rigid brace.

Rick was a good-looking guy of about forty. He was tall and thickset, his dark, receding hair cut very short. He had no beard or other facial hair, but his chest and arms were covered with a dense curly pelt. He was wearing black leather chaps over faded blue Levi's, and heavy, scarred workman's boots. His belt was covered with pyramid nickel studs; he wore a narrow leather vest, and a single small diamond glinted upon his left pierced earlobe.

Joe had entered nude, except for a studded black dog collar around his neck and a circle of brass which enclosed his balls and his full uncircumcised cock. He was almost as tall as his master, but lean—lanky, really—and his supple body bore several patches of black-and-blue. These marks of previous usage were heaviest across his ass and between his shoulder blades; his thighs showed a number of elongated scars both front and back. His hair was reddish blond, long and straight, tumbled about his head like a disordered skein of silk. He was probably thirty, maybe a year or two more.

"They came on a motorcycle," my companion whispered.

"Not in that condition, I hope."

The downstairs buzzer sounded, relaying the front doorbell. Rick, who had seemed about to do something to Joe, simply glanced up sharply. His companion remained in his stiff position, never moving a muscle. A moment later, Rick took a long leather strap, about twice the length of a belt, equipped with a second studded dog collar clipped to a steel ring at one end of the lead. He handed it to Joe.

"Bring him down, only if he's obeyed my instructions," Rick said evenly.

"Yes, sir!" said Joe, and he bounded quickly up the stairs.

When Joe was out of sight Rick turned to face the one-way glass. For just a moment, his stern expression faded and his face flashed a sardonic grin. "Hope you picked me a good one," he said softly. His face settled back into its expressionless mask as the metal stairwell twanged to the touch of a foot on the upper step. Joe came down first, leading a second young man at the end of his leather leash.

Billy was short, about twenty-five, with curly blond hair. His skin was satin smooth and very deeply tanned. (I have found this to be a condition almost unique to California, as a clear white skin is the most desirable for an M. Each mark shows more clearly, and I understand it is a requisite among certain cliques, both past and present.) Although he probably had lifted weights at one time in his life, Billy's muscular body showed some signs of softness. Naked to the waist, his hands were secured behind his neck, fastened with leather bands and a padlock to a second ring on the dog collar. This had been set quite snugly about his throat—his boyish features were slightly contorted, his face darkened by the pressure. He was

wearing a pair of threadbare white bell-bottoms, and over these a pair of tattered Jockey shorts. I assumed his pants were Navy issue, as he also had a white sailor hat perched on the back of his head, and his shoes appeared to be regulation blacks.

"San Diego sailor?" I asked softly.

My friend nodded. "The last guy who brought him here locked a chain around his balls...made him go back to base that way. Must have presented some interesting problems in the barracks."

Joe had led Billy into the center of the room and ordered him to stand in front of Rick. The young sailor assumed a defiant stance, legs slightly spread, his deep brown eyes almost glaring as he stared at the larger man. His lips were parted, as if to suggest an arrogant sneer. Rick glanced at Joe. "Your slave has poor manners," he said.

Joe, who still held Billy's leash, yanked the leather downward, forcing the sailor to bow his head. "He needs a lesson in humility, sir," Joe said.

At this, Rick snatched at the shorts the sailor was wearing outside his bells, ripping them off. He had his back to us, so I could not see everything he was doing, although it was obvious he was opening his fly. Another moment and the torn Jockey shorts fluttered to the floor. Rick moved to the side, standing obliquely toward us as he hefted his substantial cock across the palm of one hand. With a sharp glance at Billy, then at Joe, he looked down at his soft, fleshy rod just as a stream of piss began to splatter onto the fallen shorts. He played the flow across them, drenched the material with steaming liquid. When he was finished, he stuffed his prick back inside his leather pants calmly and motioned for Joe to pick up the sodden shorts.

The senior M obeyed, holding the thoroughly saturated material and waiting for his further instructions. "Gag him," said Rick.

As Joe stepped up to Billy and shoved the pissy shorts into his mouth, Rick selected another leather strap from the collection on the wall. He handed it to Joe, who buckled it around the sailor's head, making it impossible for him to dislodge the gag. The strap itself was wide and thick enough to prevent the junior M's closing his mouth. There had been no attempt to resist, but when Rick approached him, Billy's stance reflected a decidedly more submissive attitude.

After the big top had been standing in front of him for several

moments, Billy looked up. The motion must have caused some of the fluid to seep down his throat, because he made a choking sound and I could see his diaphragm contract and heave. Rick turned to Joe abruptly, grabbed his shoulders, and shoved him facedown across a narrow bench like the kind used in gyms for doing prone presses. The suddenness of the thrust had forced the senior M to his knees, so he knelt against the bench, his naked ass upturned. Rick slipped his belt free of the chaps and struck several resounding blows, leaving a crisscross pattern of red. "Your slave needs better control!" He handed the belt to Joe, then stepped away, crossing his arms over his chest as he watched Billy rise slowly to his feet.

"Get over here!" Joe barked. He faced Billy with a stern expression, motioning him to the left, where a chain dangled from the ceiling. Billy complied, and Joe fastened the chain to the front of the junior M's collar, replacing the wide leather leash.

Rick worked the winch, tightening the chain and pulling Billy into a tight-stretched posture, forcing him to stand on tiptoe. With his free hand, the S pointed toward the fallen belt. "Pick that up!" he said to Joe.

Once the younger man had complied, Rick returned to his former stance, legs spread, booted heels digging into the floor, arms folded across his chest. "Are you going to allow your slave to be better dressed than you are?" he demanded.

"No, sir." Joe hastened to Billy's side and grabbed at the ragged pair of bells. These were clean but had obviously seen a great deal of use. They fitted the struggling M like a glove, outlining the muscular contours of his legs, pressing out above the groin in a spherical mound that implied the young man must have been wearing something underneath. As Rick had done with the shorts, Joe yanked the sailor's pants from his waist, ripping them so they fell in a ragged pile around his ankles. A second pair of Jockeys gleamed whitely against the burnished tan of Billy's thighs and belly. Joe's motion had knocked him partly off balance. His feet inscribed an irregular pattern on the floor, and his body swung half-around as he struggled to catch himself.

"I didn't give your slave permission to move," Rick snarled. "Did I?" He snapped suddenly. He brought his belt down smartly across Joe's flank and ass.

"No, sir!" Joe shouted. He swung his own strap across Billy's sucked-in belly. "Stand still!" he ordered.

Billy managed to get both feet under him again and strained to hold himself in place. He was facing toward the one-way glass, body arched slightly backward. A wide swath of red began to gather across the center of his abdomen, where Joe's sharp blow had struck him. I also noted that the pouch of his shorts had extended appreciably outward.

"I told him to wear the shorts, but I didn't tell him they should be new," Rick grumbled. He cast a fierce glance at Joe, who nodded and started to reach for the sailor's waistband....

Naturally, the scene continued from here...and into areas I would prefer to reserve for later. (Sorry about that, but as I've told you before, you can't trust an unknown S!) The point, however, is intrinsic to the underlying scenario. The setup involved a senior and a junior M, the one being more or less the lover of the S, and the other being the recipient of the scorn of both the Topman and his personal slave. While this particular example devolved onto a very physical plane, in a rather brutalized symbolism, such need not always be the case. The junior M may be the object of either verbal or modified physical scorn, and as such experiences a deep-set humiliation...more so than he could via an interaction with the S alone.

As an example of the purely verbal degradation, let me give you another illustration. When I first started working on this *Handbook*, I received a letter from a guy who asked me to use his name (his real name) as the M in one of my stories. I wrote him back, explaining my current project: "If you can do a good enough job of telling me exactly what you would like me to do to you, I will publish it in my *Handbook*." He had sent a picture with his original communication, and I had sent one with my return. This is his reply:

Dear Master of Masters, Larry, Sir, Looking at Your ALL-MAN picture, Sir, makes me wish for smarts enough to describe, in words, on paper, my intense desire to be fully and completely possessed by

You in any and all ways You have ever sexually possessed a sex slave, as well as any and all NEW WAYS that You might wish to experiment with...in one never-ending, ageless quest of man for untried, more pleasurable and satisfying ways to appease the ever-constant hunger for sex thrills.

Can You blame me for “wishful thinking,” in hoping that the look in Your penetrating eyes means You’d enjoy teaching an ugly, gangling, lanky hillbilly, imitation stud, the true meaning and manner of real sex slavery, freely and joyfully given in a most humble, hero-worshipping, doglike way!

Have always, and do now, enjoy playing the “Master” to slaves as they lick my shit-crusted ass hair clean, roll my nuts in their slimy mouths, and suck my uncut, cheese-coated, sexy-smelling cock, as it unloads while i cuss and insult hell out of them and all their posterity. BUT, am looking at You and thinking that my sex joy would be 1000 times greater to be Your slave, Your piece of small, worthless, personal property, to be used and disposed of like a piece of shit paper or a piss pot or a fuck rubber, or a shoeshine cloth, or a dirty mop. A new “toy” for You to test out and record its performance on both sound tape and film, and also to find out if a sorry “master” is as good a sex slave to You, as a sorry slave is, Sir.

Anything You wanted, Sir, make me want also, by nut torture or any method pleasing to You. If You have never made a slave pull out his ass and cock hair by the roots and eat it, using Your grand cock’s golden elixir as a chaser, and wish to do so, please be my guest, Sir!

Could never dig real brutality, Sir, but from You i would love curses, insults, humiliation & degradations, knowing that it pleased You and exalted and elevated You, Sir, even higher than You already are—far above all other SEX MASTERS & SEX STUDS!

Like eating a fine feast slowly to enjoy it the more, it’s hoped You’d permit my worship of Your heavy equipment to be done slowly so as to be more satisfactory to You, Sir. (Also to me, not that You’d care about my satisfaction, naturally.)

You have my permission to use this in full, including my name. There is no objection to any editing, additions or deletions that You think needed, Sir. Humbly, hungrily, hopefully,

Yours,
fred durham

By printing this (with only a bit of corrected punctuation here and there), I am playing S to Fred's particular type of M. For him, the publication of his name in connection with his admissions serves to embody the ultimate humiliation. As he lives a couple of thousand miles away from me, I hope the surrogate symbolism will compensate for the physical pleasures that might have been shared. (Unless the picture he sent is very old, he is not a bad-looking guy, despite his self-deprecation.)

I might add one more comment on Fred's letter, as he has followed a very proper form. Any M who replies to a letter, or answers an ad placed by an S, would do well to emulate his style. You will note that "You" is always capitalized, and the "I" is avoided as much as possible. When it is used, it becomes "i." The "Sir" is also capitalized, sometimes all in caps. He indicated some limits, as he would properly do were he actually anticipating a get-together. In all of this he has been very right and proper, a competent M—if he can follow through with the things he says.

I think one of the greatest fantasies an M can have, certainly one of the most common fantasies they *do* have, is to be humiliated and (mildly) abused by a large number of guys. This can happen when the S introduces unexpected partners into the action, as I illustrate in Chapter 13; or it can be a completely voluntary act on the part of the M, where he deliberately places himself in a position where he knows this will happen to him. In effect, he has no single specific master. He is the slave to any and all who want to use him. I particularly enjoyed the following account because it took place outdoors and, as you may have guessed, this is one of my own favorite settings. (If you recognize my "style" in the narrative, it happened because the gentleman who wrote the original was a better S than he was a writer. My editing became a little heavy-handed.)

I was on a weekend bike run, and in such a situation it is very common to have a guy strung up and left in bondage for an extended

period of time...with his body naked and exposed to the use of anyone who happens upon him. In this instance, we were in an overnight encampment outside Palm Springs. The place was very rustic and secluded, with a number of cabins scattered about the sides of a gently sloping rise. The main ranch house was a little distance away, with corrals and utility buildings lining the path between the guest accommodations and the ramshackle structure containing the office, dining room, main assembly hall, etc.

I had taken a nap after a wild session in the pool that afternoon, and came out of my cabin about dusk. I started down the hill at a good clip. I was late for dinner and had quickened my pace to a near-run when I realized there was a young guy kneeling beside the walkway. My first impression was that he seemed to be nude. As I came closer, I saw that he was bound...hands lashed behind him with rawhide thongs, while another strip had been wound several times around his throat and tied to the fence post directly in back of his kneeling figure. His long, dark hair was hanging across his forehead, all but covering his eyes. His slender, almost-delicate body was sagging forward as far as his bonds would allow.

He did not look up at my approach, nor did he make any other sign that he had seen me. There were numerous smudges of dirt and grime on the areas of his skin that I could see; and when I stopped in front of him, it became obvious he had been used in a variety of ways. His arms and thighs, his upper back where his slouched position made it visible to me, all were crisscrossed with narrow, angry red welts. His entire posture seemed so genuinely distressed that I wondered if he might really be in trouble and if I should let him loose. After I had paused in front of him for at least two or three minutes, and he still hadn't looked at me or said anything, I began to figure he mustn't be too badly off. Otherwise he would have asked for help. Naturally I was very excited by the sight of him, and now I recognized him as a kid I'd admired when we first arrived...a handsome little guy I'd hoped to meet later on. By this time, I had completely forgotten dinner.

"Do you want to be untied?" I found myself asking. I really hadn't intended to say it, and my words came out in sharp rush.

The boy looked up at this, his face smudged and dirty as the rest of him. Moisture ran in tiny streaks from the corners of his

eyes, which I remembered as being blue. In the descending darkness, they seemed almost silver. In answer to my question, he shook his head, moving it very slowly, never taking his gaze off my face. "No, sir," he whispered softly.

"You want anything?" I asked lamely.

"Not unless there's something I can do for you, sir," he replied. He jerked his head, tossing the hair from in front of his eyes.

The invitation had been implicit in his tone, and the tugging pressure in my crotch increased proportionately. There must have been just enough motion to attract him because he abruptly shifted his attention to my groin. His tongue flicked across his lips, his hair tumbling once again across his sweat-streaked brow. There were sounds of music from the ranch house, and a very mild, warm breeze moved across us. A huge golden-copper moon had risen over the distant hills. Darkness had fallen completely, suddenly, seeming to envelop us in an atmosphere of viscous heat...and solitude. We were alone, this attractive kid bound tightly to the post, kneeling at my feet and tacitly offering himself to me. I stepped up to him, pausing with my expanded groin close enough to his face that I could feel the radiated warmth of his flesh. His eyes still focused on my basket as he adjusted his knees to better support his balance.

"You want it?" I asked with a touch of harshness in my voice.

"Yes, sir," he whispered.

I flicked open the buttons on my fly, let cock and balls hang free. The dry desert air brushed the surface and caused my prick to snap fully erect. The tip struck his nose, brushed an eyelid. I leaned slightly into him, forcing his eyes to blink closed. "Take it!" I commanded sharply.

My expectant rod was suddenly engulfed in such a churning, heated moisture that my knees began to buckle. I grasped his shoulders for balance and rode gently against him. His face pressed firmly into the softened cloth of my jeans, nose buried in the tangled mass of hair that twisted through the opening. I could feel my shaft lodged deeply in his throat. I couldn't keep my body standing straight; the floods of feeling were too hot, too powerful. I arched over so my chest formed a roof above him, and the curve from my groin to shoulders enclosed him completely. I could smell his sweet-

sour boy-sweat, a tinge of hair tonic, the clean laundry odor from my jeans. The membranes of his throat constricted about my rod—massaging it, drawing on it, seeming to stroke the sides and all along the length of penetrating man-flesh.

He retreated until his lips gripped just the cockhead, paused there until the throbbing urgency died down in my balls and I was able to straighten up again. I took a deep breath and stood straight and tall in front of him, my hands resting idly against the back of his neck. "Am I doing it right?" he muttered.

I was tempted to make some quip about talking with his mouth full, but his entire demeanor was so serious that I kept myself in check. Besides, the fantastic sensations were spiraling through me, combining with my own awareness of our wilderness setting, serving to divert my mind from thoughts of levity. He had remained poised after asking his question, his eyes straining to see my face through the shadowy darkness and his intervening curtain of hair. "You're doing fine," I told him.

He seemed almost disappointed, and I realized he'd wanted me to degrade him. I tightened my grip on the back of his head, slamming his face against me and driving my cock roughly down his throat.

"But you can do better, you fuckin' punk cocksucker!" I kept forcing him to take me, making my loins collide with his face as my hands pulled him into me and my hips lunged at the same time.

I was sure he wanted me to punish him, too. I freed one hand slowly and worked the buckle of my wide leather belt. He could see me doing this, and his own motions became so fierce and desperate that he was taking me faster than I had been making him do it. He shifted his legs once more, and when he did this, I caught a glimpse of his cock. It had been soft and shrunken when I'd first approached, but was now a bloated semihardened mass of darker shadow, bouncing back and forth between his thighs.

I yanked my belt free of my jeans and held it doubled in my right hand, still holding him with the other and still lunging forward with my hips. "Suck it!" I snarled at him, and the kid plunged against me in a fresh, feverish desperation. He struck so hard he shook my balance, and I was forced to step backward. He repositioned himself quickly, and this brought his ass an extra few inches out from the

fence. I smacked him firmly with the belt. "Don't knock me down!" I snapped.

He slid fully onto my cock again, groaning in response to the blow. Saliva foamed all across my prick and soaked into the hair of my groin. He was making a series of guttural, gurgling sounds, still swinging on me, twisting his head from side to side. I hadn't struck him again because his every motion felt so good I didn't want to break his pace. I guess he sensed this because he suddenly clamped his teeth against my rod and dragged them along the surface. The pressure was just enough to be uncomfortable, and I let him have it a few more times, snapping the doubled leather across his upper back, his side, and the curved surface of the one buttock I was able to reach. He was bringing me very close, and his obvious enjoyment of the mild punishment was adding to my excitement. Being outdoors was doing something to me, too...being in the open darkness of a desert night, almost in the wilds with the sounds of civilization only a dull throb of rock music that seemed to come from very far away. I felt the building sensation of expending release, clamped one hand about the back of his head and forced him harder against me. My cock was lodged deeply within his grasping throat. I heard him retch, felt the muscles work spasmodically about my shaft.

"You puke on me, and I'll take a layer of skin off your ass!" I muttered sharply; I punctuated my threat with another half dozen well-placed blows. The kid twisted his body against my legs, heavy slime seeping from his lower lips to run down the wrinkled front of my sac.

Then I blasted my full load into him, felt the responding convulsion as he struggled to take it without choking. I released my hold gradually and permitted my cock to move out of him, sliding like a sled on some heavily lubricated track. My prick still quaked and tingled through its final spasms, and my fingers sensed the desperate motions inside his gullet. He swallowed hard, gasping for air at the same time. I let him hold it until the final drop of cum had left my balls and the warm air had started to dry the thick coating that covered my shaft.

I stepped away from him, restraining the impulse to touch myself. My softening length of sex sagged in a drooping arch from the

open V of my Levi's. The kid had lowered his head once again, manifesting the same expression of dejected humility as before. "You...if you...have to piss, sir..." he mumbled.

I did have to piss. I took hold of my cock and milked it a couple of times. I felt the internal shift as my bladder connected with its proper fitting. It still took several seconds before the first spurt of piss dribbled onto his sagging form. I was aware again of the music and an occasional burst of laughter from the ranch house. The moon had floated higher, free of the hills, and now cast an amber pall across the landscape. I unleashed a flood against him abruptly, trying to aim it so it fell down his spine. Instead, he shifted backward, bringing his head directly into my stream. He turned his face into the full, warm flow, eyes closed against it, trying to toss his hair back as my piss bludgeoned his nose and lips. His mouth opened, allowing the fluid to strike his tongue and eddy within the depression before plunging over his teeth and onto the sand. I taunted him by flicking my cock from side to side, making him stretch to catch it in his mouth, wasting it and depriving him of what he wanted. When I finally finished and shook the last drops onto the top of his piss-drenched head, he was staring down at the puddle where my golden manna was soaking into the arid desert soil. He nudged it with his knees, unable to bend or move to reclaim what he'd lost. He was still wallowing in the fast-receding pool when I turned away, shoved my cock back inside my jeans, and headed for the ranch house.

CHAPTER 12
The Gangbang

There was some debate between my chief advisers and myself regarding the need to devote an entire chapter to the G.B.—gangbang, that is. In many respects, ours is similar to any other, with the specifics being described elsewhere. For more than one reason, I decided to include it. The first is rather negative. I feel it is important to emphasize the difference between a structured situation (as described in part in the last chapter, and as you'll discover a little farther along), and the G.B. Also weighing in favor: One of my favorite vignettes falls most properly into this category.

As you are doubtless aware, I have been using arbitrary terms and definitions throughout the preceding pages, trying to fit the best names I can to the various aspects of the SM scene. Unfortunately, language is not hard and fast enough to provide a single definition for every term. There is no magic formula to make each word register identical images in the mind of each person who hears it. Thus, “gangbang” must be defined (at least for our purposes) as: The unstructured gathering of a fairly large number of guys, usually

in a situation where it has not been possible to arrange any particular balance—no ratio of Topmen to Ms, experienced people to beginners and amateurs. There will not be any “scenario” unless it develops accidentally, spontaneously, by mutual desire of the people assembled. If this should occur you cease to have a G.B., as it becomes (evolves into) a formalized or semiformalized scene, abiding by an agreed-upon set of conditions.

Although many of our more-qualified people will claim to shun the gangbang, and in objective discussion will deprecate it, the after-bar-closing parties will frequently find a number of them present. Aching testicles at 2:00 A.M. (or whenever the bars close in your area) can provide a tremendous incentive to rise above one’s intellectual prejudices. In this respect the gangbang is definitely a part of our scene.

My own feelings about G.B.s are somewhat negative. I tend to shy away from them, except under the above-mentioned conditions...in other words, as a last resort. Most commonly, these gatherings follow the closing of a popular leather bar, and will therefore be attended by many of the same people you have been trying to avoid all night. There is also a certain element of danger unless the invitations have been extended very discreetly. In cities like Los Angeles, where the vice squad will stoop to almost any ploy to make a bust, the gangbang can be a fertile hunting ground. Yet this seems to be less true for the SM gangbang than it is for a fluff after-closing soiree. You are undoubtedly aware of whatever problems are prevalent in your own area. (*Again, time has tended to solve the problem of police harassment in many metropolitan areas, as gay political organizations have come into being. The result of this has been a change of laws in many jurisdictions, and/or changes in social attitudes in many others. Still, in the less-liberated parts of the country, people attending an after-hours sex party are well advised to exercise caution.—L.T.*)

In discussing this subject, I am again reminded of Carney’s

remarks in *The Real Thing*, where he suggests taking the leather action where you find it, even describing a situation where a couple of SM guys make the scene in a separate room while the marshmallows are dancing through the rest of the house. Even with “a guard at the door,” I cannot imagine anything worse! It is akin to having leathersex in an apartment with tissue-paper walls. If a bevy of giggling queens should discover what you’re doing, you will suddenly find yourself “onstage”—guard or no guard—before an audience of shrieking idiots who think the whole thing is “just terribly amusing.”

At a party where the majority of guests are leather, or at least hangers-on and fringe people, your chance of being subjected to this kind of irritation is far less. Here, you may find your scene invaded by unwanted “helpers.” Either this, or the boot may be on the other foot; you may stumble onto a particularly intriguing situation, only to find that you are not welcome. Such is the chance and the potential frustration within the unstructured chaos of the G.B. But they can be fun, and for many this type of activity is more exciting than any other. Once in the dark with some or all of your clothes off, you may not really care who your partner is. It becomes another case of rising above your mental blocks; if you can, the after-hours gangbang may be your ultimate bag. For me, obviously, it isn’t. (*Do I need to remind you that in the intervening period between now and the Handbook’s original publication date, we have experienced a health crisis that adds an additional dimension of danger to any unrestricted sex, such as I’m describing here? It’s fun to reminisce, but beyond this, use your common sense.—L.T.*)

However, there are other parties where much of this confusion is eliminated, and I have enjoyed some of them, despite my basic prejudices. These have been gatherings where invitations were extended several days in advance, and where the guest list was regulated strictly. There need not be any attempt, necessarily, to achieve a balance of S to M; but the host will usually try to limit his

guests on the basis of age, taste, and experience. He should properly exclude the "creepers" and the duds, the antiquated pseudo-leather types who contribute nothing and detract from the pleasure of the other participants. By this I do not mean that the older guys will necessarily be eliminated. Many of these gatherings put a floor rather than a ceiling on the guests' ages. For the genuine leatherman, an older guy who knows what he's doing is preferable to the know-nothing youngster who'll let you get started, only to fade out along the way.

If the idea of doing your thing while a number of other guys are right beside you doing theirs really appeals, this sort of G.B. can be a blast! I have also found that many true devotees of such group action are people who like to watch, or who enjoy being watched. For the voyeur or the exhibitionist, there is no scene fraught with greater potentialities. I suppose all of us dip into these categories from time to time: the guy who is proud of his body and wants others to admire it (justifiably or not); someone who feels his endowment is something exceptional and likes to show it off; the counterpart, the guy who enjoys seeing what someone else has to show; the highly skilled practitioner who enjoys displaying his specialty. All these types are very much at home at a G.B.

If any of these ideas appeal to you, there are several ways to get on the "preferred list." If you live in one of the cities where the leatherset is large and active, it will not present too many problems. Make friends in the bar; let the guys whom you feel you can trust have your address and phone number. If you're any good in action, you'll undoubtedly be invited sooner or later. Or, if you have the facilities, you can always arrange your own party. Even if you live outside these areas of heavier activity, you can frequently find someone who hosts these affairs periodically. It may mean a weekend stay in whatever city is closest to you—perhaps a couple of hundred miles away. But I have found the "leather lists" to be closely guarded, and once you're on the right one, a good many

invitations can come your way. (*We now have organized SM clubs in several metropolitan areas which serve as nonprofit providers of gangbang-type activities in their well-equipped clubhouses, usually on a monthly basis in town, and with a large annual "run" to some more remote, exotic location.—L.T.*)

Renting a post-office box can solve many problems, and use of a pseudonym as "authorized recipient" provides the answer for the hardest closet cases. By and large, the government doesn't really care what you're doing, so long as it is done outside the public eye. Despite the fears of many guilt-ridden people, the Post Office does not maintain a list of homosexuals in their "subversive" files. There are simply too many of us.

For a real M, the G.B. can also provide an opportunity for something approaching gang-rape. While this is largely a fantasy with most of the guys who talk about wanting it, there are some who simply can't get their fill of being fucked. The more the merrier! You've probably seen them at the tubs or in the local YMCA, lying on their bellies with the door open, ass bared and ready for whoever chooses to possess it. In some respects the syndrome parallels the account of that nice little M on the bike run. The G.B. merely serves to bring such action closer to home, making it easier and more immediately available. Because the specific acts are much the same as I've already described (or will describe in the succeeding chapters), I do not see much point in delving deeply into the interactions at the more common type of gangbang. You can draw your own conclusions and your own imagination can fill the voids. I would like to mention a few variations, and then cover one specific situation that was a "once-in-a-lifetime" occurrence.

Being fond of outdoor action, I made a number of inquiries to attempt a compilation of potential areas. What I got was a very spotty list, a couple of these places being no surprise to anyone—or hardly anyone. However, there may be a few innocents left somewhere, so I'll make quick mention of all I have. Several parts

of the country have popular, sometimes bare-ass beaches, both along the seacoast and near some of our larger lakes. In the summer these become gathering places for people of various persuasions, among them an occasional group of local or visiting leathermen. Fire Island (off Long Island, New York) is probably the most famous of these, and I have heard many interesting tales of midsummer revels on the sand. In Boston, Revere Beach seems to draw a good number of leatherpeople, and I'm told the action can be pretty wild. There are a few B.A.B.s in California as well; although some of these are occasionally subjected to police harassment. (Always check with the locals before trying these places!) The best-known West Coast spot is off Land's End, outside San Francisco. Another is near Santa Barbara, although I hesitate to recommend it; this community is ridiculously uptight, and if they bust you here, it can be extremely sticky! I have heard of a beach called "El Porto" between Manhattan Beach and El Segundo (Los Angeles County), but have never been able to find it (never really tried very hard). In Baja California (Mexico), there is a large B.A.B. between Rosarito and Ensenada, but it would be a case of "bring your own" if you wanted leather action.

As for inland lakeshore areas, I understand that Saugatuck, Michigan, is a mecca for gay revelers during the summer months; quite a few leathermen are to be found along the beach, doing their things in the open midnight air. Palm Springs, California, will see some interesting gatherings in the spring and fall; however, these are generally the result of organized club activities. There is an increasing number of resorts and guest ranches that are gay-owned, and the atmosphere of these appeals to the cowboy-leather types—more on this in the next chapter. *(Again, our increased social/political growth has opened up innumerable opportunities. Check the ads in any popular national gay magazine, or ask one of the many gay travel agents who now specialize in helping us reach these places. The sites I mentioned 25 years ago are all apparently still active, but there are now*

many more. However, the same health cautions should continue to be foremost in your mind.—L.T.)

Unstructured as they are, gangbangs can develop into any of many different scenes. I have seen it happen that one or two accomplished Ms will show up, and the entire action will eventually center on them. Other gatherings break up into twos and threes, etc.; while some become great mass cluster-fucks. You never know. I think one of the most interesting situations I ever heard about took place quite extemporaneously in a (now-defunct) local bathhouse. In its heyday, the place was very popular with the leatherpeople, and from time to time there were some imaginative and fairly extensive sessions in the cubicles. Alas, the place was not a “private” club, so it did not survive the attention of our ever-vigilant vice squad. In fact, it was scheduled to close when the following incident is said to have taken place:

It was a moderately busy night, either a Thursday or Friday, as I recall, and there must have been twenty-five or thirty people in the building during the relatively early hours (11:00 to midnight). The cruising prospects were not exceptionally auspicious, despite the number of customers, as the group tended to be mostly “regulars” who knew each other. For this reason the action was in a state of suspense as the guys awaited the midnight influx of newcomers. I would guess that at least twenty of those present were active in leather/SM circles.

Around 11:15, a new arrival slid his naked form onto a ledge in the steamroom, between a couple of his acquaintances. “Pigs,” he informed them. “Checked in right after me, and one of them busted a friend of mine about three weeks ago!”

The word spread immediately, and everyone was on his guard. The pair of vice cops were readily identifiable, as they were practically the only strangers in the bathhouse. One was a young, pretty-boy type, built like a high-school football player—crew-cut light brown hair, and a muscular body that was several years short of obtaining its classical police pudginess. He was big enough and sufficiently well-endowed that his enticement routine always

seemed to lure some unsuspecting guy into the arms of the local jailer.

The second cop was red-faced and heavy, rather a beefy slob type. Using his partner as decoy, this guy's role was to keep hidden in his cubicle, fully dressed, and to come out when he heard his fellow officer return to the adjoining room with the "suspect." Beefy Slob would then burst in, saving his partner from a fate worse than death by arresting the dangerous miscreant just in the nick of time. It had been a ploy this pair had used many times, both in baths and in bars. Unfortunately for them, they had used it a few times too many. There were a good dozen guys in the bathhouse who had either seen them at work, or who had been treated to a personal demonstration. In the true spirit of Christopher Street (this time the masculine types instead of the fluffs), the bathhouse cadre arose as one and quickly formed a plan.

When Pretty Boy came into the steam room, discarded his towel at the door, and sat naked among the other patrons, five or six guys slipped outside. All of them were unknown to the pair of officers. They went to the room where Beefy Slob was sitting on his cot, completely dressed, puffing on a cigar while he awaited his cue. The guys swarmed in, grabbed the cop, turned him facedown on the cot, tied his hands and feet to the four corners of the bed frame. They used a roll of wide adhesive tape, wrapping this around his head several times to seal his mouth and eyes. Experts in their own rights, they left him securely tied, gagged, and blindfolded. Should the legal point ever be raised (which it wasn't), the officer had never been given a chance to identify himself, and all his possessions remained in his pockets.

With Beefy Slob secured, one of the leathermen returned to the steam room. That was the signal to enter Phase II. Pretty Boy had already singled out his quarry—a handsome, slender guy who was a new member of the motorcycle club that had fully half its roster in attendance. (Many of the guys wondered why, if Pretty Boy was really straight, he always seemed to pick on the attractive numbers!) The prospective victim let himself be invited to Pretty Boy's room. After they were inside with the door closed (closed by Pretty Boy, who made sure it wasn't locked), the group from the steam room crowded together in the hall listening. There were several peepholes

in the partitions between Pretty Boy's room and those on either side, and guys were watching through them as well.

Pretty Boy stretched out on the cot, making sure it creaked loudly enough to alert his partner. Rather dramatically, he folded back his towel. His cock, semierect for the occasion, flopped its fleshy mass across one well-tanned thigh, and the young officer reached down to adjust his balls. The supposed victim was poised above him, half-kneeling on the cot. He ran his tongue across his lips and started to descend upon the increasingly responsive police-cock. Pretty Boy made a frantic sideways lunge which caused the cot to squeal and the end to bump against the wall. At the same time, he placed his hand against the other guy's forehead, stalling off his own participation in the felonious act of oral copulation.

Following their plan, the prospective victim continued his attempts to grasp the officer's cockhead between his lips, going at it with gradually mounting persistence, until the scene became a genuine wrestling match. Pretty Boy was nearly beside himself with anxious fear, and his reddened face swung from side to side as his companion shifted his attention away from the crotch and attempted to kiss him. Both men had undeniable erections by now, the quite-formidable display of the officer eliminating any doubt as to his basic (subconscious?) desires.

Finally, in frantic desperation, he called out: "Bill! For Christ's sake, Bill—get in here!"

The door to the cubicle slammed open, and for the briefest moment, relief showed on the young cop's face. But it was short-lived. Before he could more than stammer a confused protest, the guys were all over him. The roll of tape was immediately used to bind his eyes, making it totally impossible for him ever to say who did what. He was being held down by at least a dozen pairs of hands, and though he struggled violently he was completely helpless. His wrists were taped to the legs of the cot, and several guys held his ankles down. He was prone, spread-eagled on his back, unable to see and so totally surprised that it was several minutes before he knew what to say. Strangely enough (or perhaps not so strangely), his cock remained as hard and full in bondage as it had been before.

The guy who had more or less masterminded the whole affair—a well-known, very accomplished Top—motioned for the "victim"

to go down on the captive. His mouth enclosed the beet-red cock-head, and a moment later he'd sucked the full, gnarled shaft deep within his throat. The cop uttered a plaintive moan, something between a whimper of pain and a cry of ecstasy. "No!" he finally managed. "What are you bastards...oh!"

One of the leathermen had produced a belt, which he used with some force across the taut, straining abdominals of the prisoner. "Shut up!" he snarled.

For several minutes the cop said nothing. He moaned and whined, finally muttered an occasional "no" or "please!" But even these were restrained, as they brought an inevitable stripe from the leather strap.

By the convulsive motions of the officer's midsection and the rapid heaving of his chest, it became apparent he was in the throes of orgasm. The hands restricting his legs pulled harder, forcing him ever more tightly into place. The youngster who possessed his cock rode fast and furiously along the swollen length, choking as he drove the flaring crown deeply into the heat of his body. Pretty Boy gasped, a deep-throated groan, tossed his head more violently from side to side, while the young man who was fastened upon his groin emitted a series of moistly garbled mutterings. He held fast against the straining loins and let the policeman's discharge flood into him. When he finally released the softening cock, Pretty Boy's body began to tremble, and a couple more of the bystanders grasped his thighs, holding them down through the involuntary spasms of receding passion.

At the instructions of their leader, several of the leathermen lifted the captive's legs as others taped his ankles securely to the bedposts, wrapping the white bands about the metal a couple of inches above his wrists. Pretty Boy was now held in a doubled position, thighs folded back against his chest—crotch and ass fully exposed to the men who clustered about him. He had hardly resisted these latter maneuvers, seemingly in a state of lethargic depletion after the ministrations of his intended "suspect." With his eyes bound tightly shut, of course, he had no way to know which man had worked on him. However, the tape had been removed from across his mouth.

After several moments, the officer wriggled uncomfortably. His

breathing was harsh and labored, and he seemed afraid to speak. But the leader of the nude, grinning group of leathermen had motioned all the others back; indicating they should keep still and no one should touch the prisoner. At length the uncertainty of his position overcame Pretty Boy's other fears. "What...are you going to do?" he asked pleadingly.

The S brought his belt down sharply across the taut skin of the prisoner's ass. "I told you to keep your fuckin' mouth shut!" he growled. He then proceeded to warm the officer's ass with a few more well-aimed strokes, leaving an interwoven pattern of red upon the milk-white backside. He applied his belt to the underportions of the thighs as well, increasing the strength of his blows until Pretty Boy, who had been gritting his teeth and groaning through the earlier stages of punishment, began to scream and beg his unseen tormentor to stop. The S—an older man of medium height, husky body covered with coarse gray-black hair—stepped back. His own chest was rising and falling rapidly, and his skin was coated with a glistening layer of sweat. He landed one final, telling stroke that left a clear white swath across the angry red. Pretty Boy shrieked again. "Please!" he shouted. "Don't hit me anymore!"

The S stepped back, handing his belt to another man. The final mark of his discipline was darkening, becoming a deeper red than the surrounding area...already rising to form a decided welt.

"Sir!" whispered the second man. He snapped the leather across the captive's ass. "Please, sir!" he repeated softly.

"Please; sir," whispered the cop. "Please...don't hit me...sir."

The crowd had moved to completely surround the officer, most of the guys watching the man who had assumed the role of senior S. They awaited his guidance silently. With a deliberately evil-sounding chuckle, he waved his hands, motioning the others toward the tightly bound captive. (He had broken the pall which might have grown into a structured situation, tacitly giving the others permission to do as they pleased with the cop. At this, Pretty Boy was virtually buried in a mass of moving flesh. One guy straddled his face, shoved his ass against the tight-clenched lips and ordered him, "Suck!" Another climbed onto the cot and started shoving his cock against the unprotected asshole. Pretty Boy was helpless to move, and unable to voice his further appeals. A bloated, driving cock

now slid between his lips, glistening with saliva, plunging easily into the back of his throat as the leatherman fucked him in the mouth...held the cop's head firmly upon the mattress by the pressure of the buttocks against the tape that bound his eyes.

Another cock had wedged itself into Pretty Boy's asshole, making his belly muscles tighten and contract—doubly so, as he choked on the powerful iron that filled his mouth and throat. A belt landed several blows across his chest. A harsh, gruff voice ordered him to "Lie still and love it, baby, love it!" And through it all, Pretty Boy's heavy, tumescent cock came back to life. It lengthened, swayed and tumbled from side to side, alternately struck the inner surfaces of his straining thighs. Finally it arched upward and poked its steely length along the hairy trail between his groin and navel.

The action grew heavier and more frantic as, one after the other, each of the leathermen used him. Between times, several guys paired off, one kneeling before the other, or lying in the hollow of his partner's back...everyone keeping himself in readiness for his turn with Pretty Boy. A series of rigid, eager cocks plunged into the captive ass; another queue had formed to take his mouth, and from time to time a leather strap collided with his chest or side...or laterally across his ass during the few seconds between occupants. While his body seemed to grow almost limp, his cock never lost its full erection. Someone reached a hand beneath the hairy groin that battered the captive's underside. Fingers closed about the officer's balls and hauled them up. A rawhide thong was tied around them, wrapped round and round until Pretty Boy's testicles were stretched to the bottom of his sac, the skin pulled tight and shiny about the constricted orbs.

The first men had returned for seconds before the action slackened. Someone thought to look next door and assure himself that Beefy Slob was still bound securely. He discovered the other cop had worked one foot free. The leatherman called out, and a couple of his friends came in. Between them they made sure the officer would not get loose for quite some time. They debated taking his gun and handcuffs, but decided to let him keep them. He wasn't going to be in any condition to threaten anyone.

When the guys who had tended Beefy Slob returned to the cubicle, the last guy was pumping hard against Pretty Boy's ass. The

captive's head now lolled to the side. The only sign of continued life was the flickering of the officer's tongue across his lips and the unfaltering hardness of his cock. The young man who currently possessed him stiffened, clasped tightly upon the undersides of the other's thighs, sighed deeply as he felt his stream of sperm flow out, backing up in frothy bubbles as its volume combined with all his predecessors'...overflowed the prisoner's capacity.

When this guy pulled his cock free of the sweaty, cum-streaked ass, the S who had originally assumed the leadership stood over his prone, unresponsive captive. He grasped his cock and milked it down, extending the softened shaft to its elastic maximum before he let go a flood of piss across Pretty Boy's chest and belly. The officer didn't seem to know what it was, possibly assumed hot water was being poured upon him. A second man followed the lead and added his golden cascade to the first. Then a third, a fourth. Then the officer began to realize what it was. He opened his mouth to voice his horror, and the senior S turned smoothly toward him, flooded the gaping orifice. This caught Pretty Boy so off guard that he swallowed before he could think, choked and a tried to spew it out. By then the first guys had finished and the others crowded in, eager to take the vacated places. A full thirty men voided their bladders on the captive, leaving him coated and bathed in piss, great rivers of which flooded across his body and onto the floor, forming a small lake in the center of the room.

Without a word being spoken, the entire group turned as one and left the cubicle. Once outside in the hall, several men started to laugh. They were soon joined by the others, all of them talking loudly back and forth, a few shouting insults to the pair of helpless policemen. A few guys rushed to their rooms and dressed, but most made a leisurely trip to the showers, bathed without a hint of being in a hurry. Chatting casually, they returned to their rooms, put on their clothes, and left. The big S was the last to go. As he passed the desk, he told the attendant, "Check upstairs after a little while."

Ten or fifteen minutes later, the bathhouse clerk went up and freed Beefy Slob. He feigned complete ignorance of what had happened, although several of the guys later indicated to me he had been perfectly aware...had actually locked the front door and put the "closed" sign on it. The older cop was furious, so angry he

shoved the attendant against the wall and completely ignored his partner in his haste to reach the street, hoping vainly to catch one of the offenders. When he came back empty-handed, he climbed the stairs with a heavy tread, displaying a bowed deflation that acknowledged his having been beaten by a bunch of queers. Pretty Boy had been freed by the attendant and was sitting on the edge of his cot, gripping the sides to steady himself and to take some of the weight off his throbbing ass. His cock had softened, but it still lay across his inner thigh, full and ready to spring into life at the first provocation.

This is the story as related to me by two guys who claimed to have been present. Fantasy? I can't honestly say. However, the attendant confirmed that *something* had gone on. The cops were tied down, he told me, and he also overheard a portion of the subsequent conversation between the two officers. Pretty Boy almost went to his knees, pleading with Beefy Slob not to make a report.

"God, if the story got out, I'd never be able to face anybody...not ever again," he was quoted as saying.

To the best of my knowledge, that was the end of it. I don't know if the tale qualifies as a true G.B. in all respects. But for me, it ranks so high in the annals of irony, it could certainly compete for honors in the "Gangbang Hall of Frame." (*And since I first told the tale, it's been ripped off and usually with very slight changes, reprinted in any number of different publications.—L.T.*)

CHAPTER 13
Esoterica Exotica

There are so many differing stages in each leatherman's progress that it is impossible accurately to group the action as: "beginner," "intermediate," or "advanced." My intent is that the contents of this chapter should more or less qualify for the "intermediate" category. For some guys, I will be discussing an activity with which they started; for others, some of whom may have been going the route for years, I will be exceeding their limits by several degrees. However, for most leathermen, I think these are situations to be encountered with less frequency, and it is this "frequency of occurrence" which I am attempting to utilize as my guide.

To start with my own favorite bag, sex in the open is becoming ever more popular as people begin to flee the smog and congestion of our major cities, seeking a few days or a few hours respite in the untainted atmosphere of the countryside. In fact, the mass exodus from any metropolitan center on a summer weekend makes it constantly more difficult to find an unpopulated wilderness area. Many of our people do, of course, and we find a great many inter-

esting scenes taking place in these surroundings. There are a number of groups—some formally organized, others quite transitory—whose members enjoy hiking or riding horseback in the nude. These are not exclusively SM or leatherpeople, but I have found that many groups seem to include a fair representation of our fellows.

With the growing acceptance of cowboy attire as compatible with leather and jackboots, we find a number of SM in-groups willing to share their activities. The end result has been to widen the horizons of both cyclist and cowboy. Imagine, if you can, the descent of evening upon a Sierra forest. Campfires are kindled beneath the spreading boughs of mountain pines, while back among the trees the horses are tethered for the night, and a dozen young men gather about the leaping flames. They may be nude, or they may be dressed in jeans and cowboy hats, tooled boots with pointed toes and elevated heels. A few are probably wearing leather chaps over Levi's...or maybe over naked hips and thighs. Even if the group is dressed, at least half will have stripped to the waist. Bedrolls and a couple of small tents are pitched around the edge of the flickering light. Heavy western-style saddles are perched on fallen logs or placed beside the sleeping bags.

Cold cans of beer are brought up from the nearby stream, and the men sit about, slaking their thirst and talking in hushed tones...awed by the reds and lingering golds of a fading sunset. Only their eyes reflect the pleasure they feel at being in one another's company. They are sharing a wilderness beauty, and each man revels in the knowledge that he has temporarily slipped the bonds of artificial laws and standards.

As the evening progresses, we may find one or more of their number submit to being bound facedown across a saddle or spread-eagled from the limbs of a towering tree. By now the group is mostly in the nude, except for boots and hats. They will participate in the same activities here that they would enjoy at home. But in the open air, far from the curious, probing stares of neighbors, it

all assumes a new and more exotic flavor. I recently heard of one instance where seven or eight young men backpacked into the Sierras. All wore jeans and boots except for two who were naked, hands bound behind their backs, led by the men ahead of them in line...guided by rawhide leads fastened about their cocks and balls.

There are so many stories and so many possibilities to this life in the raw that it is impossible to sift the true from the imagined, or to know which aspect merits the greatest attention. If you are contemplating a sample sortie, your only limitations are going to be the area in which you reside and the availability of suitable partners. Once you find the proper place, almost anyone with a modicum of imagination can come up with enough tantalizing ideas to make the trip worthwhile. I would suggest that you check one of the more dependable guidebooks for the gay-managed resort nearest you, if you don't know of a place to go. Again, I'd refer you to *The Gayellow Pages* and *Bob Damron's Guide*. Once you find your place and taste the thrill of these outdoor activities, you will wonder how you ever existed without the experience of fresh air and sex!

On a more specific level, there are a number of moderately common, greatly enjoyed activities that can be practiced either at home or in a more exotic setting. Although I have partially discussed it in previous chapters, I would mention suspension of the entire body as foremost among these potentials—definitely an activity to be practiced only with an M you are sure is really ready for it. I have found many beginners whose imaginations far exceed their emotional capabilities, who will “peak out” after only a few minutes. Even for a guy who's done it many times inside a house or apartment, the first time it happens to him in the great outdoors, he will experience a new high. The sensation of hanging by one's wrists from the branches of a tree can produce a level of arousal that requires constant attention and awareness on the part of the S.

With a partner who enjoys it and can take it, the combined physical and emotional thrill can be close to ultimate for both

parties. There is no greater feeling of helplessness for the M, no way for the master to be in more complete control. Add to this the hood or blindfold, and the fantasy is limited only by the imaginations of the participants. The psychological effects of the “free hang” are almost impossible to describe. It is one experience you must have to fully appreciate its possibilities. (*Of course, there are right ways and wrong ways to suspend someone. I go into these techniques in some detail in Leatherman's Handbook II, currently available in its fourth printing.—L.T.*)

The introduction of an unexpected partner into the scene can provide an interesting situation. An adjunct more suited to urban than to rural settings; it can be a tremendous turn-on for the M who really digs humiliation. Take the case of a guy being bound and forced through a series of obedience rituals with his master. He has been made to crawl, to take a few welts across his ass, to lick the Master's boots, and otherwise perform the menial rites that symbolize his servitude. Without warning (with or without a blindfold), he is suddenly required to submit his body to a second, unexpected entrant—a person he has been given no opportunity to accept or reject. The thrill can be especially heightened if the interloper cannot be seen. The M is required to endure his usage, regardless what that may be, never knowing if the alternate S is young or old, tall or short, black or white. The effect is especially poignant if the M is never allowed to discover who the extra party was. For some, this can be the most memorable of any experience. (A “lack of closure” for those who remember their Psych-1a.)

Or take the scene described by a friend who recently visited San Francisco. A big guy, dark and good looking, he usually played Topman. However, he periodically experienced what he called a “need to cleanse his soul”—rite of purification, I suppose, at least, a picturesque way to express his desire to take the other side. For purposes of narration, I'll call him Cliff.

Cliff went into The Boot Camp a few nights after its grand opening. With a slightly twisted sense of humor, he proclaimed his ambivalence by wearing his keys on the left, and a medallion on a rawhide thong tied tightly about his neck. In keeping with his own uncertainty, he reciprocated the advances of a tall, slender guy who could easily have been either M or S, or any combination of the two. Shortly after midnight, Cliff left with his young friend and they drove together to the kid's fleabag hotel in the downtown area of San Francisco. Both were in nearly full leather: Cliff wore pants, boots and vest; his companion had chaps over white jeans and a leather jacket with rawhide lacings at either side of the waist.

Cliff was taken to the young man's room on one of the upper floors, and after some preliminary back-and-forths, the kid took the lead. Cliff was promptly stripped to the waist and placed face-down on the bed. His companion then pulled one length of rawhide free from his jacket and bound Cliff's hands behind his back. The leather pants were pulled down from his waist, and the belt applied liberally across the naked ass. "Big man," whispered the youth. "Big man in leather.... You gotta earn the right to wear it, man. Can you take it, man? Can you take what you like to give?"

The youngster turned him over, sitting astride his thighs. He lit a candle and allowed the wax to drip along the length of his captive's chest and belly. The searing heat fell as stinging fire, cooled quickly, and formed a brittle coating. It adhered to the curling hairs along Cliff's abdomen and the heavy patch of black in the center of his chest. The sensation was of being burned, but the episode left no marks. The young man coated him, finally using the remains of the guttering stub to sheath the groin and completely encase Cliff's cock and balls in a molten mass of wax.

Cliff watched his own belt being pulled from the waist of his leather pants, the end slipped through the buckle and the resulting loop used as a lead about his neck. He was compelled to kneel before his youthful Master, to suck his cock and lave his balls, punished when his motion caused the wax to crack and crumble from his body. That scene had been in progress for a little more than half an hour, when the young man suddenly stiffened, rammed his cock deep within his prisoner's throat, and blasted his load. Cliff took it fully, savoring every drop of his Master's discharge, yet wonder-

ing at the same time if the wildly sensual encounter would thus be ended. Much to his surprise—and pleasure—it was just beginning.

The young man's room was equipped with a sink in one corner, but the toilet was in a cubicle several doors down the hall. Cliff was left kneeling in the center of the room while his companion wrapped a towel about his waist and went to take a piss. In the interim, Cliff realized he also had to go and was almost tempted to stand up and use the sink. Afraid this would displease, he waited where he'd been left, and asked permission when his youthful Master returned. The kid seemed to hesitate a moment before rendering his decision. It was then about 1:30 A.M. Finally, the young man grasped the belt around his captive's neck, placed the towel around his own waist again, and led Cliff, naked and bound, to the toilet room.

While they were inside, the elevator arrived on their floor, and they could hear the voices of at least two other men as they moved down the hall to their room. As it happened, it was next to the young man's quarters. By then, Cliff had finished pissing. After a few moments, the young man led him back to the room. The door to the adjoining apartment was slightly ajar, but the occupants were not in sight. The young man brought Cliff into his pad, led him to the sink, and ordered him onto his knees, leaving him there with the instructions to stay in place, facing the disordered room.

The young man went to the door and called to the occupants of the adjoining pad, "Hey, I've got a big stud slave in here, if you guys are interested."

The whole scene...being led naked down the hall, when at any moment one of the doors might have opened, had aroused Cliff greatly. Now, the idea of his body being given to some strangers he had yet to see made him tremble with excitement. In fact, had he not been as experienced and sophisticated as he was, it might have been overwhelming. A few moments later a pair of very young guys came into the room. Both were naked, and each seemed something less than the butchest of leather types. They laughed together and they made a number of deprecating remarks. But they complied with the youthful Master's suggestions, forcing Cliff to suck their cocks, to kiss their downy, boyish rears, took turns leading him about the room on his knees. One of them whipped his ass when he didn't move quite fast enough, and they purposely forced him to twist

and bend so the bits of wax would flake and cause his Master to punish him.

Eventually Cliff was forced to kneel against the bed, his face shoved into the crotch of one, while the other knelt behind him. He was subjected to the very ultimate degradation, being forced to suck the cock of one fluff while the other fucked him soundly in the ass. All the while, the young Master stood over them, holding the lead about the captive's neck, hauling on it anytime Cliff seemed about to complain or reject the action.

The use of piss in the sex act has been mentioned previously, but I would like to make a few more specific comments. The "golden shower" is a joke among the fluffs, most of whom reject the scene as dirty or degrading. But, for this precise reason, the use of piss to humiliate the M is one of the most popular forms of expression. For the S, it provides a means of showing his complete contempt in a way that is neither painful nor destructive. For the M, the feeling of fluid discharge, blasted warm and slightly acid from the cock of his Master, can be so important to the fulfillment of his emotional desires that the scene is incomplete without it. I have found very few experienced M's who do not accept it, only a few more who do not expect it.

If the site of your exchange provides an outside area, there is no problem whatever. If you are restricted to an apartment, you may not wish to "make a mess," and this is understandable. The difficulty can be solved by a rubber sheet, such as is sold for a child's bed, or a large piece of black vinyl. One can always use the bathroom, too, and a shower stall will do in a pinch. I think the cold tile and glass tend to rob the exchange of its full impact, but better this than not at all.

Using the M's own piss is another aspect of the scene, and I recall a guy who used to think up some really complicated, exciting ways of making his subject do this. Remembering that piss is always warm when it leaves the body, and will stay warm if left in

constant contact, there are innumerable ways to make use of it. This guy would order his M to meet him in some public place, frequently a straight lower-class bar. The M would be instructed to wear a new pair of jeans, and to stuff the tops into his boots. The S would then sit with him at a table, both drinking beer for a couple of hours or more, the M forbidden to get up and go to the john. The inevitable result was for the M to piss his pants when he couldn't hold it anymore. The boots would become a bit sloshy, but new jeans will retain fluid. Thus the M's humiliation remained a secret between the two of them.

The drinking of piss is less common, though certainly not a rare phenomenon. Contrary to popular belief, there is no particular physical danger with a healthy person. Especially if the S has been drinking a great deal of beer, his urine tends to be almost tasteless, although flavor seems to be of little importance for the M who digs the scene. I think that one might refrain from eating asparagus before flooding another's mouth with piss; this, and certain other foods, will taint the semen as well. Or, perhaps you want it to taste nasty...either way...whatever turns you on! (*There is considerable debate today about this scene, mostly because no one can say with absolute certainty whether it is a likely means of transmitting HIV. I would suggest that you not play this particular game with a stranger, or anyone else whose health status is unknown to you.—L.T.*)

In a somewhat different setting, there was a great upsurge of interest in fisting about the time of our original publication. There were several semiformalized groups in existence in a number of cities; and while the act itself is not strictly an SM mode, it is most generally practiced by our people. I make mention of it here because it was too popular an activity to be ignored, although today it is considered a likely mode for HIV transmission if practiced with an unknown partner. The best description of the scene which I have come across is in the latter portion of Dirk Vanden's *All or Nothing*. (See Chapter 15.) For someone who is attracted to

the prospect, or who finds himself drawn into it by circumstances, it can provide its own ultimate in sensual pleasure.

With practice, the anal sphincter can open wide enough to easily accommodate a fist, but to do this requires the passive partner to be completely willing and relaxed. Usually the initial dilation is done by inserting an increasing number of fingers, moving them with a firm, gentle motion to lull the muscles into a state of relaxation. Except with a partner who has done it many times, it is usually necessary to slide the hand inside with the fingers extended, folding it into a fist as it passes the constricting ring of the sphincter. The nails must be clipped closely for this, and most practitioners prefer that the subject has thoroughly cleansed his bowels with a series of enemas.

Once the hand is in, the heated cavity becomes a source of fantastic arousal for both. The interior of the body is much warmer than the skin or other surface portions, and with the fist clenched inside a guy's ass, he cannot free himself. The invader's every motion is accentuated by his touch upon areas of internal sensation that are not normally subjected to such stimulation. The prostate, of course, becomes an important seat of response; but the entire viscera is open to the probing hand. I know of scenes where the fist goes in almost to the elbow, with the recipient feeling a pressure and internal displacement of organs which he finds exquisitely sensual.

I will not go into the dangers of this here, but will refer the reader to Chapter 16. I suggest you consider both pros and cons before giving it a try. If you're going to do it, start off with someone who knows where it's at! Even without benefit of further warning, some of the inherent dangers must be obvious. For those who have experienced it, however, the sensations tend to override the negatives.

For the Topman who plays a bondage scene without heavy SM, it will frequently happen that he "does" his partner while the other

is bound. Although this violates the Master/slave relationship for some people, it is a fairly widespread practice. Along with this, I have found a number of guys who increase the sensation by little fine points of technique. Holding hot water in the mouth before going down on someone can send him into a state of near delirium. Another gimmick, which I don't particularly recommend, is doing the same with ice. Some guys dig it, though, so if it appeals...

I think one of the most effective forms of humiliation is making the M take his own cum. This can be combined with the piss scene by the S requiring him to wear his shorts during the action, in the course of which either or both will soak them. Afterward, when the S has cum, he may bind the M to a post or to a bed, and free his hands enough that the captive can beat himself off—still within the shorts. These can then be taken off—ripped off, if you prefer—and stuffed into the M's mouth. If that's a little too messy for you, perhaps the snowball kiss is the answer.

With the M bound down so he can't move or otherwise interfere with the action, the Topman does him. He takes the guy's entire load in his mouth, then kisses the M, forcing the cum into the other and subsequently making him swallow it. As many guys lose their heightened desire immediately after ejaculation, the implicit humiliation can be extreme.

Shaving all or part of the body may appeal to you, especially the most common practice of removing the hair on the balls and pubic area. Doing this to an M is going to make him remember you—for weeks to come! It is a way to leave your mark on him for a fairly long time. I have seen it done both with regular shaving equipment, hospital style "prep" razors, or with depilatories. In any case, the subsequent sensation of prickly hairs growing back will serve to remind the M of your mastery. Shaving the entire body, including the head, is somewhat gross—extreme, to say the least. While I have heard several Topmen express a desire to "tie that goddamned hippie down and shave him," I have seldom seen it happen. Unless

you have a long-term slave, you will probably never do it. Still, it is one of the more extreme expressions of humiliation, and you may find an M who wants it done. I think the most exciting method is to have the operation performed with a straight razor, especially when working around the cock and balls. As there are few men around these days who know how to handle it, the practice is fast becoming a lost art.

One fairly common practice among certain advanced and semi-advanced cliques is the use of electricity, generally applied to either tits or genitals. I have seen an S who used a type of modified Relaxacisor gear. It seemed to produce an extraordinary effect on the cock, and the Topman (who was an electrical engineer) assured me there was no danger unless the M had heart trouble. (That's what the man said, U.S. Surgeon General to the contrary, when he ordered these machines taken off the market.) *(As a general safety rule, never use electrical devices above the waist. Even in the above-mentioned tit torture, the device used only minimal flashlight-battery power.—L.T.)*

Telephone magneto coils used to be popular torture implements in Algeria, when the French were battling the Arab population. I've seen some of the equipment, but there was never an M available who was willing to permit a demonstration. Even my electrically inclined adviser says, "Handle with care when using on a friend." I know of another guy who used a small hand generator—again telephone equipment, I believe—and produced quite a turn-on for his M. He used to apply the juice in short spurts, occasionally with a gradually increased intensity. This was always restricted to the M's tits, but he was scared off the practice when he saw the Surgeon General's report on Relaxacisor equipment (fortunately before he had done any damage to his subjects).

Model T spark coils were once used for survival training in the U.S. Air Force, and I have heard of people modifying this equipment for SM purposes. *(In later years I did see this in use, during a*

demonstration at one of our more popular SM runs. It seemed to produce a singular effect, although its uses in the hands of an amateur remains an "iffy" proposition.—L.T.) For a heavy pain scene, some guys use stock prods ("cattle prods")—painful, but relatively safe if used in short spurts, only on the buttocks or thighs.

Having had some traumatic (nonsexual) experiences with electricity, I stand somewhat in awe of the entire scene. I think there are too many people who don't understand what they're doing when they play with it. For God's sake, don't just plug yourself into something, or let someone else plug you in, unless you know exactly what's coming off! Fantastic as some claim these sensations to be, it's not worth a trip to the coroner's office. I want to make it clear that I am not recommending any of these practices. I pass it on for what it's worth, merely observing that such things are done and some guys find them highly stimulating.

Although the wretched custom of circumcision is becoming more widespread, we still find a number of natural cocks within our midst. For those with a foreskin, infibulation may provide a few moments of wildly exotic bliss. Because the loose skin on an un mutilated cock has comparatively few nerve endings, it is possible to sew it shut without the excruciating pain one would experience by having the needle inserted into some other part of the penis. There are a number of practicing Ms who really dig having their foreskins stitched in this manner. It should ideally be done with a softened cock, producing a unique and terribly exciting sensation when the rod is subsequently encouraged to rise. If there is a second M involved, he can be required to bite the sutures off at the proper moment, and the scenario can be worked into quite an elaborate production. Its barbaric implications are almost as extreme as the medical practice that deprives so many of this proper appendage.

But don't despair if you have been a victim of such ill-considered,

quasi-hygienic disfigurement. Most guys still retain just enough excess to permit the operation. Obviously, the cock must be soft while it's being done, and the sutures must be placed closer together to prevent a possible tearing. The pressure as the cock attempts to swell will be greater, and the duration of the scene must be more limited. I have also seen needles (hopefully new, sterile needles) inserted through the skin along the underside of the penis, even through the scrotum. However, I think we are verging on a scene, here, that more properly belongs in the "advanced" category. I'm going to break off and pick up the threads (or surgical gut) in the next chapter.

Piercing other portions of the body is also done with some frequency, especially the nipples. I had heard of people piercing lips, but I had never seen it until recently. I still can't imagine it would be especially sensual, although it has now become fairly common. There are scenes where a series of pins are driven through the naked skin of the chest or ass, but this is also rare. I was in on one such episode, though, and the M really turned on. (He was also flying on grass and poppers.) Incidentally, piercing the earlobe is normally done outside the SM arena. The wearing of a left or right earring has the same meaning as keys or chains on a specific side. No one used to wear two earrings, except a drag queen or some other variety of fluff. Today—? Well, times are a-changin'.

Penetrating the tits with needles, or actually sewing some object to them, is not uncommon among people who are experienced and deeply involved in leathercraft. For an M whose nipples are exceptionally sensitive, such usage becomes a fantastic turn-on. There is more than an element of savage barbarity to the act, and the attendant fantasies serve to increase its significance. It is painful, of course; but by the time the bottomman has reached a stage of desire where he wants or allows it to happen, his tits may have been used so many times that they have lost a part of their original sensitivity.

In some SM combinations, a small padlock or metal ring may be fastened through a permanent hole in the foreskin or the nipple. On the cock, it can become a type of chastity belt, but in any event it keeps the wearer constantly aware of its presence and the continued power of the person who placed it there. Once the original orifice is made, and if the lock is light, there is no continuing pain. The sensation of wearing the master's talisman is both a symbol of the M's submission and a reminder of his humiliated state. Just as an M may wear a chain about his neck, either locked in place or spot-welded, some may enjoy bearing this brand of servitude. (*Of late, bodily piercing has become extremely popular, to a point where guys have it done to themselves by professionals. Often the piercing serves no other purpose than bodily decoration; i.e., the wearer thinks it looks good, which it sometimes does. Or the piercing may be placed so as to enhance some aspect of sexual sensation. Strongly advised: pierce only with a clean, sterile needle, preferably manned by someone who has done it before and knows what he's doing.—L.T.*)

For a growing number of SM people, the use of rubber instead of leather is basic to the scene. For a long time this was veiled in such secrecy that I was convinced it must be an entirely separate bag. When I finally was able to explore the activities of the rubber people, I found their attractions very much akin to the leather fetish. Rubber, like leather, has a unique feel and a distinctive odor. For many it becomes a turn-on in the same manner. Instead of an M turning on to an S in leather pants and engineer boots, he finds rubber hip boots and rubber pants to be the ultimate attraction. The SM practices of the rubber exponents are, again, very much the same. It is mostly a matter of the basic fetish being focused on one material instead of the other. (Fireman's gear, for instance, instead of cycle leathers.)

There does seem to be a greater interest in water sports, however, as a full rubber costume is completely moisture-proof. A lot of guys who are into rubber are also into recreational enemas—

that is, enemas done/taken for the pleasurable sensation as opposed to a need for rectal cleansing. I think that slime is also more universally used, be it water, piss, oil, vomit, or shit (the latter two being significantly less common than the rest). Some of the rubber publications contain illustrations of men in complete rubber outfits, sometimes wearing gas masks and other items of equipment more commonly associated with scuba diving. Whereas the motorcyclist is the epitome of the leatherman, I would say a full-rigged fireman comes very close to the rubberman's ideal. There are also many pieces of clothing and equipment which must be custom-made, and a number of specialty suppliers have spring up to fill the needs. Often, the same places that supply leather fetish gear will carry rubber/latex appliances as well.

As an illustration of the rubber scene, we are indebted to a man of considerable skill and knowledge, who asks to be identified only as L.L.B. Upon originally reading this piece, I had assumed it was fantasy. Those who know the author indicate it may be more truth than fiction. I don't know. If the inmates of our penal institutions were treated to this much sensual pleasure, we should hardly expect many riots or attempted escapes!

There were three rooms: the first had showers off one end, with an examination table in the center of the room. Here, the man would be shoved under a shower by a guard wearing hip-length boots and a rubber coat. If necessary, the prisoner would be scrubbed with a long-handled brush. Then he'd be taken out, following a very hot rinse, and required to dry himself in front of a warm air stream. Following this, he'd be taken to the examination table and hoisted up, made to lie on his back. The doctor, my friend Mac, would check him for hernias, heart condition—the usual ailments—and would then roll the man over, onto his stomach. The prisoner's buttocks would be wiped with a cloth soaked in alcohol. He would be pushed to his feet and taken into the next room.

The man would be ordered to stand in front of an operating-room rack, to which a two-quart can of hot, sudsy water was

attached. The officer on duty, again in rubber boots and coat, would require the prisoner to bend over and spread the cheeks of his ass. We didn't use a rubber "hard tube," but rather a soft number 40 catheter, which would be shoved all the way up the con's ass. It was a real trip to watch the big officer grab the con by his shoulder and ram the tube up his ass with a single thrust. The clamp on the tube would be released, and the water would flow until a gurgle would indicate the con's body had taken all it could. He would be ordered to retain the water until he was told to let it go. Disobedience would mean an extra whipping. When the con straightened up, the officer would make note of the time and require the prisoner to do ten minutes of deep knee bends. After this he was directed to a seatless toilet and told to release the water. It always came out in a rush, because Dr. Mac had determined that the best enema was Fels-Naphtha flakes...really cleaned them out! After the con had emptied his bowels, he was handed a paper towel and told to wipe himself clean.

A come-along would be attached to the right wrist by a uniformed officer, who always led the con at arm's length, for fear he might have some shit left in him, which could spew out onto the officer's shiny boots. The man would be dragged into the next room, and it was here that the whippings were given.

The first man into the room would see half a dozen or more uniformed officers, gathered around a leather (gymnast's) horse. We wore state police uniforms, although two or three men were always stripped to the waist. We purposely maintained grim expressions as the con was led to the horse and strapped into place by a convict attendant, who would rub more alcohol across his naked backside. After this the convict could see nothing except the boots of those of us who stood in front of him. He would be strapped so tightly he couldn't move to see a wider range, but that soon made little difference to him. There would be a sudden whir behind him and the strap would land against his trembling skin. Another whipping had begun!

The next men brought to be whipped would be handcuffed to a steel rail set into one wall, and from here they would be allowed to watch the festivities. Just seeing it would often make the guy's balls crawl higher against his body. Many of them would grow erect. An

officer might amuse himself by telling the con to stroke himself, but there was rarely time to reach orgasm before the man's own turn came.

Erections during a whipping result from the tremendous apprehension a man feels when he experiences physical punishment under these circumstances. When he does become erect, you can't stop the whipping and have him jerk off; in fact, when he's locked down on his belly, you can't even see it. When he's released and totters to a standing posture—that's when it shows. Dr. Mac would always check the man's ass after the whipping, ostensibly to ensure against internal hemorrhaging. Actually, he just wanted to get his hand up the guy's butt to test how good a fuck he'd be.

The standard punishment these men received was called "10-10-30," meaning: ten (or more) lashes, ten days in solitary, and thirty days' assignment to the heavy-duty gang, where they would shovel coal twelve hours a day under supervision of a guard with a horsewhip. Technically, we weren't supposed to give more than this, but there are always ways to circumvent the rules.

Leather and rubber paddles come in a variety of sizes and shapes. The one used on me when I was raped at the age of twelve (by a RCMP) was shaped like a football and made of about five layers of inner tubing laced together with wire. It had a short wooden handle. Man, did that Mountie make my ass smoke! I'll go into how we adapted this idea for use on the prisoners in my next letter.

Regards,
L.L.B.

CHAPTER 14
The Sublime to the Ultimate

More so than in the preceding chapter, the activities I am going to discuss here will extend beyond the limits of the average leatherman. Yet anyone who is involved to any degree with the scene may well encounter others whose tastes include one or more of these specifics. When I first outlined the *Handbook*, I had placed a tentative title of "The Far Out" on this material; but on later consideration, I realized this would seem a put-down for a good number of our people—the very people who form the nucleus around which the rest of the leather community exists. So, if my descriptions are a turn-off for you, if they're too gross or too esoteric, I can only ask you to remember how many people there are in this world who are still shocked and horrified at the idea of sucking cock. To each his own.

Many of those who do not understand the SM rationale are unable to perceive the difference between an M who seeks a seemingly harsh, brutal handling and a man who is simply the victim of a beating. And sometimes the line is difficult to draw. It becomes

a matter of trying to explain the most subtle inner workings of another person's mind. In an earlier discussion, I warned against an M picking up a street hustler and submitting himself to the unknown, allowing himself to be placed in a situation where he couldn't do anything about it. I gave an extreme example to illustrate the danger. Still, for some bottommen, the danger is an integral part of his fulfillment.

Whereas I would strongly disagree with the theory that the ultimate act of SM would occur when the S killed the M, there are Ms for whom the threat of murder can be a tremendous thrill. If you can accept my premise that sexual adventure is akin to any other kind of physical-emotional acting-out, you may begin to see the mind-set which drives men to take risks. In essence, it is almost identical to the needs of a person who has to challenge an unconquered mountain peak or to enter the Indianapolis 500. Such a man is cut from the same cloth as those we call "heroes." Your shrink will explain all of these manifestly asexual actions as "sublimation of the libido"—in other words, an acting-out which redirects the sexual drive into a nonsexual area, but utilizes the same bodily and psychic energy, with the result of satisfying the guy's basic lust. Bullshit? I don't know. Freud started it; I have merely added one more logical step to the staircase erected by the great man's successors.

Thus, a man may cruise the darkened streets of a major city until he spots a rough-looking youth standing in the shadows of a sidestreet. He will take the unknown young man to his home and permit himself to be bound, having no way to determine what his guest's intentions may be. In most cases, very little is going to happen. The M may find he is not even tied tightly enough to prevent his getting free. Sometimes he will encounter a hustler who has a faint inkling of the scene and who puts him through a heavy-handed session. There will be no prearranged setting of limits, and the punishment the M receives may very well exceed the

treatment he would normally specify when submitting himself to an S whom he knew to be skilled in his craft.

But for him, the exchange with the hustler fulfills a different sort of need. Until it's over and his hands are untied, the M does not know if he is going to survive. He knows the statistical odds are overwhelmingly in his favor, but the outside chance of having submitted himself to a homicidal, "fag-hating" psychopath remains to sustain his very real fear of death. This carries him to a height of emotional thrills he could not receive any other way. (Odd and unusual? Wanting to be frightened is unnatural? Ever go to a horror movie? Ever ride a roller coaster? Ever get a thrill from driving 90 m.p.h. on a turnpike or desert highway?)

In a similar vein, I know an M who entertains police officers from time to time. At least one is an enthusiastic member of the vice squad. (This policeman's ambivalent orientation would make an interesting study in and of itself.) None of the cops who come to see this guy are really "gay"; at least, they would never admit it. In all probability their only mode of homosexual expression is the heavy SM scene they have with my friend. They may arrive at his home either alone or in pairs. They bind him, and they give him a working-over that is almost frightening. All of their hostilities and hatreds seem to come out when they stand over the bound, naked body of their voluntary prisoner. Wearing their blue uniforms, they administer a whipping that invariably draws blood, leaving welts and scars across ass and thighs and the wide part of the back.

My friend knows that once he submits himself he will be shown no mercy. Whatever sexual aspects of the officer's needs are being acted out, the man is not going to acknowledge them for what they are. I know my friend is usually required to service the officer at the conclusion of the session, most frequently by having the guy fuck him. But this is also a one-sided exchange, with the uniformed "S" achieving his own physical gratification with total disregard for the M.

I hesitate to elaborate at any length on the emotional composition of either the hustler or the “straight” cop who takes part in this type of scene. They are not really a part of our leather cadre, and in effect become no more relevant than the other physical pieces of equipment used to achieve or express the necessary aspects of submission or humiliation. Their individual personalities tend to be unimportant; they blur and merge until we tend to think of them as mere reflexive instruments. The men themselves would not claim membership in our group. I don’t think we need consider their unsubmitted applications.

We can find action that is just as physical and, for the outsider, just as difficult to relate to one’s voluntary sexual appetites within our own in-groups. Whipping, whether done with belt or braided cat-o’-nine-tails, is almost universal in these heavier exchanges. It is the surest and clearest way for the M to achieve humiliation or self-discipline. (“Self,” because he submits of his own accord, may even beg to be whipped.) It is sexual, regardless of the extent to which the genitals are used or ignored. The beating may draw blood, may leave marks that last for a month or more. For some Ms the only really satisfying scene leaves him with reminders that spark him sexually for several days...brings a smile to his lips as he sits in an office or engages in some other totally unrelated activity. He may spend his working hours in command of some large business, and his word may be law to a great many people. But as he speaks with his voice of authority, his body recalls the moments when he was completely subjugated to the will of another...and the residual pain is his greatest satisfaction.

In this heavier arena, there are so many routes to be taken you can’t really point to one as being more typical than all the rest—that is, beyond the whipping.

For an advanced M, as for the experienced S, there sometimes tend to be specialized interests—a narrowing of the field to focus on a specific area of activity. I have witnessed or received first-

hand accounts of sessions involving brands, lighted cigarettes against naked flesh, small incisions made in the skin of chest, back or shoulders in a kind of simulated flaying. I have seen M's take needles through the tits, the scrotum and the underside of the cock. I have worked with one S who was never really turned on until his M begged for mercy and pleaded with him to stop. This would drive him to use greater force, halting only if the agreed-upon signal was given. God help the M if he forgot!

As you could encounter any of the above situations, let me add a few words of clarification. When an M is being pushed past his limits and the S is not responding to his pleas, his most likely "out" is to grow rigid...to tighten his entire body, to stretch his lips tightly across his teeth (if he's not gagged), and to make himself completely unresponsive. Usually this will penetrate when nothing else does.

There is not much I can say about brands and cigarettes. If it's mutually agreeable, it's going to happen, and there are neither approved techniques nor safeguards to be suggested. As to needles through the skin, however, I think it's important to use an instrument which has never been used on another person. (See my chapter on dangers.) The sharpest needle you can get is a hypodermic; once it's inserted, it's a little heavier than a sewing needle, thus giving the M the sensation of something hanging on him. Well-sterilized stainless steel is going to cause less problems than base metal. Use gold (14 karat), if the item is to be left for any length of time (days instead of hours).

I have known a couple of Topmen who would require their Ms to jack off at the start of the session, thus depriving them of their initially high level of desire. In the course of action, the bottom-man's lust would gradually rebuild, but the implications were almost as if he had been (symbolically) castrated.

Occasionally an S will prefer to use a paddle, and this seems to be especially effective if the M is not naked. One S discussed this

with me, and maintained that the paddle was far better than a belt when the ass was covered with cloth. It made for "sharp" punishment, he told me, but usually required a shorter scene.

Long-term bondage is practiced by a number of guys, and in this you may find the M bound either to a bed or vertically—to a post, for instance—and left there for a day or longer. Very little may be done to him beyond this, or he may be subjected periodically to other acts of humiliation. Naturally, being kept in restraints for this length of time necessitates his relieving himself in the place where the S left him. He may be punished for this, or merely left to lie or stand in his own "filth." (*I have found it amusing that a number of movies and TV shows done in the last twenty-five years have had sequences where the fully clothed hero was bound in place for periods ranging from a single day to several, with never a provision made for the necessary bodily functions. Even in the American Colonial period, when miscreants were publicly locked into stocks for extended periods of time, part of their considered punishment/humiliation consisted of being forced to relieve themselves in their breeches.—L.T.*)

Deliberately cutting off the circulation is done by some Ss, and this naturally requires a shorter-term situation and more attention on the part of the S. Lifting the M off the ground and leaving him to hang in restraints which are binding about his wrists or ankles is fairly common, but is really less erotic than the shorter-term situation of his being hanged by the neck. I know a couple of Ms who really dig this scene, and while it adds fuel to fire of those who perceive death as the "ultimate," I would still deny the assertion. However, placing a heavy rope at the M's throat and lifting him with it, leaving him to hang for several seconds, until he is on the verge of blacking out, has been extremely exciting for the guys who later described it. (*It also constitutes a very real danger—undoubtedly essential to the thrill—so should not be done when either participant is high on drugs or booze, and then only with extreme caution that all appliances around the neck can be removed quickly and easily. It happens*

to be a scene that is such a turn-on for so many guys—Yours Truly included—that I have mentioned it as part of several scenes in this Handbook. Just be careful!—L.T.)

Coprophilia, or the use of excrement as part of the scene, is rare. It is mostly done with the M wearing some type of watertight pants. As he may be required to piss on himself, so he can also be forced to “shit his pants” and live with it. He may be bound to prevent his doing anything about it, then fed castor oil to make things happen. This practice is more prevalent among rubber than leather people, mostly because their working outfits are better suited to such usage. Of course, there are more extreme uses for the material, but I shall spare the sensibilities of those with fainter hearts. *(My failure to offer a more graphic description of “scat” has resulted in several complaints from guys who are into this scene—one which has become more popular, ironically, even as the HIV health crisis has gotten worse. Especially in Holland, scat parties have proliferated, and an increasingly larger number of guys seem to be involved. I have to admit a personal aversion to the practice, but at the same time must note that it is legitimately a part of SM, if we are to accept the writings and apparent behavior of Le Grand Marquis as our starting point.—L.T.)*

If you will note the statistical preferences I list in Chapter 18, you will see that the enema scene holds a fascination for a lot more people than you might expect. There are a number of possible variations, many having to do with a high or heavy humiliation. Often, the M is bound and the enema is administered near the end of the session. He may be required to go home with the water still in him, or he may be commanded to hold it for an hour or more while the S works on him in other ways. There is a definite sensation of pressure, particularly on the prostate, and for this reason an M may find it extremely sensual.

To make the water more difficult to retain, the S may lace the solution with a fair amount of salt. He can also force a few spoon-

fuls of castor oil down the M. The potential "mess" may prevent a number of leathermen from doing it, but a guy who really digs it will have the proper facilities. The rubber clique's clothing is easily cleaned afterward, so they can make a greater use of the enema. As when he uses a catheter, the S is depriving his M of control over one of his most basic personal functions.

In discussing the "ultimate" with several experienced people, I have had a number of scenes suggested. For a long while, I was really uncertain which would qualify most completely, but the end result of these deliberations was castration—the deprivation of masculinity. This is symbolized in many of the activities already covered. Wrapping rawhide around the scrotum to distend the balls is the most basic of these, and if you stop to analyze some of the others you will see that they qualify in the same general way. When you get into the very heavy scenes, symbolism may give way to reality. Infibulation is a more advanced degree, as are needles through any part of the genitals. To exceed these activities requires a surgeon, but there are a number of these to be found among the in-groups.

Although I did not witness this myself, I have the report from two trusted observers, each of whom corroborated the other in every important detail. Thus, as the ultimate scene, I would suggest the following (*not, of course to be performed by amateurs on the kitchen table.—L.T.*):

Picture a well-lighted room in the basement of a large house, furnished sparsely with black leather chairs and a sofa—a bed on casters, covered with the same black material. The walls are hung with a collection of instruments, and a post is set into the floor on one side of the room. There are two Ms present, both naked and standing to one side while a half dozen black-clad men are grouped together, drinking beer from cans and awaiting the arrival of their technical expert.

The man comes in, finally, dressed like the others. But he carries

a medical bag (one of those antiquities we used to see when doctors still made house calls). He is addressed with respect by the others, and introduced to the Ms as "our surgeon." No further explanation is given. Both bottommen are placed into restraints, one bound upright to the post, the other spread-eagled on the bed.

During these preliminaries, the M who is standing receives the most attention. A number of straps and weights are attached to his body, and one guy works a hand between his ass and the wooden pole. His finger deposits a glob of Vicks VapoRub on the captive's asshole, shoves it in, and probes for several moments to be sure the tingling response has started. "Just to keep it warm for latter," he says. "Don't want you to feel neglected." He laughs, as do the others, as if they share some secret joke. Finally, the M is told to piss in his shorts, which one of the leathermen holds beneath his prick. The rag is then stuffed into his mouth and bound in place with rope. His eyes are left uncovered—he is to witness all that happens. In fact, he will be reminded several times during the course of the action that the same may soon be done to him. Unaware of the behind-the-scenes arrangements, this M has no way of knowing how much truth there may be in the taunting statements of his masters.

At length the action devolves upon the M who is bound hand and foot upon the bed. He is lying with his back pressed tightly to the leather sheet. He is tall, with a strong, powerful body. About thirty, he retains the lithe muscle tone of the swimmer-gymnast he was in college. His skin is dark and swarthy, but clear beneath the black curly hair that covers chest and belly. He bears no scars or marks to proclaim his previous participation in any heavy scenes. But he is an experienced M, and he has come into his present situation voluntarily, with the full knowledge of what is going to happen.

The doctor, dressed in black leather that makes him indistinguishable from his fellow Topmen, approaches the bed. The M trembles as involuntary spasms wrack his body. He may be having second thoughts, but it's already too late. He's agreed, and he knows he must follow through. The doctor's hands begin to caress his skin, traveling warmly across his chest and midsection, seeking to draw the tensions from his muscles and to cast him into a transitory calm. His cock has grown fuller, but still hangs soft between his

wide-spread thighs...heavy, bloated, expectant. Without removing his hands from the waiting M, the doctor nods, indicating that one of the others should open his bag.

The M tries to see over the edge, but the bag is too far below the level on which his naked body lies tautly stretched and helpless. He can only recline on the smooth, body-warm leather, suddenly afraid and uncertain...filled with mixed emotion. He is torn between desire and torment, no single thought separate or clearly defined. His brain is as much a prisoner as his body, almost frozen in a tangle of indeterminate shadings.

One of the other topmen is to assist the doctor; it is he who places a white towel on the bed and unfolds its sterile contents carefully. The doctor extends his hands, and the assistant pours a clear solution over them. An antiseptic odor fills the room as the doctor rubs his hands briskly and the excess fluid tinkles into a metal bowl on the floor. Everyone is silent and watches him without making any comment; no one is moving about.

The doctor begins with the subject's cock. He picks it up and fondles it, folds the foreskin back and runs a finger across the head. He takes a sponge of cotton from his assistant and uses this to flood the cockhead and foreskin with alcohol. He pinches the loose flaps of skin together, then takes a needle and sews it closed. He uses an even dozen stitches, tiny sutures which completely seal the shaft within its fleshy sheath. On the last stitch, he leaves a long dangling end of surgical gut. This has all been done without anesthetic, and the M has writhed, gasped, twisted in response to the pain. But now his cock is growing thicker, internal pressures building to drive its mass against the sutures.

The doctor moves to the subject's chest, pauses a moment to gaze into the young man's eyes. After a moment's reflection, he takes hold of both nipples, twists them between his fingers as he sits down on the bed beside the naked M. The captive is moaning, his body striving, straining at his bonds, pulling, flexing while his cock swells to a greater fullness that stretches the skin to a gleaming mirror sheen. The M's nipples have grown rigid beneath the doctor's persistent kneading; his eyes have closed, and his head presses back hard against the surface. The doctor dabs at either tit with a cotton swab. He's handed another needle, and he slides it deftly through

one pointed, red-brown nub. The M gasps. His eyes fly open again, as he strains to lift his head and watch. The doctor pulls a length of gut through the flesh and turns his attention on the second nipple, ignoring the anxious expression on his subject's face.

When loops have been set and tied through either side, heavier lines are bound to each, and these are joined to the trailing end that hangs from the still-tumescent cock. The M is now secured across the front of his body, cock pulled up to lie against his stomach, forming one point of a triangle that connects it with either tit. His head has dropped back upon the leather sheet, pain apparently receding to allow the full impact of his helpless subjugation to dominate all other awareness.

There is a pause in the action now, as the leathermen turn their attention on the other M. He still stands tightly bound to his post, watching the pain and humiliation of his fellow. "You're next," they tell him. Fingers flick his cockhead, while others test the firmness of his chest. "Your ass still hot for me, baby?" asks the guy who shoved the Vicks into his anus. They laugh at him, fondle him roughly, and tell him to watch what happens next. "That'll be you in a little while, punk," they tell him. "Wait'll you see!" The M bites down hard on his gag, unable to speak or voice the fear that now begins to grip him. But he can't get free, and in the back of his mind he's sure they wouldn't really do it to him. They wouldn't, would they?

All eyes follow the doctor's movements as he turns once more to his subject on the leather-covered bed. He takes an aerosol can from his bag and sprays a cold mist across the deep-slung sac. This has been hanging in helpless, unguarded exposure between wide-spread thighs. The M feels the sudden chill blast and it makes him jump. His eyes have been closed, and he hasn't seen the man approach. Now his heart beats faster and his quickened pulse brings his entire body back to life. He makes a desperate effort to see what happens, but he is unable to raise his eyes to peer across his rising-falling chest. In the end he lets his head full back and eyelids close as the local anesthetic takes effect. Another man steps forward, foamy brush and safety razor in his hands. He laves the subject's balls, shaves the scrotum and the underside of cock where a few hairs curl about its base.

A few moments later, the doctor probes the sac with a needle. The M makes no response. His skin is numb, deadened by the spray. Once again, the surgeon's hands are sterilized and a fresh collection of instruments is placed beside him on the bed. His fingers move with quick, sure motions as he places a blade to the hairless sac and makes an incision. His audience watches from behind him and to the sides as the doctor probes inside and finds the balls, pulls them out through the opening. They hang there, two small red orbs, the central points of manhood...exposed...bared. The room is completely silent, except for the subject's heavy breathing. Then the silence is broken by a single muffled sob from the other captive. Forced to watch, and terrified lest the same be done to him, he is close to breaking. Cold sweat clings to his clammy skin, but the others barely look at him. Their interest remains centered on the bed.

A couple of the men have seen this happen twice before, once beneath the scalpel of the same surgeon. But this time, the act is destined to be more complete. The doctor's hands move once more, as one by one he severs the tiny tubes connecting the testicles to the body of the M. First one, then the other, he cuts them free...lifts the young man's sac upon his palm and moves to the subject's head. He pries open the mouth and eases the severed balls inside. "Hold them," he tells the M. "Hold them, and if you swallow—that's all there is, baby—all there is."

The group remains subdued during the several minutes the M is forced to hold his sexual being in his mouth. He has been castrated—momentarily deprived of manhood. Even his useless cock is bound and fastened by threads to his tits. In whispered tones, a couple of the leathermen begin to taunt the other M, asking if he'd like to have his nuts cut off, if he'd like to hold them in his mouth while he's tied down and powerless to resist. One guy grasps his balls and twists them while the frightened captive tries to look away. He can't. The open sac hangs limp and empty, and the young man's eyes refuse to focus elsewhere.

In describing this scene to a couple of experienced people, I have been told it couldn't happen. Yet I have it on good authority that it did—more than once. My sources informed me that the testicles

were returned after approximately a half hour, the tubes sutured back in place, the scrotum sewed shut. The M was instructed not to touch his cock for at least a week, other than to take a piss. He was given something to suppress his sexual desires during the interim. After the week was up, his functions returned to normal.

The ultimate? I think so. There is no way to go much further, unless one wished to take some of the grim tales of history as his model. But regardless of the momentary urges, I doubt we would find many Ms willing to be taken down a trail from which he could not return. Death or real castration is not the ultimate; it is the symbolism, the sensual thrill, sometimes the close brush with finality—that is what we seek, be it from the Top or the bottom. And each man knows his limits.

CHAPTER 15
Literature

(Of all the chapters in this Handbook, this is the one that is obviously the most dated. In the twenty-five years since I first compiled my list of titles, there have been dozens of new books written that would have been worthy of inclusion—a number of my own, as well as those from an ever-increasing cadre of both new and established writers: novelists, philosophers, social scientists. I am not going to attempt a comprehensive review of these later efforts, except for brief comments on those I consider most significant. This is, after all, the Silver Jubilee of the book which helped to open the gates for the quality material that came later—and the flood-gates for much more. I find it interesting that the major works I cited originally are still standards today, and not solely as historical documents. Closely related to the greater freedom to produce gay SM literature was the overall increase in gay political/social awareness. Today, we tend to forget how different it was only a scant twenty-five years ago. In previous chapters, for instance, I made mention several times of “the ever-vigilant vice squad.” We don’t have much concern with this anymore—not in major cities with significant gay populations. Likewise, we no longer suffer the liter-

ary constraints of this earlier time—unless, of course, you try to buck the establishment of East Coast literati who abhor anything too gay and kinky. Interestingly enough, we now have our own homegrown censors. Suffice it to say, that I am leaving much of the following text in its original form, to allow the serious reader a glimpse of what I and my contemporaries had to deal with in breaking clear of the older repressions. You might also note that most of the really interesting new SM material has come almost exclusively from smaller publishers.—L.T.)

Over the years, changing social attitudes and political climates have produced a strangely consistent stream of SM literature. From time to time, the subject would be presented and described, if not explored, in the guise of a scientific treatise or anthropological survey—many of these printed in England prior to the Darwinian mystique. It was only after the voyage of the *Beagle* that the scientific community began to accept the legitimacy of such books, papers, monographs, etc., as a valid field of study. When this happened, the number of available books became much greater. The Victorian Era had marked the beginning of mankind's most desperate retreat into its closet of guilt and emotional suppression. We are still struggling to climb back out.

Only in the last few years have we been able to find any great amount of SM literature that is both graphic and openly sexual. The forerunners of these were the learned tomes that presented the reader with extremely vivid accounts—whippings, torture sequences and the like—always heavily buried beneath many pages of other material. In examining these from the vantage point of the 1970s I have often wondered if they were deliberately contrived as “turn-ons,” or if the writer could possibly have been naive enough not to realize what he was doing. I suppose we are never to have a definitive answer on many, while others are quite obviously intended to arouse the “prurient interest” of the reader.

Before 1800, there is less material to be found. Not only have

most of these books been lost or destroyed, there were fewer of them to start with. Printing methods were crude and slow, hence expensive, and there were not many people who could read. Still, of the surviving pieces and reprints from the several centuries between Gutenberg's invention and the advent of Victorian repression, we can find an occasional gem. Some of the more famous have been translated into modern English and reissued in our own time. Instead of masquerading as scientific tracts, most of these books are cloaked in clerical garb and assigned titles of a religious nature.

Some of the real classics come down to us as reprints from the handwritten manuscripts of the Dark and Middle ages, when flagellation and penitence took some rather interesting forms; from the epochs when corporal punishment was the mode. I am not going to attempt coverage of foreign-language materials, as these must be of little interest to most of you who read this *Handbook*. I even hesitated to mention some of the older classics, as these are long out of print and almost impossible to find. I finally decided to include a few, simply for the purpose of rounding out the historical background. If you're a real bibliophile, you might keep a list in your wallet and occasionally check the dusty shelves of your local used bookstore. Finding any of them will be a major coup. (The year of publication I show refers to the particular volume which I have physically owned or held in my hands. In many instances, it will reflect a reprint date. For others, I can no longer put my hands on the book, so I must rely on memory for title and author, giving them without publisher or date of publication.)

If we are to delve into the history of SM literature, we should start most properly with the ancients. Anyone who has read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* will be aware of his frequent references to Tacitus. In fact, with frustrating regularity, Gibbon will lead the reader toward some extremely spicy sequence, only to break off just short of describing it and refer you to this

ancient historian. (Not to be confused with the emperor of the same name.) Because of the limited interest in these more graphic areas; and because of Gibbon's (otherwise) excellent survey of the times, you are unlikely to encounter much more than an abstract of Tacitus in modern print. If you see him listed in the index at the end of any interesting-looking volume, you might be rewarded by delving a little deeper.

After the fall of Rome, the European world entered a period very properly called the Dark Ages. What little was written came from the pens of monks and monastic scholars, and these accounts are rarely found except as examples in some anthology. However, this era saw the advent of flagellation as a religious rite, and there were a number of accounts that told of people forming long lines, running or dancing in frenzied nakedness through the streets, each participant whipping the backside of the one in front. While you are unlikely to find these pieces collected and reprinted en masse (I haven't been able to), there were a number of resumes printed in England during the latter half of the nineteenth century. A few examples: *Anthropological Studies of the Strange Sexual Practices of All Races in All Ages, Ancient and Modern* by Dr. Iwan Bloch. *Curiosities of Flagellation: A Series of Incidents and Facts Collected by an Amateur Flagellant*, Anonymous, London, 1875. *History of Flagellation Among Different Nations, A Narrative of Strange Customs and Cruelties of the Romans, Greeks and Egyptians*, London, 1888. *A History of the Rod, Flagellation and the Flagellants*, by Rev. William M. Cooper, B.A., William Reeves, London 1885. (Still in print as of 1996; see *Barnes & Noble listings*.—L.T.)

This last work is a real classic! The staid old pastor had quite a thing for battered backs and buttocks. Although I wish to avoid any great expenditure of space on other than English-language materials, you will occasionally find translations and abstracts from French writers, such as the Abbé Brantôme, who describes a variety of sexual activities and who occasionally dwells heavily on the

SM aspects—flagellation as well as rape involving both male and female victims. As corporal punishment was common, almost into our own era, these practices are sometimes included as well. If you wish to pursue the flagellation syndrome a little further, I would recommend a couple of contemporary books which will give you a synopsis of ancient contributors. You can follow their leads to the original sources. (I will cover some books on latter-day corporal punishment a little further on.)

Sex in History, by G. Rattray Taylor, Vanguard Press, N.Y., 1954.
Sex Crimes in History, by R. E. L. Masters & Eduard Lea, Julian Press, N.Y., 1963.

Books & Their Makers in the Middle Ages, by George Putnam, A.M., Hillary House, N.Y., 1962.

First in the mind of most people, when thinking of classic literature, are the writings of the Marquis de Sade. As the poor bastard spent most of his life in prison, he had much more time to dream and write than he had to act out his fantasies. His works have been translated into English in many editions. At the time of my original compilation, his most recent reprint was an unexpurgated paperback that supposedly included his complete writings. (*There have been several since.*—L.T.) His two most famous books are *Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue* and its sequel, *Juliette, or the Triumph of Vice*. His other books are also available in individual translations, although they were hard to find twenty-five years ago. *Justine* has its moments, but most modern translations have been bowdlerized so badly that there isn't much left. I would not recommend *Juliette* as being of particular interest to the leather-oriented reader. Some of his other books are better, anyway. Find a complete collection (probably in several volumes) and make sure it's labeled "unexpurgated." (Grove Press had a good one, if you can still find it.)

As to Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, whose originals were written in German, I have found several translations of his two most famous novels: *Venus in Furs* and *Bed of an Empress*. *Venus* is regarded as the definitive work by this writer, and in it he presents the emotional difficulties—impossibilities, if you will—of sustaining an SM relationship for any length of time. His writing is surprisingly insightful, considering that he lived and wrote before the age of Freud and psychoanalysis. Other than this positive aspect, however, I hesitate to suggest that the average SM enthusiast spend too much time tracking down the elusive volumes. My earliest find of *Venus* was a paperback edition from Belmont Books, but there are others to be had today. Popular in his own mid-nineteenth century, old Leopold's novels are terribly dated by our standards and really do not make very enjoyable reading. Besides, the relationships are all between men and women, and are rather restrained in their descriptions of the action.

Whereas de Sade and, to a lesser extent, Sacher-Masoch, were frankly sexual within the limits of their contemporary vocabularies, you will find that most writers were not. Moreover, it was rare to have a homosexual relationship expressed as such. It was either veiled in pseudo-heterosexuality (as in Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*), or else presented as some gross situation which the author is at some pains to criticize as "disgusting," "depraved," "immoral," etc. Still, in reading R. H. Dana (*Two Years Before the Mast*) or Herman Melville (*White Jacket*, *Moby Dick*), I cannot help feeling that their descriptions of floggings and other cruelties at sea were intended to turn the reader on. The older illustrated editions of these books certainly seemed to dwell on the lurid scenes of male abusing male with whips and bondage. Not as famous as the works of Dana or Melville, I might recommend another book from this general period: *The Dog Fiend*, or *Snarleyyow*, by Captain Frederick Marryat. Although the original came out in the early 1800s, the edition I saw was published by Dana-Estes & Co.,

Boston, in 1898. As a novel involved with floggings and sado-masochism on the high seas, I think it exceeds the others.

In the nonfiction area, we have a number of books and writers whose popularity paralleled the sea novels. The tradition they established extends to our own era, and a careful search may turn up either reprints of the originals or books by some latter-day exponent who has drawn on the older works to compose his collection of incidents. (Again I would remind you that my listed dates reflect the edition I have seen, not necessarily the original year of publication.) Of the many titles that once graced the bookstore shelves these are the ones I would most highly recommend as being worth the effort to find:

The History of Corporal Punishment, by George Ryley Scott, London, 1938. (The ninth impression was 1952. Somebody got turned on by that one!)

The Story of Torture Throughout the Ages, George Ryley Scott, Luxor, London, 1959.

Under the Lash: A History of Corporal Punishment in the British Armed Forces, by Scott Claver, Torchstream Books, London, 1954.

Symbolic Wounds, by Bruno Bettelheim, Thames & Hudson, London, 1955.

While reviewing these titles with a friend who has been more energetic than I in seeking them out—and hence possesses a considerably larger collection—I came across an old favorite, sandwiched in with the nonfiction hardcovers. This was *Young Törless*, by Robert Musil, a novel dealing with the brutality of the German military. It was reprinted in translation by Penguin Books under the above title. I don't know if you will be able to find it in other, more recent editions; but it is such a classic work that it is well worth the effort to find it. The original German title was: *Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Törless*.

Discipline as practiced by the military services provided only one of several opportunities for the SM writer to unburden his literary load. Many fine talents directed their sights on the walls of prisons, sometimes coming up with intimate (and occasionally imaginative) descriptions. Of the several hundred books printed on the subject, I might especially direct your attention to:

The State of the Prisons, by John Howard.

The Show of Violence, by Fredric Wertbam, M.D.

It Is Never too Late to Mend, by Charles Reade.

All of the above are written as academic accounts of life behind bars, but I doubt anyone could be this graphic without intending to excite the reader. You will find this true of most books on the subject, despite the highly respectable credentials and personal lifestyles of the authors. The very popularity of such tomes should say something for the number of people who are capable of responding to the underlying SM content. Do we see this in Ronnie's 25 percent? We'll never really know, will we?

Also on the subject of prisons are several classic "nonfiction novels." (Truman Capote didn't really invent the form.) Of these, the best two deal with the same case, that of the famous writer O. Henry. The third title is not a book I have read myself, but it was recommended by a qualified person:

Through the Shadows with O. Henry, by Al Jennings.

The 25th Man, by Ed Morrell as told to Mildred M. Ward.

Red Hannah, by Robert Graham Caldwell, University of Philadelphia Press, 1947.

The subject of witchcraft and demonology provides a wide field for the SM writer, as a great many of the magical rites involve the use of torture and/or physical punishment. Naturally, all such tracts

were strictly forbidden in the Dark Ages. But the cultists' activities, as well as the processes followed by exorcists—from the Spanish Inquisition, through sixteenth-century England, and into the Salem witch-hunts—all form interesting reading for the student of SM. As most of the titles I list include sections on penitents, I am not covering these separately.

All my recommended titles are latter-day surveys, and all but the last are (were) relatively easy to find. Each includes an extensive bibliography, should you wish to delve more deeply into the subject:

The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology, by Rossell Hope Robbins, Crown Publishers, N.Y., 1959.

The History of Witchcraft, by Montague Summers, University Books, 1956.

A Treasury of Witchcraft, by Harry E. Wedeck, Philosophical Library, N.Y., 1961.

Man into Wolf, An Anthropological Interpretation of Sadism, Masochism and Lycanthropy, by Robert Eisler, Spring Books, London.

I should also remark that lycanthropy (belief in werewolves) is, in itself, an interesting study: Theodore Reik and Karl Menninger make passing reference to it in several of their popularized books on psychoanalysis. If this type of reading interests you, I might suggest Reik's *Masochism in Sex and Society*. And of course, there is always the classic to which all shrink writers and would-be authorities refer: *Psychopathia Sexualis*, by Richard von Krafft-Ebing.

(I hardly need mention that Anne Rice has produced a veritable stream of vampire and other mystic tales, some of which have decidedly strong SM undertones. Did you know that Anne was very close friends with John Preston? You might check out one of her first erotic efforts, published under the name A. N. Roquelaure: *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, E. P. Dutton, 1983.)

The *penitente* rites may be of interest, these being a basically

Dominican–Hopi Indian marriage of faiths. Centered largely around Albuquerque and the southern areas of New Mexico (and strongly opposed by Rome), this sect exalts bodily pain—not for overtly sexual purposes, but for the remission of sin. However, it is almost impossible for these rites not to have sexual overtones, and they are certainly there aplenty! For a religious view, try: *Faith and My Friends*, by Marcus Bach. *Perilous Sanctuary*, by D. J. Hall is somewhat restrained. The best account is in the novel *Manuel the Mexican*, by Carlo Coccioli. (*Just as an aside, since several European mags have run articles casting doubt on the existence of this sect: a number of years ago, I was contacted by a police detective investigating the Ramon Novarro murder. It was fairly clear that he had been done in by a hustler after some SM games, but several strange artifacts had been found at the scene. The cops wanted to know if I could help identify them. One was a penitente device, worn about the thigh to irritate the flesh constantly. Novarro came from Durango, Mexico.—L.T.*)

As we move closer to our own time, we see a great variety of fiction and nonfiction becoming available, each new book seemingly more graphic than the last. The ready access we have today makes the older tomes seem pale by comparison, the more so as a modern reader tends to become jaded by the literary freedom of his own time. I know I find myself growing impatient with the cautious closet queens of yore, and will sometimes put their dusty volumes aside in favor of some newer, lustier narrative.

Depending on your own individual avenue to the turn-on, you can pick and choose at leisure. Of varied pace and style, here are a few I have enjoyed:

491, by Lars Goerling, Grove Press, 1966. (Account of misbehaving reform-school boys.)

Compulsion, by Meyer Levin. (Fictionalized account of Nathan Leopold's and Richard Loeb's murder of a young boy. Much restrained, but the emotional impacts and psychological relationships are well depicted.)

A Clockwork Orange, by Anthony Burgess, Ballantine Books, 1965.

(A gay SM science-fiction story—much more so in the book than in the film.)

The Leather Boys, by Elliot George. (Leather and bikes, but no graphic SM.)

Sodomy and the Pirate Tradition, by B. R. Burg, New York University Press, 1984.

I would classify each of the above as a transition novel; i.e., a book which came just too soon for the author to dare include descriptions of graphic sex, or to more than imply some of the relationships. In the same vein, but so well known they hardly need to be listed:

Midnight Cowboy, James Leo Herlihy.

City of Night, John Rechy.

The Thief's Journal, Jean Genet.

None of these are deeply involved in leather/SM; yet every leatherman I know who's read them has found them arousing. Written with much the same degree of restraint, but of less notoriety, you might also consider:

The Lieutenant, by Andre Dubus.

McCaffery, by Charles Gorham.

Les Mauvais Anges ("Two"), by Eric Jourdan.

Far more descriptive from the emotional SM standpoint (though not manifestly sexual) are the works of Yukio Mishima. This is the Japanese writer-artist-athlete who made the headlines for his ritual suicide in 1970, following which he was given a two- or three-page spread in *Life* magazine. His better-known novels include: *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*; *Confessions of a Mask*; *Madame de Sade*.

Frustratingly restrained—and surprisingly so—are Brendan Behan's books on reformatory life. One has to read between the lines, and sometimes it seems hardly worth the effort. The most famous of these is *Borstal Boy*, in case you're interested.

Before expounding on the more contemporary SM materials, I would like to mention a couple of titles which do not seem to fit into any specific category. Although "miscellany" is most properly included at the end of a list, these little gems would be anticlimactic to what must follow. Besides, from the standpoint of repressive censorship, this is the end.

The first jewel came to me for one buck, through the old Marboro Book catalog. It is entitled: *Torture of the Christian Martyrs (Illustrated)*, adapted by A. R. Allinson from "*De SS. Martyrum Cruciatibus*" of the Rev. Father Antonio-Gallonio. This is a softcover volume and must have been widely circulated, as I have seen copies in a good many collections. (I have not seen it in the Barnes & Noble catalog—it is the company that took over from Marboro.) Try the used bookstores.

Incidentally, I would strongly recommend that you get on the Barnes & Noble mail-order list if you are interested in the type of books we have been discussing. (Barnes & Noble, 1 Pond Road, Rockleigh, NJ 07647-0012.)

There was also a wonderful illustrated book on the restraint of animals that I recommended—lo these many years ago. If it's still available, it will show you where some of our latter-day bondage enthusiasts got their ideas (albeit, possibly second- or thirdhand): *Restraint of Animals*, by John R. Leahy, DVM, and Pat Barrow, M.S., Cornell University Bookstore.

We now approach the point where the legal barriers collapsed, and the writer was suddenly given hitherto-unknown freedom to express himself. After extensive battles before the U.S. Supreme Court, precedents were set. Looking back on these disputes, it is hard to believe that our standards could ever have been so ridicu-

lously rigid. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, for instance, is so demure and written so elegantly in comparison to such contemporary drivel as Jacqueline Susann's that one wonders why the bluenoses attacked it. Another of the "firsts" to bridge the intellectual gap of our censors was James Joyce's *Ulysses*, a book with such obscure meaning that it took a second volume, almost as large as the original, to explain it. By the time anyone got a hard-on from this, he'd have been too mentally fatigued to know what to do with it. And while we're at it, we mustn't forget the dirtiest of the dirty old men, Henry Miller (*Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, etc.). To all of these, we owe a round of applause. They helped to batter down the walls of stupidity.

Thus, at exactly the proper moment, just as the judiciary had dealt the censors a staggering blow, Richard Amory's *Song of the Loon* came onto the market. No one hassled it, and before the forces of uptight moralism could be mustered for an effective counterattack, we had a virtual deluge of sexually graphic gay books. These enjoyed such a popular response, they quickly changed the standards of "contemporary social acceptance." Among this new crop of homosexual literature, we find a small number of SM novels—a few that are good, others that aren't so good, but which people seemed to enjoy—and lots of unmitigated crap.

Before plunging ahead into a critical discussion of my fellow writers in a field where I, myself, have made a number of contributions, let me reflect a moment and clarify my position. I did hesitate and question the propriety of doing this. Some of these contemporary writers are friends of mine; others are people I know through my gay civil-rights work. I am also painfully aware that every piece of printed fiction represents someone's effort to achieve an artistic or literary goal. In my opinion, all of the books I list have some value. Some make it; others don't. While I may criticize or evaluate them, I would not suggest them to my readers if I did not feel they would enjoy them. I discussed how best to go about

doing this both with my editors and with the kind souls who have acted as advisers and/or subjects in the processing of my materials. The consensus was: You've bared your soul, as well as your ass and sundry other parts of your anatomy in the course of writing the *Handbook*; you might as well continue with the same lack of inhibitions. After all, why should you suddenly allow such fetters as taste or propriety to restrict you now?

A landmark book for the leatherset was William Carney's hard-cover, *The Real Thing* (Putnam, 1968—recently reissued by Masquerade Books, 1995). This novel had such impact on the gay SM scene that I have felt compelled to refer to it several times in the preceding chapters. Obviously, I disagree with a number of Carney's statements, although I respect his ability as a writer. Despite the personal sacrifices I understand he had to make in publishing it, I do not believe he was describing a realistic sequence of events. His purism, and his attempt to categorize leathermen into rigidly defined ranks, is an ivory-tower approach that falls on its face when you try to equate it with any personal experience. I would recommend the work for its literary merit; I would not suggest that a novice really take it to heart. (*Carney also wrote The Rose Exterminator, Everett House, 1982, but he had to have undergone some terrible emotional upheaval by then. Although an attempt to pick up where The Real Thing left off, the story is a reflection of the author's self-contempt, written in such a pompous, pretentious style that it is painful to read, especially remembering the greatness of his original novel. I do not recommend it.—L.T.*)

I have long respected Dirk Vanden, a fellow contributor, in reprint, to The Other Traveller Series (Olympia Press gay division). His novels were published originally by Greenleaf Classics. Despite his printed protests at having been cut, edited, and having his titles changed, I think his published works stand as first-rate depictions of the in-group SM leather scene in the 1960s and early 1970s. He was personally involved, and he knew what he was talking

about. In fact, I suspect that *I Want It All* is more than a little autobiographical. My only reservation in recommending Dirk's books stems from his heavy glorification of drugs. I really don't dig this, especially when it's as dominant a factor as in his stories. Still, this is a matter of personal preference. The literary style and exposition of these works place them well above the average range of the old Greenleaf Classics series. Now, unfortunately, they are all out of print. In case you can find them in a used bookstore, Dirk's other titles are *Leather*, *The Leather Queens*, *Who Killed Queen Tom?*, and *All Or Nothing*. I think the latter two were also in Frenchy's Gay Line. (*Although I had despaired of Dirk's survival, because I had heard nothing of him or from him for many years, I have been contacted recently by a mutual acquaintance who informed me that Dirk is still alive and well, and seeking to republish some of his books. I hope he succeeds; they belong back on the bookstore shelves.*—L.T.)

Some of the other books/writers whom I particularly enjoyed during this Greenleaf Classics/Olympia Press period were: Jeff Lawton's *Truckstop*—a little "gimmicky," here and there, but very much of a turn-on. William J. Lambert III had many titles published by Greenleaf Classics, and was obviously very popular. He was not my favorite, mostly because he tended to be sloppy in his exposition, and his subject matter was often distasteful—but as such he served as a good example of just how far one might go in this newly unrestricted field. For the hardened coprophiliac or necrophiliac, I might suggest *The Young Master*.

Richard Amory (*Song of the Loon*, *Song of Aaron*), in his story *A Handsome Young Man with Class*, rose considerably above his style in the *Loon* series, and turned out quite an insightful, sophisticated, tale of forcible humiliation. While the ending was fairly predictable, he got there through a tantalizing series of down-and-dirty incidents. (Another Greenleaf Classics title to watch for in the used bookshop.)

Also from this same general period: Greenleaf Classics' *All-*

Stud by O. R. Wells (a Clay Caldwell pseudonym) is a masterful epic. Not specifically SM, but certainly in a modernized tradition of Dana. I think you might also enjoy Carl Driver's *Fo'c's'le Boy* (Barclay House). There were many others, but since most are out of print and difficult to find, I am probably not doing you much good by listing them.

Following my earlier stated resolve not to be bound by taste or propriety, my own works in the leather genre might be of interest to you. And thanks to Badboy Books, all of these titles are now back in print. Chronologically, I wrote: *Kiss of Leather*, which is my worst book—submitted in first draft at the (original) publisher's request, badly edited and never proofread. It is a murder mystery involving two gay motorcycle cops. (Somewhat restructured by Badboy. Interestingly enough, *Kiss* has recently been reissued in a Japanese-language edition.) *The Faustus Contract* (which Greenleaf published as *Billy's Club*) concerns murder for hire, hustlers and sadistic killings. The *Leather Ad* duo—*M*, and *S* were reviewed by *The Advocate* at the time of their original release and were called "primers of S&M." Of course, Greenleaf had to muddy the waters by inserting some badly posed photos, which definitely were not mine. *The Construction Worker* (*Jovencachoteca*—Greenleaf's title) is the story of a big stud workman who was sent to a secret project in Central America. The local Indians gave him some pretty thorough workings-over. *The Long Leather Cord* (Phoenix Pub.) is the story of two young brothers, their father, their father's lover, motorcycles, and just a touch of murder. This has been my most-edited novel. Greenleaf changed its format between purchase and publication simply by omitting Chapter 8. Later, Badboy put back the missing chapter, but insisted on making old Dad the stepfather to avoid an incest problem. *Run, Little Leather Boy* was my first book for Olympia Press and was followed by a sequel, *Run No More*, which I published privately after Olympia went out of business. *The Advocate* said that the original "wasn't for everyone, but the wild sex

in that old castle should appeal to the leather people.” *Chains* was the first novel written and published under my own L.T. Publications imprint—some fairly heavy SM content. Now in Badboy reissue, also in a Japanese edition.

To complete the list of my own titles, there are a number of other novels that have been reissued by Badboy Books, but they are not specifically leather/SM. They are listed in the front of this book. Since publication of the original edition of this *Handbook*, I have written a number of privately published short stories, many of these due for release in three anthologies from Badboy Books as I write this update. I have written an advice column which ran in *Drummer* for twelve years, and was reprised as a Richard Kasak Book in 1995: *Ask Larry*. (The column is now in *Honcho*, going into its fifth year.) I wrote a sequel to this *Handbook*, first published in 1982 by AmCam: *Leatherman's Handbook II*. That book has been revised and updated and is now in its fourth printing. It picks up where this volume leaves off and delves very deeply into a variety of specific scenes and specialties—also with little vignettes of the action. I also wrote two murder mysteries with SM men as the major protagonists for Alyson Publications: *Masters' Counterpoints* (1991) and *One for the Master, Two for the Fool* (1992), both of which are also available in German. More recently issued, again under the L. T. Publications imprint, are my novels: *The Case of the Severed Head* and *A Slave's Gambit*, plus an anthology, *DreamMaster & Other SM Stories*. (*Head* has also been translated into German.) As of this writing, I also have a major novel due for release: *Czar!*—is set in sixteenth-century Russia, and deals with the life, triumphs and gory crimes of Ivan the Terrible. Not really a gay novel, it is still laced heavily with SM, as I graphically describe much of the mayhem and tortures.

Because many of the books I originally listed twenty-five years ago are out of print, and all but impossible to find, I have deleted several titles from the following list. In their stead, I have included

many noteworthy books published since 1972, that you should be able to find in your local bookstore, or by mail order from the publisher(s). I have not separated them by hard vs. soft cover, but only as fiction vs. nonfiction. Nor have I made any attempt to create a comprehensive list. These are merely titles that have come into my hands, and which I found interesting, arousing, and/or instructive. (*Because of space limitations, I am not going to list all of the Badboy Books now available from several of my "stable mates."* Some of these are new books, some are reprints from twenty or more years ago. Many of these titles represent the best gay SM fiction ever written, so don't neglect them. Check the Masquerade/BB lists for additional titles by John Preston, Clay Caldwell, Aaron Travis, Victor Terry, Lars Eighner, Phil Andros, Kyle Stone, Key Lincoln, and others, some of whom you may not have seen before, but who are turning out some very credible SM accounts. For lesbian women, try Ms. Pat Califia or, my personal favorite, Ms. Laura Antoniou. Of the great number of books coming from Masquerade/BB, the ones I liked best are listed below. For a complete list, write: Masquerade Books, 801 Second Avenue, NYC 10017.—L.T.)

Phil Andros: *The Joy Spot*

John Preston: *Mr. Benson*; *Tales from the Dark Lord*; *Tales from the Dark Lord II*

Clay Caldwell: *All Stud*; *Service Stud*; *Ask Ol' Buddy*

Aaron Travis: *Beast of Burden*; *Big Shots*; *The Flesh Fables*

Victor Terry: *WHiPs*; *SM/SD*; *Masters*

Fledermaus: *Flederfiction: Stories of Men and Torture*

(We should also note that the late John Preston, whose Mr. Benson novels were such significant works during the 1980s wrote quite a few other titles for Alyson Publications. This included his "Master" series: *I Once Had a Master*, *Entertainment for a Master*, *The Love of a Master*, *In Search of a Master*—all highly acclaimed SM anthologies. His Alex Kane mysteries were also Alyson books, later reprinted with a heavier

sexual content by Badboy Books. Not really SM, they still reflect some of the master's true orientation.—L.T.)

Titles I have enjoyed from other publishers:

FICTION:

Muscle Boy, by Bud Clifton (Ace Books 1958). To my knowledge, the first published SM novel in the United States.

Naked Lunch, by William Burroughs (Grove Press). A classic that hardly needs comment.

Mandingo, by Kyle Onstott (Denlinger—undated). A 1950s best-seller. Lots of slaves getting “whapped.”

A Man Called Horse, by D. Johnson (Ballantine). Novel on which the movie was based.

Moni—A Novel of Auschwitz, by Ka-Tzetnik 135633 (Citadel Press, 1963).

Hazing, anthology edited by Bob Wingate (Outbound Press, 1994).

Milkin' the Bulls, by John Barton (Leyland Publishers, 1993).

That Day at the Quarry, by Tom Shaw (Outbound Press, 1994).

The Brig, by Mason Powell (Alternate Publishing, 1984).

Doc and Fluff, by Pat Califia (Alyson Publications, 1995).

Lesbian Tales from the Erotic Edge, edited by Cecilia Tan (Circlet Press, 1966).

Leathermen Speak Out, anthology, edited by Jack Ricardo (Leyland Publications, 1991).

Leathermen Speak Out, Vol 2., anthology, edited by Jack Ricardo (Leyland Publications, 1993).

The Tom of Finland Retrospective I & II, Artwork by Tom (Tom of Finland Foundation, 1988/1991).

Leather Blues, by Jack Fritscher (Gay Sunshine Press, 1984). SM in the Midwest and at an early Inferno.

Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley, by Jack Fritscher (Leyland Publishers, 1984).

Some Dance to Remember, by Jack Fritscher (Knights Press, 1990).

Vivid account of 1970s San Francisco.

(I should add I should add a few comments, here, on three significant writers in our SM/leather genre. Two are still very much alive and producing new books, stories, articles, etc. The third passed away a short time ago. This was Phil Andros, who started his writing before I did, and has a great many titles in print. In addition to the Badboy reissue I mention earlier, the easiest to find will probably be his Alyson Publications/Advocate reprints: Greek Ways, Below the Belt, The Boys in Blue, My Brother Myself, Roman Conquests, Shuttlecock. Not all of these have a significant SM content, but Andros was another whose feel for the whip often shines through covertly. There are many more Andros titles, and if you spot one with his byline in a used bookstore, grab it!)

Jack Fritscher has been a significant influence on thoughts and attitudes within the male-male SM literary community, in a time span that has generally paralleled my own. He was the editor of Drummer when the magazine first moved to San Francisco, and in this capacity he actually re-wrote parts of John Preston's classic, Mr. Benson, and helped a number of other writers during their fledgling efforts. He currently owns and operates Palm Drive Video, P.O. Box 193657, San Francisco, CA 94119, noted for its ultramasculine tapes of our genre. In addition to the two listed above, Fritscher's other most notable titles are: Stand By Your Man & Other Stories [Leyland Publishers, 1987] and Mapplethorpe: Assault with a Deadly Camera [Hastings House, 1994].

Victor Terry is less a "household name" than Andros or Fritscher. But in addition to a long stream of short stories—most of which were originally published by my own L. T. Publications during the 1970s and 80s—Terry has been a significant editor/advisor to a number of us who have sought his guidance in writing stories that have become mainstream within the male-male SM genre. Most of his L. T. Publication stories have now been re-issued by Badboy and are included in the appropriate listings.—L.T.)

NONFICTION:

Seven Pillars of Wisdom, by T. E. Lawrence. (Be sure to get an unexpurgated edition.)

Torture, The Grand Tradition, by Malise Ruthven (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1978)

Pain & Pleasure, by Thomas Szasz (Syracuse University Press, 1957–1975)

Pleasures of the Torture Chamber, by John Swain (Dorset Press, 1931/1995)

The Complete Kama Sutra, unabridged translation by Alain Danielou (Park Street Press VT, 1994)

Kiss of the Whip, by Jim Prezwalski (Leyland Publications, 1995)

Old Time Punishments, by William Andrews (Dorset Press, 1991)

Leathersex—Players' Guide, by Joseph Bean (Daedalus Publishing, 1994)

Popular Witchcraft, Straight from the Witch's Mouth, by Jack Fritscher (Bowling Green University Press, 1972)

The Pink Triangle, by Richard Plant (New Republic Books, 1986)

Urban Aborigines, by Geoff Mains (Gay Sunshine Press, 1984)

In Old French Prisons, by Major Arthur Griffiths (Dorset Press, 1992)

In Spanish Prisons, by Major Arthur Griffiths (Dorset Press, 1991)

Learning the Ropes, by Race Bannon (Daedalus Publishing, 1992)

On the Safe Edge, by Trevor Jacques (WholeSM Publishing, Toronto, 1993)

The Master's Manual, by Jack Rinella (Daedalus Publishing, 1994)

Sir! More Sir!, Joy of S&M, by Master Jackson (Leyland Publications, 1992)

Trust, The Hand Book, by Bert Herrman (Alamo Square Press, 1991) FF manual.

Ties That Bind, by Guy Baldwin (Daedalus Publishing, 1993)

Consensual Sadomasochism, by William A. Henkin (Daedalus Publishing, 1996)

Leathersex Q&A, Leathers & Leather Lifestyles, by Joseph Bean (Daedalus Publishing, 1996).

Because much of our contemporary SM output is being published in periodicals, let me also suggest the following for their fiction/non-fiction content.

Bound & Gagged, bimonthly. The Outbound Press, Inc., P.O. Box 2048, NYC 10116. Fictional & nonfictional accounts of male bondage. Pat Califia and L. T. are regular contributors.

Checkmate (incorporating *DungeonMaster*), quarterly. Telecentral Electronics, P.O. Box 354, Wyoming, PA 18664-0354. A how-to-do-it male-male SM newsletter.

Drummer, monthly. Desmodus, Inc., P.O. Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390. Leather/SM fiction, articles, photos. Basically male-male, with some lesbian and heterosexual content.

Honcho, monthly. Honcho, 462 Broadway—4th Floor, New York, NY 10013. Stories, articles, photos. Written content is increasingly SM-oriented. L. T.'s "Leather Notebook" is a regular feature.

International Leatherman, bimonthly. Brush Creek Media, 2215-R Market Street #148, San Francisco, CA 94114. Leather/SM articles, fiction, pictures. (Also publish *Foreskin Quarterly*, *Powerplay*, *Bear Magazine*, *Bunkhouse*, and *Roundup*.)

Manifest Reader, bimonthly. Alternate Publishing, P.O. Box 14695, San Francisco CA 94114. Hot SM erotica, pictures. (Also publishes *Manhood Rituals*, bimonthly.)

Manscape, monthly. Digest-size. First Hand, Ltd., 310 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, NJ 07666. Fiction, "true-life" accounts. One of the kinkiest of digest-sized magazines.

Metropolitan Slave, quarterly. Selective Publishing, Inc., P.O. Box 4597, Oak Brook, IL 60522. An amateur magazine, gradually assuming higher quality in stories and photos.

P.F.I. Quarterly. Gauntlet Enterprises, 8720 1/2 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90069. Factual, graphically photo-illustrated survey of the piercing scene. Male, female, gay, het.
Prometheus, quarterly. The Eulenspiegel Society, P.O. Box 2783, New York, NY 10163-2783. Newsletter with articles, events calendar, fiction, from oldest SM group in US. (Men/Women, Gay/Het).

Rubber Rebel: the Photofetish Magazine. Gear, P.O. Box 66306, Los Angeles, CA 90066. Photos, articles, fiction dealing with men into rubber clothes and gear.

Servants' Quarters: devoted to the art of submission, quarterly. Digest size. Six of the Best Publishing, P.O. Box 11724, Berkeley, CA 94712. Aimed at submissives, but also for dominants.

T.R.A.S.H., Last of the One-handed Readers. D & W Enterprises, P.O. Box 292, East Rutherford, NJ 07073. Digest size. Drawings and the ultimate in raunchy stories and articles. (Formerly *18-Wheeler*.)

I know that no matter how conscientious I am in trying to compile these lists, I am sure to leave someone out, or I include a title that raises some eyebrows. I can only remind you that these are publications that have entered my lifespace at one time or another, and which I have found interesting, instructive, entertaining and/or arousing.

I am also going to resist the temptation to list my favorite video producers and their products. The market moves so fast that before this book could get into production, the recommended titles would be backlisted, and even some of the publishers would have been replaced. To keep up with the current releases, watch the ads in the magazines I've listed above, as well as their reviews. Remember, though: The most graphic action lies between the covers of a book. Our freedom as writers is still greater than theirs as video producers.

CHAPTER 16
Dangers

Having extolled the pleasures of the leatherscene, I think it only right to point out the potential hazards. I don't mean to overemphasize these risks; they are statistically rather small. Nonetheless, they are real, and you should be aware of them. There are also some dangers which appear to exist and don't: I will mention these, also. Basically, our dangers fall into three seemingly unrelated categories: physical (medical), emotional, and legal. Let's run through them in that order:

Physical Dangers:

Through all the preceding pages, I have emphasized the wisdom of experiencing new facets of bondage and SM sex only with a qualified, knowledgeable partner. Once you've attained this degree of skill, others will be looking to you for a similar form of guidance. They will be placing the trust in you that your status engenders. It is then your responsibility to know what to do, how to do it, and refrain from potentially dangerous practices that are not necessary to whatever it is you dig.

I have noted the necessity of using restraints that are snug, but not overtight. Failure to heed this precaution can result in damage to the M's vascular or neurological system. It is quite common, especially if a man has been handcuffed, for him to experience some loss of feeling in the hands. This most frequently involves the heel of the hand and the little fingers. The first time it happens, it may frighten you, but it is seldom more than a transitory injury. The numbness can last for several days, leading you to wonder if it could be serious. To prevent this, the S should check periodically during the session to make sure his subject's hands have not become cold or discolored; the importance of this increases with the length of the scene. It is easier to cut off the circulation of blood than it is to pinch a nerve, and the same rules of timing would apply in a bondage situation as those you learned in first-aid classes. A tourniquet should not be kept in place for more than fifteen minutes or so—preferably less than that.

The most serious damage from overtight bindings is likely to result from wrappings about the genitals. Quite aside from the obvious hazards of stretching or squeezing the balls, you must remember that the interior plumbing consists of small, flexible tubes. These need to expand (stretch) to permit the flow of semen. If they are restricted too tightly when the M ejaculates, the rushing flood is going to back up. Under too much pressure, one of these small vesicles can rupture, causing an extremely painful (and embarrassing) hemorrhage. Having witnessed this once (thankfully not as a result of my own actions), I have always been careful to loosen any restraints about the nuts before allowing my M to cum.

I am not going to dwell very long on the problems of VD, as these are mostly the same for us as for any other sexually active group. *(And are just as much a problem today as ever in living memory, except that AIDS has become such a frightening specter that many guys tend to neglect the other sexually transmitted diseases [STDs]—L. T.)*

Most state and county health departments recommend that sexually active people have a blood test at least every six months. In the early 1970s, the California authorities changed this to every three months—due, probably, to a then serious epidemic of syphilis. The only serious aspect of VD that is unique to our activities results from taking urine from a guy who is infected with gonorrhea. If this should get into your eyes, it can cause blindness—and it can happen very quickly, in just a matter of days. Other than this, the dangers of taking piss are greatly overrated. Assuming a healthy donor and recipient, the natural protective secretions of the body will handle whatever is transferred. *(That was my assessment in 1972. Today, we face the danger of AIDS and are cautioned not to exchange any bodily fluids. A strictly monogamous pair of HIV-lovers might do this. The rest of us are better off not. But I'm optimistic. Keep this book around, and someday we won't have to worry about HIV anymore—oh, I hope!—L.T.)* A sore in the mouth of the receiver can permit infections of various kinds, so it is always best to refrain if you've bitten your lip or the side of your mouth recently, been to the dentist, etc.

This brings us to the disease that is actually more frightening than VD, because it's harder to cure and can lay you up for several months. I refer, of course, to hepatitis.

Hepatitis can take either of two forms: "infectious" or "serum." Serum hepatitis is a blood-to-blood transfer, and is a common ailment among heavy narcotics users. It results from improperly sterilized needles being used by more than one person. In the SM scene, the same can happen if you penetrate the skin of one person with an instrument used previously on another. With either variety of the disease, a person may be a "carrier" although he does not actually manifest the symptoms, himself. Any needle or other such object that is used on one guy should never be used on another. Throw it away afterward to be sure. (Because gold is expensive, you might wish to chance heating it to red-hot and reusing it.)

Infectious hepatitis is the more dangerous variety of the two and, generally speaking, your chances of getting it from your partner are no greater in the SM scene than in a regular sex session. As the virus is most concentrated in the digestive tract, a mouth-to-anal contact is one sure way of transmitting it. But kissing is almost as certain, and merely drinking from the same glass can do the trick. If you have sexual relations of any kind with an infected person, your chances of getting the disease are high. If you hear that a guy you've recently made it with has come down with hepatitis, head for your doctor and get a shot. *(Great progress has been made toward controlling both varieties of hepatitis during the last few years, so your M.D. can probably prevent your coming down with it. Interesting, isn't it, that my recommended safety precautions twenty-five years ago are almost the same as the safe-sex rules we should follow today to keep from contracting AIDS? I think that is why a lot of us are alive today, when so many of our friends didn't survive. I am going to leave most of my earlier comments in place as they are just as valid now as ever. Just remember that the HIV specter always lurks in the background.—L.T.)*

Probably the most frightening injuries can result from the insertion of foreign matter into the rectum. If this is done with a little too much enthusiasm, it is easy to tear the tissues. This will release the E. coli (the bacteria normally present in the bowel and rectum) into either the viscera (the abdominal cavity) or the flesh of the inner body. In the first instance, the result can be peritonitis—the same thing that happens to a person with a ruptured appendix. It is painful, difficult to cure, and it can kill you.

If the bacteria get into one of the fleshy areas that surround the rectum and do not enter the visceral cavity, they will often form a pocket of infection. This will fester for several days or weeks, and eventually the body will defend itself by trying to drain the wound. Your first awareness of trouble will be when the pus pocket has formed a channel to the skin, and you find a sore, itchy spot developing somewhere in your crotch. It will seem like a boil

at first, but it will quickly grow into a large, painful abscess. A doctor can alleviate the agony by lancing it in his office. But this is only “emergency” treatment. It used to be that a definitive cure could only be accomplished by an operation called a fistulectomy, in which the entire area between the channel (the fistula) and the wall of the rectum is laid open, requiring several months to heal. However, latter-day laser surgery has eliminated the worst of these prospects, and in many cases a cure can be accomplished without even a hospital stay.

Terrifying as some of these physical dangers may be, I would hasten to assure you they don’t happen to everyone. Either by the exercise of care, or by sheer dumb luck, most of us avoid them. Far more common is the psychological predicament in which you may find yourself...to be classified as a danger only if you don’t want it to happen.

Emotional Dangers:

Like any strong narcotic, leathersex can become addicting. You can reach a point where sex without the accompanying fetish is impossible for you. If you live in an area where partners are readily available, this may never prove a problem—unless your tastes become so restricted that you desire some particular behavior beyond the limits of most other people.

Let me enlarge on this a bit, because I feel it is a difficulty a good number of leathersmen get into before they realize it’s happening. In essence, our scene involves a fascination with one or another of the artifacts used in SM sex. It may be the leather, the faded jeans, boots, belts or whips—whatever. You dig this, and you enjoy it. You pursue those symbols of masculine sexuality to the exclusion of everything else, and you have a real blast doing it. Abruptly, unexpectedly, you are confronted with an opportunity for an enticing session with a guy who isn’t interested in leather. You’re attracted to him, and you want to make the scene. You pop into the sack

together, and everything seems to be going well until you discover you can't keep an erection. What's wrong? Are you tired? Getting old? Most likely, the answer is that you have developed a fixation on your fetish; without it, you're impotent. If you could tie the guy down, or if he'd tie you down, everything would be all right. But he won't play that way.

Of course, I am citing a more extreme case. The difficulty is usually not so complete. More typically, you would be able to get through the scene, functioning—but later find you were not fully satisfied. The degree of severity is going to vary with the individual in its intensity, its specific manifestation(s), the length of time it takes to develop.

What can you do about it? The "cure" is more difficult to suggest than the problem. To some guys, it doesn't matter. They don't want any other kind of sex and simply don't try it. If you are concerned that this not happen to you, I would suggest that the best cure is prevention. Don't allow yourself to function exclusively in the leatherscene. Keep your finger (or some other part of your anatomy) in the other pie, as well.

I have noticed another aspect of impotence that seems to beset some guys, and when it happens it is extremely disturbing, and snowballs as fear increases the problem. You will occasionally find an S who is attractive, known for his skills, and sought after by a goodly number of people. He finds himself in a situation where he is expected to perform on a high level, and he knows that at least a portion of his action will be reported to others within the group. In effect, his reputation is at stake every time he goes into a scene with someone. Concern over the possibility of failure can result in a transitory impotence. Once it happens, the guy is afraid it will happen again. The more he fears it, the worse it gets.

If this happens, I would suggest a conference with your doctor; and if you are fortunate enough to have a medico with whom you can be completely honest, he may be able to help you. (Some will

suggest psychotherapy, which could land you on a couch with some headshrinker who thinks your only salvation is cunt.) I have seen the problem helped by use of a tranquilizer (Valium). Basically, it serves the psychological function of allowing the guy to shed his anxieties long enough to prove to himself he can still make it work. After a few sessions, he should be able to function without the drug—you don't want to become dependent on a tranquilizer, either! Alcohol or grass could also do it, I suppose, or a sex stimulant such as artificial testosterone. Talk that over with your doctor, too. If you have a fair understanding of your own psychological structure, and are able to lay your cards on the table with the man who has the prescription pad, you should be able to circumvent any situation that is serious enough to land you in the clutches of a witch doctor.

Legal Dangers:

The legal dangers of SM sex are, again, no greater than you will find in any homosexual situation—at least as far as the laws themselves are concerned. In fact, I have found that leatherpeople encounter fewer problems with the law than most run-of-the-mill gays because they tend to be more cautious and to function largely within their own circles. But you should remember that a square judge and a square jury are going to be less able to understand what you've done and why you've done it, if you should be caught in some bondage scene and arrested for it.

I do not know of any state with a law specifically aimed at leathersex (although cops have occasionally tried to use the constitutional prohibition against slavery). Oral copulation and sodomy are still felonies in some states, but they normally need "corroboration" to prove it. That is, if a guy should claim you did it with him, but you deny it, and there isn't any other evidence, the prosecution doesn't have a *prima facie* case (unless the cops lie, which is not beyond the realm of possibility). The SM trappings that may be brought into

the case will generally not add an extra charge for prosecution; though once you're convicted they can aggravate the situation and result in a harsher sentence—possibly a stint on the local funny-farm. Until these stupid, archaic sex laws are repealed in every jurisdiction, you will do well to exercise every precaution, and to make sure you understand the laws in your particular state. If you should ever be arrested for a felony, you should be advised that you have the right to remain silent. DO SO! The cops are generally not required to “Mirandize” you for a misdemeanor arrest, but keep quiet anyway. When you’ve talked it over with your lawyer, you can decide what you wish to say, if anything. *(And if you don’t remember anything else I’ve told you on this subject, remember this! Better than half of the guys who get convicted of sex “offenses” would never have been found guilty if they had just shut up!—L. T.)*

CHAPTER 17
The Social World of Leather

CHAPTER IV
The Social World of the Teacher

In addition to his sexual exploits, the leatherman leads a social life which may be considerably more active than that of the average guy. If he's a club member, he will be involved in a constant series of organized events—required to support the functions of his own group, and encouraged to make a showing at those sponsored by the others. He has entered into this by choice, and he enjoys it. He fits in and he's comfortable in these surroundings.

The first time you go to one of these gatherings, you will be impressed by the size of the crowd. They are always well attended, and most of the people will be leather or butch-Levi's types, sometimes with a scattering of fluffs who somehow seem to shrink into the background. As you look around at your companions, one of the first discoveries to strike you is the clothing. Except for the leather garments, which are expensive, you will see the people dressed in mostly workman-type shirts and jackets. Yet the crowd is obviously not "blue collar." While their clothing may even be threadbare, you can tell it's supposed to be that way. It will also be

spotlessly clean. Underneath the exterior facade, the group is composed of men who are not much different from any other masculine-appearing guys (het or gay). More than this, you will soon discover that most of them are living on adequate incomes. On the whole, they tend to be more conservative than otherwise. Whereas obviously swishy mannerisms are not the mode, you may spot a limp wrist or two, here and there. *(I left this paragraph just as I originally wrote it, because what was true of the leathergroup twenty-five years ago—certainly as applies to casual attire—has now become the norm for most gay men. In this respect, our community seems to have set the trend.—L.T.)*

What I am driving at is that you have nothing to fear from casual social intercourse with the leather-and-fringe community. Although the presence of clubs en masse may tend to make the gathering appear cliquish, the heavy cruising atmosphere of a bar is less a factor here. You may, therefore, be able to strike up a conversation more easily. If you seem to fit in, you will probably find yourself accepted. If you're "with it" at all, you should be comfortable and have a good time.

In discussing the social life of the leather community, I think it is important to define the differences between social and sexual relationships—and to note that these vary greatly between the fringe and the in-group people. Whereas a good SM trick is one who comes back many times—a dozen, maybe thirty or forty—it is not uncommon to find either or both of the partners living with ("married to") someone else. It is almost akin to a "straight" married man having both a wife and a mistress. Except that with us there is often no need to hide the extracurricular relationship. You will often find the living partner also involved in the sex scene—either regularly or occasionally. Such is a common situation among the in-group people. Most of these are at least in their thirties, however, which may account for their more mature attitudes. Certainly their sophistication seems to be greater than that of most other gay people. Considering

the high divorce statistics among the “straights,” I sometimes wonder at the “professionals” who consider our behavior juvenile or our emotional development retarded.

With the fringe people, the sexual encounters tend more toward the typically “gay” affairs, with one-night stands being the norm. I think this is one of the quickest ways to spot the inexperienced guy. If he doesn’t say hello to his last week’s trick when he meets him face-to-face, he probably has not been around the scene very long...or else the behavioral mode simply hasn’t penetrated. In the long run, I think leatherpeople maintain a much easier, more realistic concept of love versus sex relationships, and are far less likely to confuse the two.

I was responsible for generating an interesting exchange on this very subject during the course of writing the original draft of this chapter. I had brought my friend Joe with me when I stopped by to pick up some draft copy and to leave some more with Steve, another friend who acted as adviser (also coauthor of the longer questionnaire in the next chapter). I don’t remember exactly what I said to get them started, but they were soon going at it, hot and heavy over their bourbon-on-the-rocks:

Joe:...but after I get to know the guy socially, I’m usually not attracted to him sexually.

Steve: That’s a hang-up you ought to try to get over.

Joe: It’s not a hang up.

Steve: Sure it is. I went through the same thing when I first started out. “I can’t have sex with him; he’s my sister.”

Joe: That isn’t what I mean at all. A hang-up is when you really want to do something, but don’t because you’re either afraid, or you think it’s wrong.

Steve: It’s still a hang-up! Can you honestly tell me you aren’t attracted to some of the guys you’ve known for a long time... socially?

Joe shrugs: If I wanted them, I've either had them or I've tried and they put me off. I've got a lot of hang-ups, I'll admit, but sex isn't one of them.

Steve: Oh, it is if you can't have sex with a guy just because you "know him too well."

Joe: Now look, I've been around this leatherscene as long as you have. There isn't much I haven't done, and I've had affairs that went on for a long time. I still do, except I'm married to Chuck. I can't start sleeping out on him, unless I want to fuck up something that's more important to me than a trick.

Steve: You never sleep with another guy, then?

Joe: I do at home. I mean, if I bring a guy back with me, I might stay in the other room with him—just as long as Chuck knows I'm there and not in any trouble.

Steve: He doesn't mind that?

Joe: Well, he's moody like everyone else. Sometimes he'll come in and join us, if I ask him. Other times, he couldn't use the guy stuffed—decides he doesn't dig him...maybe gets a little huffy the next morning. Never anything serious, though. We've been together too long for that.

I injected myself into the conversation somewhere along here, suggesting that the two of them had very different living arrangements. Steve lived with a guy as a roommate, whereas Joe and Chuck were "married," owned a home together. Steve enjoyed a little greater freedom, which was his preference. Joe sacrificed some of this in order to have a relationship that was more important to him. Neither was really restricted, nor did I feel either had any serious hang-up. The dilemma of perceiving the line between love and/or sex can present problems for any of us.

I think that Joe is probably closer to being right, although each of them has his point. Our social relationships do tend to subvert the sexual attractions between many SM people. When you grow

to like and respect a guy as a person, it is frequently difficult to “shift gears” and humiliate him as most Ms desire. If you find yourself in such a situation, I wouldn’t get too upset about it. Friends are harder to come by than tricks, anyway—although I’ll admit there are some sex partners I’d hate to loose because I’d developed too positive a feeling toward them. (The Sacher-Masoch syndrome?)

However, many guys are able to function as Steve does. As he puts it: “It’s the old game of ‘fuck your buddy.’ Nothing wrong with that!” And there isn’t. Again, I think it’s a case of doing your own thing in the way that’s most comfortable for you.

(I really must preface the following by commenting that time, hard work by the politically involved gay populations all over this country, and—unfortunately—the ongoing health crisis have all combined to change the composition of gay societies in each of our major cities. My original comments reflect the situation as I saw it in 1972.—L.T.)

Although I have had the benefit of some knowledgeable guidance, I hesitate to make the mistake of some of my fellow writers—trying to evaluate the political/social climate outside my own area. The East Coast situation has been covered, at least generally, in several other books written by people who live in or near New York. But those of us on the West Coast are usually neglected in these efforts, or else seriously underestimated—explained away in a few words, or depicted in inaccurate, thirdhand accounts. I’d like to bring us even, if that is possible.

There is little doubt in my mind that California—particularly the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas—form the nucleus of leather activity in the United States. I am inclined to think of Los Angeles as “the capital,” although such a statement would certainly be subject to argument. San Francisco has by far the more liberal political situation and certainly has a fine assortment of bars and restaurants. Most of these serve liquor, too, while many of the leather bars in Los Angeles get by on beer licenses. This, again, reflects the attitudes of local politicians.

However, Los Angeles has more bike and leather clubs than San Francisco, and the schedule of activities put on by them is heavier. Of course, the general population is greater. For the last year or so, there have been few problems in the bars in either city. There was a time, not very long ago, when the Los Angeles Police Department felt free to march into any gay establishment, point out half a dozen people, saying, "You, you, and you!" The charge was always lewd conduct, with a police report to substantiate some ridiculous parody of the arrestees' behavior. That has changed, at least for the time being. It hasn't been a problem in San Francisco for a long time.

I credit the Society for Individual Rights (SIR) and the very active San Francisco Tavern Guild for much of the progress in the north. I feel that these groups, despite some setbacks along the way, have been responsible for placing the homosexual population in its present position of political strength. Because of this, I have been a member of SIR for several years, although I have never lived in San Francisco. In the hope of seeing a similar degree of liberalism come to Los Angeles, I have been working since 1970 with the Homophile Effort for Legal Protection (HELP, Inc.). I think it is partially through this group's efforts that we see the beginnings of positive change emerging in the Southland. I am especially pleased to note the degree of support that has come from the leather community. (*Only a few months after this book was published, I assumed the presidency of HELP, Inc. Because we supported the opposition candidate for District Attorney, twenty-one of us were arrested at an organizational fund-raiser. You guessed it; the charges were lewd conduct. I guess I spoke too soon.—L.T.*)

A good point for any activist group to remember is that leather-people constitute a stable element within the gay community and are its greatest reservoir of organized strength. Once convinced an organization is worthwhile, they are loyal in supporting it. As I've noted previously, there are no gay clubs in the country better

managed or more soundly established than the bike- and leather-oriented groups. Nor is there any area of the country where the organizations—leather and otherwise—are as numerous or active as they are in California. When it comes to good old dollar politics, any of the cities with an organized leather community can suddenly be treated to a display of its potential. *(The following paragraph describes an earlier display of the leather community's buying power. More recently, as an example, we have seen a lot of support coming from the bike clubs, going to finance the annual Gay Pride parades in many major cities.—L.T.)*

I think a good example of the leather buying power may be seen in San Francisco's "Miracle Mile" phenomenon. With the closing of The Levee (due to redevelopment), all of the leather action has shifted "south of Market Street"—i.e., to what used to be "the wrong side of the tracks." Folsom Street has become the center of activity, with Bryant Street (a couple of blocks over) rounding out the geographic area. You can count the bars that are basically patronized by our people, all clustered into about a single square mile. And there is nothing else to attract the crowds—just warehouses and truck-repair stations.

In spread-out Los Angeles, the bars tend to be scattered. Yet there are still a good number of them actively supporting the efforts of their own people to take the pressure off the entire community—the leather bars as well as all the rest. As businessmen and managers of successful establishments, the owners are influential with their patrons. They are also concerned, politically aware citizens. *(Again, I can only compliment the Los Angeles area bar owners for supporting HELP all those years ago, after we were attacked so unjustifiably by the LAPD. Today, we see an even more determined effort by the leathergroups, along with the rest of the enlightened gay community, to assist people with AIDS.—L.T.)*

Thus you can see another important aspect to the social world of leather. Well beyond the activities in blackroom and bedcham-

ber, our people exist as potent forces within the homosexual community. Although generally not involved as placard-carrying demonstrators, they still exercise a decided influence. Even so, our fluffy detractors continue to snigger and simper behind their fans. So, who cares? What was it the Bible said about pearls? The basic black was leather? No! No, never!

CHAPTER 18
Where Do You Stand?

After reading all of the previous chapters, you may come to the conclusion that you are somewhere in the middle of the leather-scene, or on the fringe—interested in the sexual aspects, but otherwise involved only marginally. Although I have described a number of nice little things you might do, you still don't know how many people really share your particular interests. Or you may be very deeply involved, and still not be sure how close you are to the median, insofar as your tastes are concerned. Maybe I can help you.

In the course of researching material, questioning people—a little experimentation here and there—I have come across a couple of questionnaires. The longer of these might be useful for you, not only to determine the orientation of your potential trick, but as a turn-on. Even if you can't get him to take the time to fill it out, he will be considerably warmer after reading it. For this, I am indebted to John L. and John T., friends who have been kind enough to render what advice and guidance they could as I shuf-

fled ideas and pages, trying to organize the mountains of material I wished to cover. They have been quite successful in handing this form to their guests and evaluating the results before the start of action. *(I should note that this questionnaire was one of the most significant parts of the Handbook. To this day, I continue to receive filled-in copies from guys scattered all over the world, including some backwaters of Africa and Asia, where one would not expect our American publication to be found.—L. T.)*

LEATHER FACTSHEET

IF UNACCEPTABLE—Cross it out!

IF PREFERRED—Check it

IF INTERESTING—Mark it “?”

My first name

or nickname: _____

COMMENT FREELY!

MY AGE IS: () Under 21 () 21-25 () 26-30 () 30s () 40s () 50s

MY SIZES ARE:

Height: _____ Weight: _____

Shoulders: _____ Chest: _____

Inseam: _____ Neck: _____

Wrist: _____ Ankle: _____

Levi size: _____ Waist: _____ Inseam: _____

Torso (Full loop over shoulder and through crotch): _____

Waist: _____ Hips: _____

Sleeve: _____ Boots: _____

Thigh: _____ Head (at eyes): _____

I DIG:

☐ Soldiers	☐ City Cops	☐ Truck Drivers
☐ Sailors	☐ State Cops	☐ Wrestlers
☐ Marines	☐ Firemen	☐ Motorcycle Types
☐ Airmen	☐ Nazi(SS)	☐ Construction Types
☐ Paratroopers	☐ Jailers	☐ Merchant Marine
☐ Coast Guard	☐ Convicts	☐ Bodyguards
☐ Cowboys	☐ Executioners	☐ Surfers
☐ Linemen	☐ Doctors	☐ Farmboys
☐ Other: _____		

☐ White	☐ Negro	☐ Mexican	☐ Oriental
☐ My age	☐ Younger	☐ Older	
☐ My size	☐ Smaller	☐ Bigger	
☐ Bald	☐ Short Hair	☐ Medium	☐ Very Long
	☐ Beards	☐ Whitesidewalls	
☐ No Tattoos	☐ Some	☐ Heavily Tattooed	
☐ Butch	☐ Nelly	☐ Straight	
☐ Other: _____			

I LIKE CONT'D:

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| ☐ Clean | ☐ Coveralls | ☐ Drysuits | ☐ Gas Masks |
| ☐ Dirty | ☐ Hippie | ☐ Sheets | |
| ☐ Torn | ☐ Chambray shirts | ☐ Other: _____ | |
| ☐ Other: _____ | | | |

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Jocks | ☐ Gloves |
| ☐ Athletic | ☐ Rubber |
| ☐ Leather | ☐ Leather |
| ☐ Rubber | ☐ Cloth |
| ☐ Cup type | ☐ Other: _____ |
| ☐ Other: _____ | |

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| ☐ Uniforms | ☐ Navy | ☐ Marine |
| ☐ Army | ☐ Dress blues | ☐ Dress blues |
| ☐ Dress green | ☐ Dress whites | ☐ Tan |
| ☐ Khaki | ☐ Denim/Chambray | ☐ Fatigues |
| ☐ Fatigues | ☐ Prison guard | ☐ Convict |
| ☐ Nazi SS | | ☐ Denim |
| ☐ Cop | | ☐ Stripe |
| ☐ Longjohns | | |

MY SCENES ARE:

- ☐ Normal sex
- ☐ Normal sex with the things "I like"
- ☐ Sado-masochistic games with the things "I like"
- ☐ One night stands only ☐ Like return engagements
- ☐ One night stands OK ☐ Prefer return engagements
- ☐ I watch only ☐ I like to participate
- ☐ I like to watch ☐ I must participate
- ☐ I take the sadistic role only.
- ☐ I usually take the sadistic role.
- ☐ I usually take the masochistic role.
- ☐ I take the masochistic role only.
- ☐ I try for half sadistic roles and half masochistic roles.

If I can assume either role,

- ☐ It depends on my mood and how I feel
- ☐ It depends on the other person, but I am one way with him.
- ☐ I take either role with a person, but only in different scenes.
- ☐ I can alternate roles during the same scene.
- ☐ At a party, I can be: ☐ Junior S ☐ Senior M

☐ Remarks: _____

NOTE: The rest of this form assumes that if you are both S and M, you dig the same kinds of things in either role, though perhaps to a different degree. If this is not the case, mark up the form to make your differences clear.

If you take the masochistic role, and check a slot marked by asterisk(*), this will be taken to authorize the S to proceed as indicated!

SCENES CAN BE:

- ☐ One short session, lasting _____ hours
- ☐ One continuous, long session, lasting _____ hours
- ☐ A series of short sessions with intermissions:

Length of sessions: _____

Length of intermissions: _____

Number of sessions: _____

Intermissions should be:

- ☐ Friendly, as equals
- ☐ S should retain control
- ☐ Servile/slave to master
- ☐ Bondage
- ☐ Rules with sharp punishments for violations
- ☐ Extended
- ☐ Overnight
- ☐ Weekend slavery
- ☐ Vacation slavery

PASSIVE SCENE IS:

- ☐ M instructs S as to what he wants
- ☐ M suggests scenario, but makes no suggestions during the session
 - ☐ S should give key word for M to use as warning of problem in circulation, breathing, etc.
 - ☐ M should tell S he is turning off
 - ☐ S should continue until M
 - ☐ Says "Stop!"
 - ☐ Pants
 - ☐ Cries
 - *☐ Screams
 - *☐ Panics
- *☐ S should use own judgment and ignore complaints by M, except for: _____
- *☐ S should ignore that M is turning off
 - ☐ M should beg for more
- *☐ S is in complete control; M makes no suggestions at any time
 - ☐ S should use this form
 - *☐ S should ignore this form and select scene for himself only
- ☐ M takes instructions from S by mail or telephone
 - ☐ Before the scene to prepare for it.
 - ☐ On where and how to meet
 - ☐ After the scene
- ☐ Without meeting, M executes the scene on himself, following S's written instructions (i.e. sex by mail)

FOR CLOTHING I LIKE:

- | | | | | |
|---------|--|--|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| On me : | ☐ None | ☐ OK | ☐ Want | ☐ Must have |
| On him: | ☐ None | ☐ OK | ☐ Want | ☐ Must have |
| On me: | ☐ Full kit | | On S: | ☐ Full kit |
| | ☐ Partial kit | | | ☐ Partial kit |
| | ☐ Boots, etc. | | | ☐ Boots, etc. |
| | ☐ None | | | ☐ None |
| | ☐ Blindfolded | | | ☐ Mask |
| | ☐ Hood | | | ☐ Leather jock |
| | ☐ Gag | | | |
| | ☐ Remove during session | ☐ Remove during session | | |
| | ☐ Some | ☐ All | | ☐ Some |
| | ☐ All | | | ☐ All |
- ☐ M to be put into bondage, then have kit torn or cut off.
- ☐ M is always willing
- ☐ M provides old clothes for the session

FOR SEX I LIKE TO:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Suck | ☐ Get sucked |
| ☐ Cock | ☐ Cock |
| ☐ Force is OK | |
| ☐ Ass | ☐ Ass |
| ☐ Tits | ☐ Tits |
| ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Other: _____ |

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Fuck | ☐ Get fucked |
| ☐ Ass | ☐ Ass |
| ☐ Enjoy force | * ☐ Force is OK |
| ☐ Enjoy using force | * ☐ Fist is OK |
| ☐ Mouth | ☐ Mouth |
| ☐ Enjoy force | * ☐ Force is OK |
| ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Other: _____ |
| ☐ Jack off | |
| ☐ Self—How often? _____ | ☐ Others |
| ☐ On command | ☐ By others |
| * ☐ At the beginning | ☐ In group |
| * ☐ At any time | |
| ☐ At the end only | |

DURING SESSION.

- ☐ Turned off during session is OK, no sex at all
- ☐ Turned on during session, but no orgasm for me
- *☐ OK for others to have orgasms
- ☐ I'll jack-off afterwards
- ☐ Sex at end of session only; I'm turned off by my orgasm
- ☐ Sex at end of session only. I need _____ hours break, so I can cum _____ times.
- *☐ I'm turned off by my orgasm: S should continue anyway.
- *☐ I'm not turned off by my orgasm; I can come _____ times.

AS PSYCHODRAMA I ENJOY:

- | | | | |
|--|-----------------------------|--|---|
| ☐ Never | ☐ OK | ☐ Like | ☐ Must have |
| ☐ S talks, M silent | | | ☐ Swearing, filthy talk OK |
| ☐ Dialogue | | | ☐ Like swearing, filthy talk |
| ☐ Obey rules or else! | | | ☐ Obey commands or else! |
| ☐ Reasonable rules | | | ☐ Reasonable commands |
| * ☐ Unreasonable rules | | | * ☐ Unreasonable commands |
| ☐ Reasonable punishment | | | ☐ Reasonable punishment |
| * ☐ Unreasonable punishment | | | * ☐ Unreasonable punishment |
| ☐ OK for S to lose his temper | | ☐ OK for M to lose his temper | |
| ☐ Simulated | | ☐ Simulated | |
| * ☐ Really | | * ☐ Really | |
| ☐ Bootcamp | | ☐ Jail | |
| ☐ Barracks | | ☐ Chain gang | |
| ☐ Parade ground | | ☐ Concentration camp | |
| ☐ Infiltration course | | ☐ Torture chamber | |
| ☐ Shipboard | | ☐ Tower of London | |
| ☐ Modern | | ☐ Inquisition | |
| ☐ Square-rigger | | ☐ POW | |
| ☐ Bunkhouse | | ☐ SS | |

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Open range | ☐ Initiation |
| ☐ Barn | ☐ Fraternity |
| ☐ Woodshed | ☐ Street gang |
| ☐ Classroom | ☐ Motorcycle gang |
| ☐ Schoolmaster's study | ☐ Crossing equator |
| ☐ With guardian | ☐ Boot slave |
| ☐ Firm | ☐ Dog training |
| ☐ No nonsense | ☐ Stockade |
| ☒ Brutal | ☐ Brig |

AS STRUCTURED SIMULATIONS I WOULD ENJOY:

- | As S | As M |
|--------------------------|--|
| ☐ | ☒ Schoolboy caning |
| ☐ | ☒ Sailing ship flogging |
| ☐ | ☒ Whipping post flogging |
| ☐ | ☒ Chain gang strapping |
| ☐ | ☒ Solitary confinement |
| ☐ | ☒ Third degree |
| ☐ | ☒ Others: _____ |

FOR BONDAGE I ENJOY:

As S	As M	As S	As M
☐	☐ Never	☐	☐ Symbolic only
☐	☐ OK	☐	☐ Loose
☐	☐ Like	☐	☐ Snug
☐	☐ Lots	☐	☒ Tight
		☐	☒ Very tight
		☒ Slow to take off OK	
		☒ Circulation cutoff OK, for _____ minutes	
		☒ Effective gag OK	
		☒ Cock bindings too tight for hard-on OK	
		☒ Left alone without checking OK for ____ hours	
☐	☐ Naked		
☐	☐ In clothing		
☐	☒ Add rough stuff to bondage		
☐	☒ Add torture to bondage		
☐	☒ Add sex to bondage		
☐	☒ Take to party or bar in bondage		
		☒ Visible bonds OK	
		☐ Subtle	
		☒ Obvious OK	

POSITIONS I ENJOY:

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ Standing | ☐ Lying down |
| ☐ At attention | ☐ At attention |
| ☐ At ease | ☐ At ease |
| ☐ Spread-eagled | ☐ Spread-eagled |
| ☐ Right side up | ☐ Face up |
| ☐ Upside down | ☐ Face down |
| ☐ Over a bench | ☐ Mummified |
| ☐ To a chair | ☐ Into a ball |
| ☐ To a rack | ☐ Bucked |
| ☐ Binding OK | |
| ☐ *() Stretching OK | ☐ To a guy |
| ☐ Other: _____ | |

RESTRAINTS I ENJOY:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ☐ Chains | ☐ Handcuffs | ☐ Cell |
| ☐ Rope | ☐ Leg irons | ☐ Dungeon |
| ☐ Leather | ☐ Harness | ☐ Cage |
| ☐ Restraints | ☐ Hood | ☐ Bag |
| ☐ Thongs | ☐ Mask | ☐ Burial |

RESTRAINTS I ENJOY, CONT'D:

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| ☐ Rubber | ☐ Blindfold | ☐ Sand |
| ☐ Cloth | ☐ Gag | ☐ Dirt |
| ☐ Web straps | ☐ Chastity belt | ☐ Slime |
| ☐ Adhesive tape | ☐ Straightjacket | ☐ Strength and weight of S |
| ☐ Saran wrap | | |
| ☐ Others: _____ | ☐ Special toys? _____ | |

FOR ROUGH STUFF I ENJOY:

- | As S | As M | As S | As M |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| ☐ | ☐ Never | ☐ | ☐ Symbolic only |
| ☐ | ☐ OK | ☐ | ☐ For discipline |
| ☐ | ☐ Like | ☐ | ☐ For punishment |
| ☐ | ☐ Lots | ☐ | ☐ For turn-on |
| | | ☐ | ☐ For after-effect |

How Hard?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| ☐ | ☐ No marks at all |
| ☐ | ☐ Some marks, no bruises |
| ☐ | * ☐ Some bruises, non-overnight |
| ☐ | * ☐ Overnight bruises |
| ☐ | * ☐ Welled, deep bruises |
| ☐ | ☐ Painful fortnight bruises |

Bruise/Mark Locations	Blood/Scars
☐ Spanking area	☐ No blood or scars
☐ Back	☒ A little OK
☒ Chest	☒ Some blood
☒ T-shirt & shorts	☒ Lots of blood
☒ Dress shirt & pants	☒ Scars OK
☒ Any safe place	☒ Scars wanted

How?

- ☐ Free only
☐ Free OK
☐ In bondage only
☐ In bondage OK
☐ In bondage necessary
☐ Precede by enema OK
☐ Precede by humiliation OK
☐ No preselected number of blows
☐ Preselected count of blows
☐ Make M count them
☐ Make M ask for each
☒ Finish count even if M turns off

- ☐ Efficient, dispassionate S
☐ Gleeful, amused S
☐ Tender loving care
☐ Turned-on, aggressive S
☐ Wild, uncontrolled S

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| ☐ Spanking | ☐ Whipping | ☐ Strapping |
| ☐ Hand only | ☐ Whip | ☐ Belt |
| ☐ Hand OK | ☐ Cat o' nine tails | ☐ Strap |
| ☐ Gloves | ☐ Blacksnake | ☐ Tawse |
| ☐ Paddle | ☐ Crop | ☐ Studded belt |
| ☐ Strap | ☐ Bullwhip | ☐ Light straps |
| ☐ Hairbrush | ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Chain gang strap |
| ☐ Razor strop | ☐ Back | ☐ Other: _____ |
| ☐ Over the knee | ☐ Ass | ☐ Ass |
| ☐ Ass | ☐ Chest | ☐ Back |
| ☐ Thighs | ☐ Thighs | ☐ Thighs |
| ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Other: _____ |

☐ Flogging	☐ Riding gear	☐ Hard slaps
☐ Switches	☐ Quirt	☐ Face
☐ Birch	☐ Crop	☐ Body
☐ Schoolboy cane	☐ Bat	☐ Box ears
☐ Heavy canes	☐ Spurs	☐ Not too hard
☐ Nettles	☐ Other:	* ☐ Hard
☐ Other: _____	☐ Ass	☐ Other: _____
☐ Ass	☐ Back	
☐ Thighs	☐ Chest	
☐ Calves	☐ Any safe place	
☐ Palms	☐ Other: _____	
☐ Other: _____		
☐ Fists	☐ Teeth	☐ Bastinado
☐ Boxing only	☐ Shoulders	☐ Bamboo
☐ Guts	☐ Tits	☐ Rods
☐ Ass	☐ Ass	☐ Strap
☐ Not too hard	☐ Other: _____	☐ Other: _____
* ☐ Hard	☐ Not too hard	☐ Feet
☐ Other: _____	* ☐ Hard	☐ Other: _____

() Burns

As S	As M
()	() No burns
* ()	() Burns OK
* ()	() Burns wanted
* ()	() Cigarettes
* ()	() Branding irons
* ()	() Other: _____

FOR TORTURE I ENJOY:

As S	As M	As S	As M
()	() Never	()	() Symbolic only
()	() OK	()	* () For humiliation
()	() Like	()	* () For discipline
()	() Lots	()	* () For turn-on
()	() Free only	()	() Add rough stuff
()	() Free OK	()	() Add dirt
()	() Bondage is necessary	()	() Add sex

☐ Pinching			
☐ Fingers	☐ Tits	☐ Mild	
☐ Teeth	☐ Earlobes	☐ Medium	
☐ Clothespins	☐ Cock	☐ Severe	
☐ Clamps	☐ Balls, scrotum	☐ Other: _____	
☐ Thumbscrews	☐ Crotch		
☐ Other: _____	☐ Other: _____		
☐ Weights			
☐ Balls	☐ Cock	☐ Tits	
☐ Tied	☐ Tied	☐ Tied	
☐ Locked	☐ Pierced	☐ Clamped	
☐ Other: _____	☐ Other: _____	☐ Pierced	
		☐ Other: _____	
☐ Electricity			
☐ Tits	☐ Mild	☐ Sponges	
☐ Cock	☐ Strong	☐ Clamps	
☐ Ass	☐ Crank magneto	☐ Needles	
☐ Asshole	☐ Stock prod	☐ Other: _____	
☐ Other: _____	☐ Other: _____		

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Menthol | |
| ☐ Tits | ☐ Ben-Gay |
| ☐ Ass | ☐ Mentholatum |
| ☐ Up ass | ☐ Wintergreen |
| ☐ Cock | ☐ Vicks |
| ☐ Balls | ☐ Hot lube |
| ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Other: _____ |
|
 | |
| ☐ Hot Wax | ☐ Ice |
| ☐ Tits | ☐ Tits |
| ☐ Cock | ☐ Cock |
| ☐ Balls | ☐ Balls |
| ☐ Ass | ☐ Ass |
| ☐ Other: _____ | ☐ Up ass |
| | ☐ Other: _____ |
|
 | |
| ☐ Topical anesthetic | |
| ☐ Cock and balls | ☐ For piercing |
| ☐ Ass for whipping | |
| ☐ Back for whipping | |

☐ Piercing

☐ Superscene only	☐ In bondage only
☐ Always	☐ Drunk only
* ☐ Earlobes	☐ Tits
☐ Pins	☐ Pins
☐ Ring	☐ Rings
☐ In/Out	☐ In/out
☐ Leave in	☐ Leave in
☐ Other: _____	☐ Other: _____

☐ Ass

*☐ Stitches

☐ Pins	☐ How?
☐ Darts	
☐ Other: _____	

☐ Remarks: _____

☐ Foreskin

☐ Pins

☐ Ring

☐ Sewn closed

*☐ Lock

☐ Other: _____

FOR DIRT I ENJOY:

As S	As M	As S	As M
☐	☐ Never	☐	☐ Symbolic only
☐	☐ OK	☐	☐ For humiliation
☐	☐ Like	☐	☒ For punishment
☐	☐ Lots	☐	☒ For discipline
		☐	☒ For turn-on
☐	☐ Free only		
☐	☐ Free OK		
☐	☐ In bondage OK		
☐	☐ Bondage is necessary		
☐	☐ Add rough stuff		
☐	☐ Add torture		
☐	☐ Add sex		
☐ Piss		☐ Shit	
☐	☐ On body	☐	☐ On body
	☐ Clothes on		☐ Clothes on
	☐ Nude		☐ Nude
☐ In pants		☐	☐ In pants
☒ Soak - How long?			☒ Soak - How long?

*() Drink	*() Eat
() Beer	() From ass
() Other: _____	() From plate
() From cock	() Other: _____
() From glass	*() Target practice
() Other: _____	*() In pants in bar
() Up ass	() Other: _____
() Other: _____	
() Slime	() Enemas
() Oil	() Mild
() Baby	() High colonic
() Clean	() Hot
() Crankcase	() Medium
() Mud	() Cold
() Snow	*() Hold - how long?
() Eggs, molasses, etc.	*() Into pants
() Vomit	() Given by S
() Other: _____	() Self administered
*() Left in how long?	() With dildo
() Other: _____	() Other: _____

- ☐ Catheter
☐ Rubber
☐ Other: _____
☒ Fill bladder OK
☐ Suppositories
☐ Fleet
☐ Glycerin
☐ Other: _____
- ☐ Laxatives
☐ Castor oil
☐ Ex-Lax
☐ Other: _____
☐ Taken before scene, shit before
☐ Taken before scene, shit during
☐ Taken during scene, shit during
☐ Taken during scene, shit after
☐ Both S & M take at some time
☐ Other: _____
- ☐ Dildos
☐ My maximum size is: _____
☐ My maximum length is: _____
☒ I like fists
☐ If it goes
☒ Make it go!
☒ Hold in how long?
☐ With enema—how long?
☒ Strap it in!
☐ Take to party or bar
- ☐ Rubber
☐ Leather
☐ Cucumber
☐ Billyclub
☐ Bologna
☐ Other: _____

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Shaving | |
| ☐ Pubic Hair | ☐ Shave off |
| ☐ Body hair | ☐ Pull out |
| ☐ Beard | ☐ Singe off |
| ☐ Head | ☐ Depilatories |
| ☐ Other: _____ | |

I ENJOY THE FOLLOWING GAMES NOT INCLUDED ON THIS FORM:

My host needs to know the following things about me:

- I enjoy:
- | |
|-------------------------------------|
| ☐ Two only |
| ☐ Three |
| ☐ 4 to 10 |
| ☐ 30 or more |

- I drink:
- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Beer | ☐ Some is nice |
| ☐ Hard Liquor | ☐ Liquor brand preference: _____ |
| ☐ Other | ☐ Drink is necessary |
| * ☐ Via enema OK | ☐ Prefer to be drunk |

I smoke: ☐ Cigarettes (What brand? _____)
 ☐ Other:

Music: ☐ Silence ☐ Rock & Roll
 ☐ Classical ☐ Other: _____

I: ☐ Have no physical problems
 ☐ Use poppers
 ☐ Have physical problems
 ☐ Heart
 ☐ Pinned bones
 ☐ Allergies
 ☐ Other: _____

I think this form must serve several purposes—both as summary and illustration for this *Handbook*, and as a tremendous tool for the S who uses it. With this amount of insight into his subject's interests, there would be little excuse for getting off course. (I say "subject" because an S would seldom condescend to reveal himself so completely to his bottomman. The measurements requested on the first page, of course, are rarely available from the person's memory. They will frequently be left blank, giving the host an opportunity to ascertain them for himself.

Because there have never been published statistics on SM preferences, I attempted to add up some numbers on this form. However, it is so long and so complete, presenting the data would have gotten out of hand. Instead, I have utilized a shorter form, containing all of the key elements of the larger one. John Osborne was kind enough to give me a tally off his questionnaires, and the following rundown is his. I would like to explain a few factors, however:

The figures given are percentages, based on a sample of 276 respondents. You will note that the numbers of S plus M totals more than 100%, because many people marked both. These double-gaited respondents are counted into both the S and the M tallies. I would also remark that the sample has to be biased as regards the leather population as a whole, because these people were all deeply enough involved to seek John's referral service.

I am eliminating the personal data portion of the form, noting that the mean age for S is 38 (range mostly 30-50); for the M it is 24 (range mostly 18-32). Average (claimed) endowment: M's—6 1/2 to 7; S's—7 to 8 1/2. Approximately 70% of the M's indicated they were circumcised; the exact reverse was true for the S's. (Those claiming both S and M interest are eliminated from those estimates.) Most figures have been rounded the nearest divisible of 5:

RACE: (S and M TOTALED TOGETHER)

	<u>I am</u>	<u>I want</u>
Caucasian	85%	99%
Negro	10%	15%
Other	5%	10%

BUILD:

Slender	90%	70%
Medium	80%	60%
Husky	10%	10%
Semi-muscular	40%	20%
Very muscular	5%	10%

TOTAL BODY LOOKS:

Average	50%	40%
Above average	75%	75%
Good	90%	75%
Very good	45%	45%

(Sample included a few Indians, Mexicans, Orientals)

HAIR LENGTH: (Percentages reflect instructions “Mark if acceptable.”)

	<u>S wants</u>	<u>M wants</u>
Thin to balding	5%	70%
Crewcut	80%	65%
Medium business	100%	99%
Over the neck	60%	10%
Hippie length	5%	5%

CHEST HAIR:

None	80%	0
Some	70%	70%
Much	25%	50%

FACIAL HAIR:

Mustache only	10%	50%
Beard only	5%	70%
Both	2%	45%
None - smooth	99%	90%

I have:

<u>S responses</u>	<u>M responses</u>
90%	70%
100%	90%
80%	70%
45%	40%
95%	60%
70%	80%
50%	20%
90%	40%
45%	40%
80%	40%
99%	60%
60%	20%
100%	70%

LEATHER

M/C jacket
Wide belt
M/C boots
Police boots
M/C hat
Pants
Chaps
Jock
Shorts
Shirt
Vest
Gloves
Wrist bands

I want my partner to have:

<u>S responses</u>	<u>M responses</u>
80%	90%
85%	100%
50%	90%
—	55%
40%	75%
60%	80%
20%	80%
60%	95%
60%	50%
40%	80%
85%	90%
20%	50%
80%	90%

OTHER CLOTHES

100%	100%	75%
80%	80%	75%
80%	80%	75%

Levi's
Cowboy hat
Cowboy jacket

80%	80%	Cowboy boots	90%	90%
95%	80%	Levi jacket	90%	75%
80%	100%	Jock strap	70%	90%
20%	90%	Jockey briefs	60%	60%
50%	60%	Shorts	0	20%
50%	10%	Uniform		
		(police/Nazi)	55%	60%

EQUIPMENT

80%	90%	Restraints(wrist, leg)	15%	90%
85%	100%	Leather thongs	0	75%
50%	90%	Handcuffs	0	80%
90%	30%	Chains	10%	80%
95%	50%	Ropes	0	90%
45%	20%	Candles	0	50%
70%	70%	Enema equipment	0	80%
90%	25%	Clothespins	0	60%

I have:

I want my partner to have:

<u>S responses</u>	<u>M responses</u>	<u>S responses</u>	<u>M responses</u>
<u>EQUIPEMENT CONT'D</u>			
95%	70%	Napkin ring	60%
60%	20%	Ball stretcher	50%
70%	5%	Waterproof sheets	0
80%	15%	Whips	5%
90%	65%	Dildos	60%
55%	5%	Means to suspend body	15%
90%	60%	Other hardware(toys)	15%
I turn on with:		I want my partner to turn on with:	
80%	90%	Beer	40%
69%	60%	Liquor	35%
45%	95%	Poppers, grass	50%
5%	20%	Others(pills, etc.)	10%
			60%
			40%
			80%
			NO!

I AM A SADIST ("S"): 40%

I AM A MASOCHIST ("M"): 85%

MY PLACE IS AVAILABLE: S= 90%
M=70%

I HAVE A ROOMMATE: S=75%
M=80%

MY SCENE IS:

	I do		I want	
	<u>S</u>	<u>M</u>	<u>S</u>	<u>M</u>
French (sucking)	60%	80%	90%	80%
Greek (fucking)	90%	50%	40%	90%
69	20%	75%	20%	75%
Rimming	15%	80%	45%	60%
Shave hair	65%	0	0	25%
(crotch, etc.)				

I enjoy giving (S responses)	I enjoy receiving (M responses)
60%	25% (self)
50%	35%
80%	60%
90%	80%
60%	40%
90%	90%
60%	50%
75%	90%
45%	50%
60%	30%
80%	75%
80%	80%
60%	40%
90%	80%
99%	90%
15%	24%
70%	80%

80%	Piss in the mouth	70%
85%	Piss up the ass	60%
90%	Tits worked on	90%
40%	Biting; Indicate area: (Ms mostly: tits)	40% (20% wrote NO!)
75%	Wax treatment. Indicate area: (tits & genitals)	50%
80%	Blindfolds	60%
75%	Gags	80%

So, where do you stand in the world of leather? Are you with the majority in the above statistics? Are you on the outside, looking in? Perhaps you're asking yourself, "Is it for me? How does a guy find out?" Try it, baby! It can't hurt you (not much, anyway). If your cock is prodding your jeans right now, or if it has been poking down your leg while you read these pages, you're ripe for your first plunge.

Believe me, the water's fine!

MASQUERADE

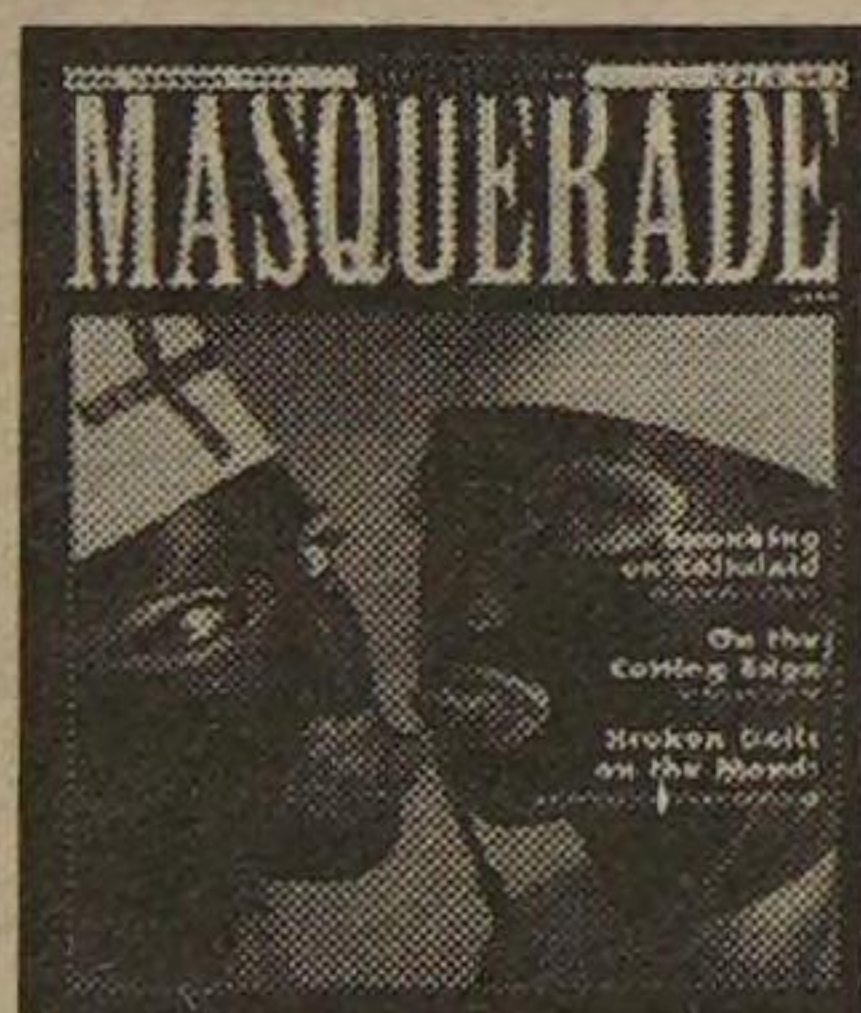
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Excerpts from *A Secret Life*, *Imre*, *Sins of the Cities of the Plain*, *Teleny* and others demonstrate the uncanny gift for portraying sex between men that led to many of these titles being banned.

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\$4.95/211-6

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ERIC BOYD

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Conversations with Erotic Authors

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"An in-depth and enlightening tour of society's love/hate relationship with sex, morality, and censorship."

—James White Review

Michael Rowe interviewed the best and brightest erotic writers and presents the collected wisdom in *Writing Below the Belt*. In each of these revealing conversations, the personal, the political and the just plain prurient collide and complement one another in fascinating ways.

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—John Preston

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Originally published in 1933, *The Young and Evil* was an immediate sensation due to its unprecedented portrayal of young gay artists living in New York's notorious Greenwich Village. From drag balls to bohemian flats, these characters followed love and art wherever it led them.

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WRITING BELOW THE BELT:

Conversations with Erotic Authors

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"An in-depth and enlightening tour of society's love/hate relationship with sex, morality, and censorship."

—James White Review

Michael Rowe interviewed the best erotic writers and presents the collected wisdom in *Writing Below the Belt*. Rowe speaks frankly with cult favorites such as Pat Califia, crossover success stories like John Preston, and up-and-comers Michael Lowenthal and Will Leber. A chronicle of the insights of this genre's best practitioners.

MICHAEL LASSELL

THE HARD WAY

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The first collection of renowned gay writer Michael Lassell's poetry, fiction and essays. As much a chronicle of post-Stonewall gay life as a compendium of a remarkable writer's work.

WILLIAM CARNEY

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With a new introduction by Michael Bronski. First published in 1968, this uncompromising story of American leathermen received instant acclaim. *The Real Thing* returns from exile more than twenty-five years after its initial release, detailing the attitudes and practices of an earlier generation of leathermen.

RANDY TUROFF, ED.

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Dorothy Allison, Jewelle Gomez, Judy Grahn, Robin Podolsky and many others are represented by some of their best work, looking at not only the current fashionability the media has brought to the lesbian "image," but considerations of the lesbian past via historical inquiry and personal recollections.

ASSOTTO SAINT

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A disturbing vision of erotic horror. Unrelenting angels and hungry gods play with souls and bodies in Taylor's murky cosmos: where heaven and hell are merely differences of perspective; where redemption and damnation lie behind the same shocking acts.

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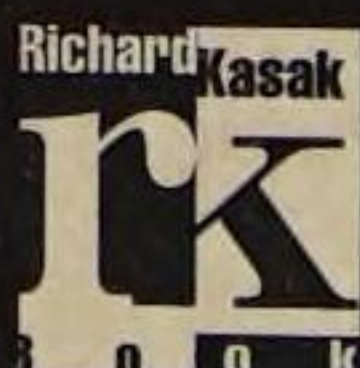
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